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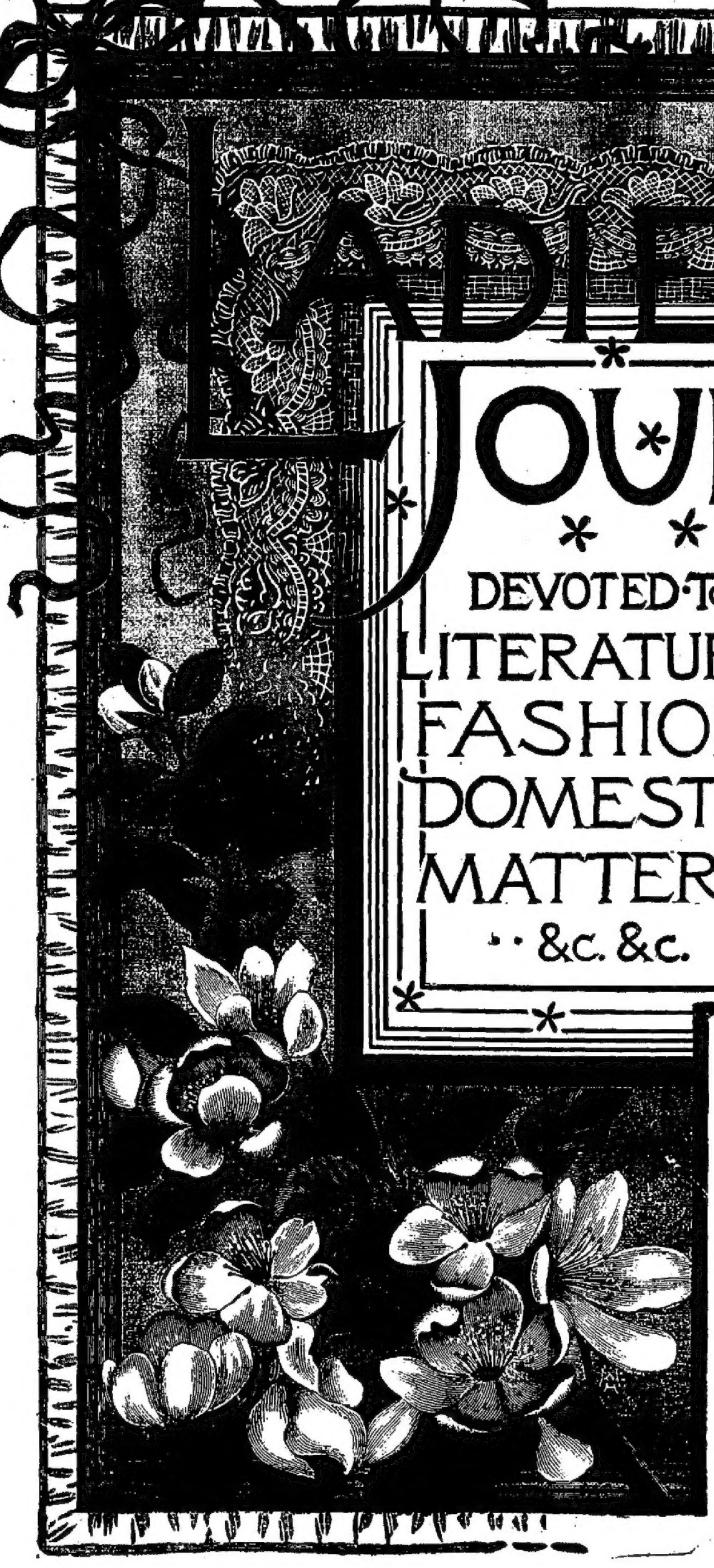

LADIES' JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, DOMESTIC MATTERS, &c. &c.

FEBRUARY, 1891.

	Page
LITERARY NOTES	2
LADIES' JACKET (Illustrated)	3
LADIES' RECEPTION DRESS (Illustrated)	4
YOUNG LADIES' BODICE (Illustrated)	5
LADIES' COSTUME (Illustrated)	6
FROM SCHOOL-ROOM TO ALTAR	7
REVIEW OF FASHION	8
WILL PROVANT'S REVENGE	9
THE VICE OF IDLENESS	11
SERGEANT SETH	12
MISCELLANEOUS	15
TRUTH CENSUS COMPETITION	16
STEALING WOMEN IN TONKIN	17
GABRIELLE'S MOTHER	18
THE SECRET OF LIFE	20
BROTHER BEN	21
AN ERA OF PEACE	22
IN THE BUSH	23
THE PRIZE WINNERS	24
IN GENERAL	25
SICK ROOM POINTS	26
SIBERIA	27
ADVERTISEMENTS	28

HISTOGENETIC

SYSTEM OF MEDICINE,

Theory — Rebuilding the diseased cells and tissues of the body with the same proximate principle and formenta, organic bodies, and so on, which are nominally prepared in the body by the glands. These medicines are pure and tasteless, containing nothing of a poisonous nature, whatever, and reach all chronic and acute diseases, so-called hopeless cases preferred.

DISTRICT OF NIPISSING,
Mattawa, Dec. 27th, 1890.

Histogenetic Medicine Association, Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I received your first package of medicine two weeks ago, and having faithfully used it ever since, I now wish to bear my testimony to its excellence as a remedy for chronic diseases. With unqualified joy I declare, that, during my long years of ill health I never experienced such benefit from any remedy I used. In the year 1869, thirty years ago, my health suddenly collapsed in the shape of violent tremblings, dizziness, nervousness, having many groundless fears, great palpitation of heart, depression of spirits, and so unable to study that I had to give up my profession of teaching. God only knows what misery I endured in those years. I soon found out that I was paying for some of my youthful follies. As was natural, I began using all the patent medicines of the day; but all to little purpose. I also consulted "specialists" of every school, and though some helped me up for a time, yet I was never cured. Under one course, I scrubbed and washed so much that my skin was nearly worn through, and it only made me weaker. So I went on in partially broken down condition for years; my intellect blighted, and manhood marred, which of late years has been about lost entirely. I had about given up all hope, when one day last July, I was reading the Presbyterian of Toronto, and my eye caught the words: "complete revolution in medicine." Ah, thought I, perhaps a gracious God, to whom I have been praying for help, has something for me here. So I read, and saw two very honest-like letters from two ladies in Toronto who had been cured of long standing complaints. I obtained the book and not only read, but studied it, and thought about it as well as I could at the time. I had faith to believe Dr. Jordan's theory to be the true one. And now, having tried the remedy for only two weeks, I thank God that I was ever directed to it; for I certainly believe it was providential. I am, so far, fully satisfied with it as a simple, easy to be taken, safe and effectual remedy. I feel almost as well as any man could wish to feel. Low spirits all gone, get up in the morning singing—could sing all the day—beginning to feel that vigor, and light heartedness which makes life so pleasant. My head is splendid. Oh what comfort I have in reading now. I do not expect, 'tis true, to be made into a young man, (being now 45), but I firmly believe I will be cured of all my ills after using the remedies for a length of time corresponding to my age and long standing complaints. The medicines I have taken in the past were dreadfully strong, and many a wry face I made in using them, and always had to increase the dose. I often felt myself injured by them otherwise; and no wonder, as I took so much. But not so with this medicine. It is perfectly harmless, operating so gently and yet with such wonderful effect, as really to make one wonder, how such a simple looking, almost tasteless substance could have such power. But it is a builder up of the poor broken down body, and brings joy to many a heart. So I advise all who are afflicted with sickness which baffles all the "old schools," not to allow my unreasonable prejudice to hinder them from giving these remedies a fair trial, and I am sure you will not repent it.

This is no "blow" merely to help the Histogenetic Association, but I am speaking what I solemnly believe to be true concerning myself so far as I have gone, and for the benefit of the suffering, for whose aid I believe God has raised up and prospered Dr. J. Eugene Jordan.

Gratefully yours,
JOHN BURLANGETT.

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HISTOGENETIC MEDICINE ASSOCIATION,

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MENTION LADIES' JOURNAL.

Inconvenience of Riches.

To have a competence is to have enough; to have wealth is to have a surplus. A comparative minority at one social extreme are engaged in a bitter struggle to secure a competence; another minority at the other extreme are engaged in quite as bitter a struggle to secure a surplus. Is the prospective prize worth the struggle? Is wealth better than competence? If so, why?

Competence has comforts, wealth has luxuries; and comforts are better than luxuries. What is the difference; Comfort is pleasure with profit, luxury in profitless pleasure. A comfortable meal gives pleasure in the eating, and equips the eater with health for his work. A luxurious meal gives present enjoyment, but impairs digestion and enervates the body. Comfortable clothing keeps us warm, luxurious clothing makes us delicate. A comfortable home is the nursery of manly life; a luxurious home is its grave. Nor are we to imagine that wealth ministers in beauty to the eye what mere competence denies. The most beautiful homes are neither the wealthiest nor the most luxurious. Given great taste and small purse: result, the House Beautiful. Given great purse and small taste: result, the House Ugly. Hundreds of contrasted homes in the United States attest this truth.

Do we say, then, that we wish wealth for our children, not for ourselves? We deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. "Great expectations" are a dangerous legacy. To expect something for nothing is a demoralizing expectation, even though one expects it from his own father. Andrew Carnegie, shrewd observer of life, declares that the worst use a man can make of his wealth is to leave it to his sons. Some rich men do teach their children self-reliance and industry; but they teach with difficulty and at disadvantage what the children of less wealthy parents learn by intuition and necessary circumstance. Only hardness can make a hero, and hardness which comes invited into common homes is barred out of luxurious ones. The sons of kings are rarely kingly. The cradle that rocks a Moses is made of rushes and daubed with clay. If he had spent his babyhood in palace hall and not in mother's hut, his career might have been different.

But men of wealth, we imagine, are free from care. Our moderate incomes are dependent on our daily exertions, and there is always a possibility that sickness or disaster may deprive us of our work, and so of our competence: the millionaire is independent. On the contrary, no man is more dependent than he. To keep money safely is more difficult than to make it; as any one may see who will compare the census of men making a comfortable income, with that of men losing by an unlucky speculation or an unlooked-for disaster the accumulations of a lifetime. It is hard so to clip wealth's wings as to insure his not flying away. In such a crisis as that of the last few weeks the men of competence have slept soundly; the men with reserved and surplused wealth have been restless at night and haggard by day. Every man of wealth carries other men upon his shoulders. Whether he will or no, he is trusted for others. His ruin means ruin to them. His failure means closing the factory and throwing thousands of breadwinners out of employment, or a dropping of railroad stocks and bankruptcy to hundreds of small investors. One might prefer the place of General Grant to that of the private, but not because the private has cares and the General is exempt.

But if we only had money we could do so much good with it. Yes! It is always the men who have not money who think that they could do great good with it if they had it. But it requires more art to bestow money wisely than to acquire it. "Let any one," said a millionaire to us recently—and one who is acting as trustee of his own fortune in a very wise and wide-reaching benevolence—"let any one attempt to give away $100,000 a year and do good, not harm, in the giving, and he will find he has undertaken a task of much greater difficulty than the making of $100,000 a year." The truth is so patent and so appalling to men of fortune, that the men who make great fortunes rarely administer them. The money is paid over to Boards of Trustees made up, not of millionaires, but of men of competence, who thus enjoy the luxury of giving without the labor of acquiring.

We maintain, then, the inconvenience of being very rich; and if any of our readers can put in brief compass the counterbalancing advantages of being a millionaire, we shall be pleased to give them an opportunity to present the other side. Most people believe in the other side, but we have yet to see a reasonable ground for that belief intelligently and judicially stated.—*Christian Union.*

Blessed he—blessed though maybe undeserving—who has the love of a good woman.

Literary Notes.

The American magazines have come to be recognized the world over as the best illustrated and most ably conducted; in fact, it is said that larger editions are sold in England of at least two of our leading magazines than of any of the English monthlies. This condition has resulted from the fact that the American magazines hesitate at no expense, either for the purchase of manuscript or illustration. They are penetrating into every household. Their beautiful engravings serve as instructors even to those unable or too busy to read. The most popular authors recognize that they can obtain more money from the magazines than by publishing in book form. In proportion to bound volumes, the magazine gives as four to one. Take for instance the *Cosmopolitan*, which contains annually 1536 pages by the leading writers of the world, and more than 1200 illustrations by clever artists. That would make four volumes of nearly 400 pages each, yet it is furnished to the subscriber at only $2.40 a year. The four bound volumes which it would make would be worth on the book stands not less than $12.00. It seems impossible that so much should be furnished for so little, and it is only when the number reaches 100,000 or upwards that such work can be turned out at a profit to the publisher. Formerly it was considered impossible to place such a magazine before the public for less than $4.00 per annum, and the predictions were numerous, when the price of the *Cosmopolitan* was fixed at $2.40, that it would be impossible for it to survive at such a figure. The publisher believed that a first-class magazine at the low price of $2.40 would be quickly appreciated by the public. His expectations have been more than fulfilled, and the December issue of the *Cosmopolitan* reached the 100,000 mark.

"The fancy took me to go to Noto," says Mr. Percival Lowell, in his paper on "Noto: An Unexplored Corner of Japan;" and where Noto is, and how he went there, is not only the subject of the opening article in the January *Atlantic*, but is to be the subject of several articles which are to follow. Mr. Lowell always writes cleverly, and his account of his journey is the freshest and most vivid travel sketch that has appeared for some time. Professor Royce has a long paper on Hegel, Adolphe Cohn writes about "Boulangism," and Mr. Henry Charles Lea indicates the "Lesson of the Pennsylvania Election." Sophia Kirk gives a pretty sketch of "A Swiss Farming Village;" and "A Novelist of the Jura." Mademoiselle Adelo Huguenin, is the subject of a long article which shows her to be a kind of Swiss Charles Egbert Craddock. The "Comedy of the Custom House," in the Contributor's Club, concludes with a mot which is worth preserving: "When I am asked if I have any presents I always answer 'No,' said a devout church-going woman to me one day, 'because I do not consider them presents until I give them away.'" Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Scribner's Magazine for January opens the fifth year and ninth volume of a periodical, which from its first issue was a popular success, and which has continued to grow rapidly in public favor. Its prospectus for 1891 contains the names of a number of contributors who are unrivalled in their special fields—men like Henry M. Stanley, James Bryce, Sir Edwin Arnold, and Robert Louis Stevenson. The readers of the "Railway" and "Electric" series will be glad to know that a similar series on "Ocean Steamships" is promised. The issue for January contains a number of striking features—first among them Henry M. Stanley's article on the "Pigmies," which is entirely distinct from his book, and written since its publication expressly for the Magazine. Other features are Sir Edwin Arnold's second paper on "Japan," with Robert Blum's remarkable illustrations; the first of a two-part story by Frank R. Stockton, in his most amusing manner; one of a group of illustrated papers on Australia (marking the beginning of an Australian edition of the Magazine); and practical articles on modern fire apparatus, and the game of Court Tennis. Mr Stanley's paper on "The Pigmies of the Great African Forest" is his first compact and complete presentation of all that he learned about these strange dwarfs through the many months of his journey across Africa. He writes of them as one fascinated with their cunning and general intelligence, their docility when properly treated, and their aptitude in all ways for the things which civilized man has considered peculiarly his own. The life of these nomads in their Liliputian villages, their methods of hunting and fighting, and their habits and customs generally are explained in detail by Mr. Stanley, and illustrated from pictures based on potographs made by the expedition. The fiction of this number is noteworthy. Mr. Stockton's marine tale, entitled "The Water Devil," is a delightful absurdity, told with the humorous simplicity which the public first knew in "Rudder Grange." There is also a short story by Mary Tappan Wright which is a masterful piece of writing, and unusually strong on its imaginative side. It is of a quality which is seldom found in current literature.

Harper's Magazine for December is a superb Christmas number. The illustrations include, besides a frontispiece in tints, a large number of full-page engravings representing some of the best work of the best modern artists. The fiction, is given a prominent place and is of a character especially appropriate to the holiday season, and the editorial departments are brimful of allusions to Christmas cheer and Christmas duties. "The Winter of our Content" is the suggestive but somewhat enigmatic title of an article by Charles Dudley Warner. Discussing from a practical point of view the climatic advantages of southern California, Mr. Warner concludes by saying: "Is it altogether an unpleasing thought that the conditions of life will be somewhat easier there, that there will be some physical repose, the race having reached the sunset of the continent, comparable to the desirable placidity of life called the sunset of old age? This may be altogether fanciful, but I have sometimes felt, in the sunny moderation of nature there, that this land might offer for thousands at least a winter of content." A number of superb illustrations of objects and scenery in southern California accompany Mr. Warner's article.

That live and progressive weekly, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*, continues to improve each year and subscribers are now receiving better value than ever. The illustrations are timely and executed in the best style of the art, while the letter press is of the highest literary standard. A sample copy can be had for ten cents. Get one from your bookseller or write direct to the publishers, 110 Fifth Ave., New York.

The paper, by the eminent English scientist, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, in *The Arena* for January is creating much comment. In it Dr. Wallace examines the problem, "Are there Objective Apparitions?" and reviews many important cases cited in reports of the English society for Psychical researches. The paper, as would naturally be supposed, is scholarly and strictly scientific, Dr. Wallace appearing as thoroughly at home in the psychic realm as in the great field of evolution, where he had so long stood side by side with Charles Darwin.

The Finger Nails.

There is a common belief that the finger nails are poisonous which idea is natural enough, considering the fact that scratches made by them are generally quite irritable and much inclined to unusual inflammation. The reasoning is erroneous, however, for, as far as is known, the nails themselves do not have any poisonous properties. The trouble excited by them is due to the foreign deposits under them. In other words if one keeps his finger nails clean, scratches caused by them will be no more irritable than those produced by any like instrument that is considered innocent. The results of the examinations made in Vienna show that it is more important that the finger nails be kept clean than is supposed. Seventy-eight were made and there were found thirty kinds of micrococci, eighteen different bacilli and three kinds of sarcenæ; besides, common mold spores were present in many instances. It would seem from this that the spaces under the finger nails were favorable hiding places for minute organisms which are more or less prejudicial to health, and that therein lies the poisonous element attributed to the nails. Furthermore, that cleanliness of the nails is a very important essential. It is not sufficient to use merely a knife blade, but at the toilet a nail brush and plenty of soap and water should be called into service. Surgeons long ago learned that deposits under the nails were a menace, and that through them wounds were easily poisoned. This led to extreme care in the matter of personal cleanliness on their own part and on the part of all their assistants. Before an operation is performed all who touch the patient or the instruments which are to be used must first clean their hands thoroughly with soap and water, being especially careful to have the spaces under the nails absolutely clean. After this the hands are put into disinfectant solutions.

How often in this world actions which we condemn are the result of sentiments which we love and opinions that we admire.

There are a good many real miseries in the world that we cannot help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles, not dimples.

THE LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. XI. No.2 —NEW SERIES. TORONTO, FEBRUARY. 1891. $1 00 PER YEAR.

FIG. 33, No. 4842.—LADIES' JACKET. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (54 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1¾ yards; 32 inches, 1⅞ yards; 34 inches, 2 yards; 36 inches, 2⅛ yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 2¼ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 1¾ yards of 54-inch plush, and 2⅛ yards of wide band Persian lamb, will be required for the medium size.

No. 4858.—LADIES' WALKING SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 22 inches, 8¾ yards; 24 inches, 9 yards; 26 inches, 9¼ yards; 28 inches, 9½ yards; 30 inches, 9¾ yards; 32 inches, 10 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 22 inches, 4⅜ yards; 24 inches, 4½ yards; 26 inches, 4⅝ yards; 28 inches, 4¾ yards; 30 inches, 4⅞ yards; 32 inches, 5 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 3⅞ yards of 42 inch material, 1⅛ yards of 21 inch velvet, 2⅜ yards of gimp and 2⅜ yards of fur will be required for the medium size. Cambric for skirt, 5 yards.

FIG 33.—This figure shows a novel and elegant street costume, and consists of jacket (Pattern No. 4842, price 25 cents and skirt (Pattern No. 4858, price 30 cents). The jacket is double-breasted, has high sleeves, which become moderately tight on lower arm, and a broad, pointed collar of astrakhan, high at the back and lapping over in front. On the left side of the front silk cord is used, and forms large, ornamental loops, also serving as a fastening, with broad silk "frogs." Plush, cloth, astrakhan-cloth or velvet may be used for this convenient and simple, yet eminently stylish, model. The skirt has a perfectly straight front and back, made more effective by the "petticoat-panel" seen on the left side, which adds much to the decided stylishness of this excellent model, the beauty of which is still further enhanced by the broad band of astrakhan, headed by rich passementerie seen on the front of skirt, and which, beyond the panel, forms a double band both of the fur and the passementerie.

FIG. 34. No. 4851—LADIES' COSTUME. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, 36 inches, 13 yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 14 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, 36 inches, 6½ yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 7 yards.

For the medium size, ⅞ of a yard of 54-inch astrakhan, 1¾ yards of narrow band astrakhan, and 1¼ yards of grimp will be required.

FIG. 34—This figure shows a charming street costume, and is made from Pattern 4851. It has a double-breasted basque, high-sleeves tight below puff, and a plain skirt, wrinkled top, ornamented at hem with a broad band of astrakhan.

The Oldest Kissing Story.

The oldest kissing story is probably that of the Hindoo herdsman who was walking along the road with an iron kettle on his back, a live goose in one hand and in the leech a cane and a rope by which he was trading a goat. Presently a woman joined him, and they walked along together until they reached a dark ravine, when she shrank back, declaring she was afraid he might kiss her by force there in the dark. The man explained that by reason of his burdens he could not possibly do so.

"Yes," said the woman, "but what is to hinder you from sticking the cane in the ground and tying the goat to it, and then laying the goose on the ground and covering it with the kettle? And then, how could I help myself if you wickedly persisted is kissing me?"

"Many thanks," said the man. "I never should have thought of all that. You are an ingenious woman. May your ingenuity always succeed."

So they went on until they reached the darkest part of the ravine. Then he stuck the cane in the ground and tied the goat to it, and put the goose under the kettle by the cane, and then wickedly kissed the woman in spite of her great resistance.

Fig. 32.—No. 4861.—Ladies' Reception Dress. Price 35 cents.

Quantity of Brocade (21 inches wide) for 32, 34, 36 inches, 11 3-4 yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 12 yards.

Quantity of Plain Silk (21 inches wide) for 32, 34, 36 inches, 4 yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 4 3-8 yards.

Fig. 32.—This elegant and entirely novel example of a lady's reception dress has its waist and train and a petticoat panel in brocaded satin of a dark color, or in velvet. The sleeves are partly formed of the same fabric, and are slashed with the light-colored wrinkled crepe seen in the combination, of which the fonds of the top of waist, and the divided drapery on front of skirt are also formed. This pattern offers one of the most elegant and approved models issued this season. Pattern 4861, price 35 cents.

Fig 61.—No. 4852.—Little Girls' Dress. Price 20 cents.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide, for 3 years, 6 yards; 4 years, 6½ yards; 5 years, 6 3-4 yards; 6 years, 7 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 3 years, 3 yards; 4 years, 3 1-4 yards; 5 years, 3 3-8 yards; 6 years, 3 1-2 yards.

For each size, 7 1-2 yards of ribbon will be required.

This pattern is No. 4852, and shows an excellent model of a little girl's dress, with a high-puffed short sleeve, a belt adorned with rosettes and sash ends, the skirt having tree frills, and the top of the waist a flat ruffle. Price 20 cents.

Bangs Make of Babies Curls.

Baby curls on the brows of grandmothers! It is a fact that a great many false bangs are made out of the soft silky curls that grow on the heads of little folks. A deal of the hair is imported for the purpose from France and Germany, but much is bought right here in New York. The dainty golden curls of the four-year-old, who has grown too mannish to wear long hair, are now bedewed with mamma's tears and wrapped in silken tissue and put away in a treasure-box, but they are snipped off scientifically in a hairdresser's shop without sentiment, and sold for a goodly sum, which will perhaps buy a cap to cover the shorn head.

The short baby curls that cling closely to the tiny heads are more in demand than any other kind. They keep their kinks and crinkles seemingly forever, and they do not have to be dressed or recurled. Even crimps that grace the brows of women who can part their hair in the middle and look like St. Cecilias are made out of baby curls.

No one would dream that the seductive little waves that have such a very natural air once were tangled curls that befringed a baby's head.

To the question, "Do many women wear wigs?" the answer was: "Oh, yes; but wigs are so nicely made that hardly anybody could tell that the hair does not grow on the wearer's head. Here's a wig which, when worn, would deceive even an expert hair dealer" the hair vender said with enthusiasm, pointing to a coiffure that looked like a luxuriant head of hair artistically dressed.

There was a heavy coil on the crown, and dainty baby curls cleverly concealed the tell-tale edges at the neck and around the face. The baby curls have a softer look and retain the freshness a long time that belongs to natural hair growing on the head. Now that elaborately dressed coiffures are coming into style, false hair is in demand, and baby curls, whether black, brown or nondescript in hue, are golden in sale.

The French Ambassador at Tangier has made a demand upon the Sultan of Morocco for the necessary permission to construct a railroad between western Algeria and Fez, one of the capitals of Morocco. The Sultan has appointed a committee of eight of his subjects to study the project. Morocco is known to be rich in many resources, and nothing but the fanaticism of its inhabitants prevents it from reaching a development second to that of no other African country. It is more favored by nature than Algeria, and the day is doubtless coming when Europe will demand that so rich a region so near the northern nations shall be utilized for the purpose of European commerce. It is not known that the Sultan of Morocco himself has any special objection to railroads. He has in the palace grounds at Morocco a little railroad about a mile long, complete in all respects, on which he and the ladies of his harem often make the tour of the grounds.

Goledn Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—

Th e toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to thee.
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be;
O, Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Lighten mine eyes, O Savior,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"Against him I have now prevailed;
Rejoice! the child of God has failed."

Anonymous.

Tuesday—Union is power. The most attenuated thread when sufficiently multiplied will form the strongest cable. A single drop of water is a weak and a powerless thing; but an infinite number of drops united by the force of attraction will form a stream, and many streams combined will form a river, till rivers pour their waters into the mighty ocean whose proud waves, defying the power of man, none can stay but He who formed them. And thus forces which acting singly are utterly impotent, are, when acting in combination; resistless in their energies, mighty in power. And when this great union of the several powers of the church shall be brought to bear unitedly on one point, its triumph will be the subjection of the world to Christ, which now defies the solitary efforts of single forces.—*Salter.*

Wednesday—

Nay, for a little while we live, and life hath mutable wings.
A little while and we die; shall life not thrive as it may?
For no man under the sky lives twice, outliving his day.
And grief is a grievous thing, and a man hath enough of his tears.
Why should he labor, and bring fresh grief to blacken his years?

—*Anonymous.*

Thursday—There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength; to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay; it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself to see His creation ever beautifying in His eyes, and drawing nearer to Him by greater degrees of resemblance.—*Addison.*

Friday—

I who have spoken for freedom at the cost
Of some weak friendships or some paltry prize
Of name or place, and more than I have lost
have gained in wider reach of sympathies.
O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvel's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy throne.
When Freedom, on her natal day
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood;
And through the storm that round her swept
Their constant ward and watching kept,

—*Anonymous.*

Saturday—

The fire that burned so high and strong
Has burned away at last;
And we are left—who loved so long—
The embers of the past.

And yet—we linger dumb and chill
With thoughts the dead may know
And shiver o'er the ashes, still,
That warmed us long ago.

—*Chas. F. Lummis.*

Knee Breeches.

Whether the saying of a celebrated American humorist—no man can be supremely happy whose pants bag at the knees—had any influence in deciding the genius who presides over the New York *Herald* sanctum, it appear as the apologist of the knee breeches, it would be hard to say. Certain it is, however, that he is thoroughly disgusted with existing male fashions. Witness the following abuse heaped upon the unoffending pants: "Ordinary trousers are an abomination, a nightmare. They represent the distressing delirium of dress; are ungainly, awkward, uncomfortable and altogether atrocious. The moment you struck the Adirondacks last summer you hung them on a peg and wished they might hang there forever. You could run, jump, row, hunt, fish, with perfect freedom, and it was a delight to take all sorts of manly exercise. We shall never attain the heights of physical excellence, never reach a perfect comprehension of what civilization and religion mean until the fashion changes and we take to knee breeches." Than this no advocate of art as the supreme civilizer could utter anything stronger. The assertion, too, that the correctness of a man's apprehension of civilization and religion is vitally connected with the length and style of his nether garments will arouse the suspicion in many minds that the editor in question has become somewhat mixed.

Encouraging Matrimony.

Shall our daughters have dowries? is the theme of an interesting discussion in the December *North American Review*. The subject is introduced by Mr. Messenger, of New York, who is in favor of the system which provides that girls when they marry shall have a source of income independent of their husbands' earnings. Three principal reasons are adduced in favor of the dowry. First, it would encourage matrimony, particularly in the large cities where the marriage rate is declining; second, it would spare the wife the humiliation of going to her husband for any money she might need for personal expenses; and third, by reducing the strain it would materially prolong the lives of the struggling bread-winners. Now, in considering the question proposed by Mr. Messenger, it is necessary to distinguish the question itself from the arguments advanced in support of his contention. As to girls receiving dowries, there can certainly be no valid objection urged against such a practice, provided the granting of the dowry does not involve any injustice to the other members of the family, or any false kindness to the girl herself. But, if to provide dowries for the girls the hard-wrought parents will be obliged to work the harder, and to practice greater economy, when even now economy is reduced to a science; or if the boys of the family will be compelled to forego the advantages necessary to qualify them for gaining a respectable livelihood; or if the girl herself will be deprived of advantages, which, forfeited now, can never be again given her, then the question as to whether the girls of said home shall have dowries ought to be answered with a decided negative. There is neither reason nor justice in compelling father and mother to become slaves, and denying them all the pleasures and enjoyments which money can procure, in order that Dorothy and the young man she may accept for husband shall have it a little easier when they set up housekeeping on their own account. There is neither reason nor justice in depriving John, James, and all the other members of the family of those educational advantages which are necessary to give them anything like an even start with their companions in the race of life, in order that some other man's son may not find himself so sorely pressed. It is doubtful kindness to even Dorothy herself to endow her with $5,000 or $6,000, when to do so requires that she shall grow up with tastes and faculties uncultured and undeveloped. As Mrs. Rollin properly remarks on this point, "If to save money for Dorothy's future means limiting her advantages at present, let the dowry go. This, not for the trite excuse that money can never take the place of education, culture, travel, or society; but because opportunity neglected in the critical years of her youth can never be supplied later with equal success. If you have $2,000 for Dorothy, put $1,000 in the bank and limit her expenditure in Europe to the other thousand; but if you have only $1,000 send her to Europe. It is giving her expensive tastes? Better that than no tastes at all." The truth is, this question cannot be answered *per se*, but must be considered in relation to the financial position of the family to which the girl belongs. Generally it may be said, that the parents who endow their daughters with money do well, but the parents who carefully guard whatever is womanly in their daughters, and train them to more of fibre and firmness do better. As Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has said: "Educate them, (the daughters,) to self-denial, if pecuniary circumstances demand it, and not to self-indulgence. Accustom them to be of service in the household, to regard economy as praiseworthy and even heroic, and to add to all their other accomplishments a practical knowledge of work and the possession of some lucrative vocation or industry by which they can support themselves. Such girls, when portionless, will carry to their husbands dowries in themselves."

Coming to the arguments by which Mr. Messenger supports his views it may be remarked that they are open to serious criticism. In the first place the young men for whom he specially pleads are really not deserving of sympathy. For it is not the smallest but the largest salaried of New York's clerks, young men in the superior mercantile professions, whose salaries average about $1,000 per annum, that particularly excite Mr. Messenger's pity. Because the more ambitious of these men are not content to choose wives from the daughters of those who move on the same social plane with themselves, but must forsooth aspire to the hand of the girl whose father has "guarded her from every wind of heaven, lest it visit her face too roughly," an effort must be made to encourage them in their vanity. Nay verily; let them continue celebrate if they will. The young man who is too proud to bring the expenditures of a small family within the limit of $1,100, even in the city of New York may well be excused by society from entering the marriage relation. The issueless demise of such a senselessly vain person, considering the fact that "like produces like," can hardly be regarded as a public calamity. The truth is, as Mrs. Amelia Barr points out, that a large and sensible proportion of young men do marry and live happy on $1,100 a year, and those who cannot do so are very little respected by any sensible young woman. Every suburb of New York is full of pretty little homes supported without worry and with infinite happiness upon even less money than $1,100 a year." Then again Mr. Messenger's representation that the wife shrinks from asking her husband for any money she may need is an extraordinary statement. Mr. Messenger says: "Dependence upon a husband is a very different thing from dependence upon a father. A young woman goes to her father for money with the trust and confidence of a young child. How is it when she goes to her husband for money? be he ever so considerate, there is a painful shrinking on her part, particularly if she knows that his means are straightened."

To the ears of many husbands and wives this will come as a strange saying, a saying which the experience of thousands of homes flatly contradicts. Says Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, after quoting Mr. Messenger's words, "painful shrinking," "This is shocking; and if true, farewell to all efforts to build up a *home!*" Says Mrs. Amelia Barr, "In behalf of all true and trusted wives, I deny in totality the idea that they go to their husbands with 'painful shrinking' for the money necessary to carry on the mutual home, or that there is in any beloved wife's heart the most fleeting thought of 'dependence.—Mr. Messenger does a great and shameful wrong to the majority of husbands and wives by such an assertion." Surely Mr. Messenger has been very unfortunate in selecting the homes from which his conclusions are drawn. Moreover, as to the argument that existing conditions are hurrying the burdened bread-winners to insanity or an early grave, it is difficult to see how the granting of portions to daughters is going to relieve the situation. If at present, without any attempt to save up dowries for their daughters, the fathers are strained to the utmost, by what process of reasoning can it be shown that the tax would be reduced by increasing the load. Probably Mr. Messenger concludes that the sacrifice of the present generation of parents would be a small price to pay for the ease and happiness that would thereby come to succeeding fathers, and mothers. Certainly in the long run this would result in the greatest good of the greatest number, though to carry it out would involve in effacement of self, an altruism altogether too high to hope for its realization with men of the present age. Seriously Mr. Messenger is asking too much of the fathers of this generation when he asks them to immolate themselves upon the altar of self-denial and hard toil, in order that some stranger's sons may reap the reward of their labor.

FIG. 31.—No. 4859.—YOUNG LADIES' BODICE BUTTONED ON SHOULDER AND UNDER-ARM SEAMS. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 28, 30 inches, 3 yards; 32 inches, 3 1-2 yards; 34, 36 inches, 3 3-4 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 28, 30 inches, 1 1-2 yards; 32 inches, 1 3-4 yards; 34, 36 inches, 1 7-8 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 5-8 of a yard of 42-inch plaid material and 2 1-4 yards of 20-inch velvet will be required for the medium size.

No. 4631.—LADIES' WALKING SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

This design cuts from 22 to 32 inches waist measure, and the quantity of material required for each size, of 21-inch goods, 9 1-4 yards, or 42-inch goods, 4 5-8 yards. For the medium size, 3 1-2 yards of trimming will be required and for each 6 yards of cambric.

This figure displays a new and stylish model, and consists of Patterns No. 4859, of a young lady's bodice, price 25c and Pattern No. 4631, of a lady's walking skirt, price 30c. The bodice has a pointed or "corselet" effect, at the toy of shallow pleats, which disappear under a somewhat wide and sharply-pointed belt. The sleeves are high on shoulder and become tight below the puff. The cuffs are ornamented with buttons. The skirt is plain and straight and well adapted to the promenade. It is garnished by a rich band composed of velvet and passementerie, the last-named garniture being set between bands of the first in the novel and elegant style just introduced. Cloth and velvet are both required for the costume described.

HOLIDAY HUMOR.

Algy—"Are you—aw—fond of animals Miss Jennie?" Jennie—"Well, I like dogs and cats, but I don't care for dudes."

Watts—"What women lack, as a rule, is earnestness of application." Potts—"You never saw a women applying for a divorce, did you?"

Mr. Closely—"Mabel, I must be very fond of you: just think how much time I spend in your company." Mabel—"Yes, and that's all."

Santa Claus—"Are we to be as good friends as ever?" Pawnbroker—"Oh, yes, I'll help you hang up things this Christmas as usual."

Mr. Packer—"I guess I'll buy this picture, Maria." Maria—"But, papa, the picture is low in tone and color." Mr. Packer—"What's the difference? I ain't buying a music box."

The newspapers are forever speaking of "the blushing bride." Well, when you reflect upon the kind of husband not a few of the brides marry, you cannot wonder that they should blush.

She—"The trouble is that I can never pitch my voice right." He—"Why don't you pitch it out of the window, then?" "What good would that do?" "It might get the air, at least."

McGall—"Do you exchange unsatisfactory goods?" Salesman—"Yes, sir." McGall—"Well, here's an overcoat I got here last year, and I think I like your new style much better."

Miss Greyneck—"Mr. Saynaught must love me to distraction." Mrs. Greyneck—"What makes you think so?" Miss Greyneck—"Because he comes to see me so much and never says so."

He—"Fanny Brown is engaged. Guess who to." She—"What! That stupid, snub-nosed, common little creature? Who on earth is going to be fool enough to marry her?" He—"Well—er—that ith—I am."

Teacher—"Who was the first murderer?" Son of Distinguished Lawyer—"Nobody knows. In that Cain and Abel affair, Cain had no lawyer to defend him, so the thing went by default and he got convicted."

Bellows—"Does your daughter play on the piano?" Old Farmer (in tones of deep disgust)—"No, sir. She works on it, pounds on it, rakes it, scrapes it, jumps on it and rolls over it, but there's no play about it, sir."

Epstein—"Ve are going to haf our tin vedding, my vife and me, next Monday night. Ve vould be glad if you und your vife come ofer and spent der efening vid us."

Oppenheimer—"Your tin vedding? Vas you married ten years?"

Epstein—"No, ve is nearly married fife years."

Oppenheimer—"My poy, dot vas a vooden vedding in fife years, not a tin vedding."

Epstein—"Yes, I know, but me and Leah vould rader haf our tin vedding first for tin vas goin' to be bretty high on agount dot McGinley bill."—[America.

The highest medical authorities endorse Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum for indigestion and dyspepsia. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

MILLINERY.

The present indications show a tendency to make trimmings more upright and high than they have been of late. On the boat-shape hats the birds bristle upwards as if about to fly. All kinds of effects requiring ostrich tips and full plumes will be worn, the return to these feathers being very decided. Wide outside bands and an immense use of bias velvet in trimming are certain, and over the straight or square crowns velvet will be laid in soft folds and waved puffings. For the velvet toques, roses of bright pink and yellow will be used. The velvet for ties is cut bias attached at the side.

On a hat of brown velvet the tips are partly matching and partly of a pale rose color, one of which curls down over the hair at the back. In order to display the very elegant pins now used in the hair some shapes are cut off at the back.

For an elderly lady a bonnet of black velvet has a projecting brim which shades the face, and over it droop feathers. The back is not turned up nor cut off, but straight.

The hats for bridesmaids will be either Rubens or Gainsborough, which last shape, although no longer called by that name, has always been a favorite for weddings and is so still. The crown is low and greatly concealed by the trimming. As lately set forth by us, the shape of the bride's hat for traveling is small and has its crown quite hidden by feather tips.

Shaded feathers, especially in reds and dark greens shading to light, will be worn. Mingled with them are the stiffer wings of the still much-liked blackbird, the cock, and the sea-gull as well as the dove. In fact, as the birds, fashion seems to be making up for having somewhat neglected them for a time. Even canaries and swallows are used, the first on reception and theatre toques.

A novel and peculiar hat of felt has a straight front, bias folds of matching velvet, and over the crown broad ends of velvet which form three wings imitating those of a bird, and are laid forward in a somewhat high effect and held by an eagle's claw in metal.

Much use will be made of the natural ostrich feathers, as also of metal galloon.

The big artistic or picture hats as they are called, in felt and beaver have the plumes arranged in such a way as to spread carelessly over the crown, often falling beyond the brim at their ends, and in many instances hanging so far beyond the brim at the back as to loosely encircle the throat in the novel and extremely picturesque style first seen last year, and much liked for youthful faces. These hats frequently show a massing of feathers at the back, with none visible in front where bows of velvet are used.

The "beef-eater" crown is quite often simply surrounded by feathers, without display of loops or bows. Then again, a number of small birds will be seen mixing with the ostrich tips, and either matching or in brightly contrasting hues, as light green with black or brown, yellow with black, or red with dark blue.

On toques for theatre wear, some imported examples show tiny parroquets billing and cooing, as it were, or wrangling, more probably, after the manner of parroquets, and mingling with them small flamingo wings.

The feathers of the bird-of-Paradise are used on some imported hats, in natural or dyed effects. Use is made of rich jet for coronets, as also of fine jet galloon and passementerie of the more delicate kind, as also of flat metal braid in bronze, gold, and silver as well as of steel. Red velvet bonnets of the Duchess of Fife and toque shape are quite covered with a very elegant Spanish lattice-work tracery of fine cut jet, a special piece being used when a coronet is added to a raised brim, as seen on the centre-divided or folded velvet crown.

Ladies' felts of assorted colors are trimmed with fancy velvet, fancy feathers, and felt braid.

Examples will be found of felt shapes upon which soft velvet folds are laid over the crown, held down by jewel-headed pins and metal leaves, as of the holly, mistletoe, and laurel, laid forward of the velvet so as to garnish the front of the brim. Velvet facing.

A felt trimmed with a velvet ribbon in Persian pattern has soft folds held down by pins topped with coins, and a willow feather falling over the right of the dented brim.

A shape with projecting brim cocked up pointedly on the dented front has a rich trimming of ribbon with half its width in stripes of yellow and half in black, a small bird at the back and a cock's feather curled backward from the front. On the edge is box-pleated yellow satin ribbon beyond a pleating of black velvet.

Small toque shapes are covered with Persian designs in gold tracery of great delicacy and have, in addition to this elegant decoration, a simple crushed puff on the front, as in the picture of the Duchess of Fife shape, a small bird of bright color or a bunch of aigrette feathers or of gold wheat. Such bonnets are suited to theatre parties or receptions.

Small coronet shapes with folds of velvet and a wreath of velvet flowers or leaves over which a drapery of lace is thrown, Spanish fashion, are worn by middle-aged ladies to reception or for morning visits.

We have already spoken of the ribbon set with jeweled nail-heads and now used for winter trimming.

Never was there a handsomer display of all kinds of material for millinery. The only difficulty is in choice among so much that is attractive.

That the substance is more than the form, and that a usage which has lost its adaptation to the time and people who observe it, should be cast away, is a truth which mankind are slow to learn. It seems, however, that the American Jews have awakened to this important fact, and though the change involves the doing away of a custom hoary with age, are moving in the direction of altering their ritual so as to render their services more intelligible to the English-speaking worshippers. A despatch from Cincinnati states that "the committee appointed at the Central Rabbinical, Conference at Cleveland last July to formulate a ritual to be used by all the Jewish synagogues in the United States met here, and has agreed upon the following plan:—The Sabbath and holyday prayers will be so recast as to be in accordance with the modern conception of Judaism, so that while retaining the striking and typical sentences in the Hebrew, the greater part of the service will be in English. Special forms of prayer will also be added for special occasions, such as marriages, funerals, confirmations, passover celebrations, etc."

FIG 30.—No. 4838—LADIES' COSTUME.
PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 5 yards; 32 inches, 5 1-4 yards; 34 inches, 5 1-2 yards; 36, 38, 40 inches, 5 3-4 yards.

Quantity of Velvet (18 inches wide for 30, 32, 34, 36 inches, 1 yard; 38, 40 inches, 1 1-8 yard.

If made of materials on the bias, as illustrated, 7 1-4 yards of 42-inch striped material and 1 yard of 18 inch velvet, or 5 3-4 yards of 42-inch plain material, 1 yard of 18-inch velvet and 2 yards extra of 42-inch goods for rushing will be required for the medium size.

FIG. 30.—This pretty and convenient model, Pattern 4838, price 35 cents, of a lady's costume has a rounded waist in full folds, with shirring on the shoulders. A vest and collar of velvet sets off the striped or figured silk or woolen material—according to choice—which is also displayed in the high-shouldered sleeves of a coat-shape below, and the plain, straight skirt, slightly wrinkled at top, and gathered at back, and on which a fold of the same is seen at the foot with a narrow band at the head.

The Prize Pudding.

I give this recipe for the benefit of new subscribers, as it has been given many times before: 1lb. raisins, ¾ lb. stale bread crumbs, ¾ lb. flour, ½ nutmeg, grated, ½ pint brandy, 1 lb. suet, chopped fine, ¾ lb. brown sugar, 1 lb. currants, 5 eggs, ¼ lb. mixed candied orange peel, Grated rind of 1 lemon. Clean, wash and dry the currants, stone the raisins, mix all the dry ingredients well together. Beat the eggs, add to them the brandy, then pour this over the dry ingredients, and again thoroughly mix. Pack into small greased molds or kettles (this will make about six pounds) and boil for eight hours at the time of making, and two hours when wanted for use. This, of course, can be made several weeks before Christmas, as the longer it stands the better it is.

BRANDY SAUCE.—Beat the yolks of six eggs with one cup of powdered sugar until light, then add ½ pound butter that has been beaten to cream. Add one pint of boiling water, stir for a moment until it thickens, take from the fire and add ½ gill of brandy. Pour backwards and forwards from one vessel to another for eight or 10 times, then serve.

FRUIT JELLY.—Cover one box of gelatine with half a pint of cold water and stand it aside for 30 minutes. Then pour over it one pint of boiling water, add one pound of sugar, juice of three lemons, and two oranges. Strain. Moisten a plain mold with cold water, put in the bottom a layer of white grapes, pour in a little of the gelatine, stand on the ice until the gelatine congeals. Now put a layer of candied cherries, then a layer of sliced bananas, a layer of orange pulp, another layer of bananas, then a layer of chopped almonds, another layer of grapes and so continue until the mold is full. Pour over this the remaining quantity of gelatine, which must be perfectly cold, but not stiff. Stand away to harden. If you use wine, the gelatine may be flavored with wine, omitting the orange and lemon.

Cooking Utensils.

The earliest cookery was probably accomplished without the aid of any utensils, the food being roasted by burying it in hot ashes, or cooked by the aid of heated stones; but modern cookery necessitates the use of a great variety of utensils to facilitate the preparation of food. Most of these are manufactured of some kind of metal. All metals are dissolvable in certain substances, and some of those employed for making cooking utensils are capable of forming most poisonous compounds when used for cooking certain foods.

Iron utensils are usually unobjectionable from a health standpoint, if kept clean and free from rust. Porcelain and granite ware are safe and suitable for all foods. Tin-ware which is in reality thin sheet iron coated with tin, is readily acted upon by acids, and when used for holding or cooking any acid foods, harmful substances are liable to be formed, varying in quantity and harmfulness with the nature of the acid contained in the food.

In these days of fraud and adulteration, nearly all the grades of tin-ware contain a greater or less amount of lead in their composition, which, owing to its abundance and inexpensiveness, is used as an adulterant. Lead is also used in the solder with which the parts of tin-ware are united. The action of acids upon lead, forms very poisonous compounds, and all such utensils should be discarded for cooking purposes.

Lead-adulterated tin may be tested in this manner: Place upon the metal a small drop of nitric acid, spreading it with a wooden toothpick to the size of a dime; dry with gentle heat, apply a drop of water, then add a small crystal of iodide of potash. If lead is present, a yellowish color will very soon be seen. Lead glazing, which is frequently used on crockery and ironware, may be detected in the same manner.

In point of healthfulness, neither brass nor copper utensils, are to be recommended, since they are even more liable than tin to combine with acids to form most deleterious compounds.

Feminine Influence.

When young ladies commit themselve against any social and degrading custom, especially among men, that custom will begin to disappear. Women certainly have the "right" to noble companionship and pure air, and it would be a very encouraging sign to see her assert it. But when I see a woman willing to train her children in the blue atmosphere of tobacco smoke without protest, or when I see a young lady walking or riding with a young man who wears a pipe or a cigar in his teeth, says a writer in the Advance, and that young lady is willing to swallow the vile fumes that come from his mouth simply for the infinitesimal privilege of his company, I say there is a woman, there is a girl, who cares little or nothing for womans's rights, or woman's duties either.

CORN PUFFS.—Beat the yolk of one egg in a cup of rich milk. Then add one cup of flour, one half cup of fine yellow corn-meal, and one fourth cup of sugar, all of which have previously been will mixed together. Place the batter on ice for an hour, or until very cold. Then stir in, lightly, the well-beaten white of the egg, and pour quickly into hot gem irons, and bake in a quick oven for twenty or thirty minutes.

Not Darkest Africa.

While the world is shuddering at the revealed atrocites of civilization in the Congo Valley, it is some poor consolation to know that there are other parts of Africa in which the European invaders have not been altogether a curse. Substantial progress appears to be making in East Africa in the direction of opening up the country to trade, pacifying the warring tribes, and mitigating the evils of slavery. Especially is this true in the territories along the Shire and around Lake Nyassa, where many heroic British missionaries have been long unselfishly laboring. The opening of the Zambesi to commerce, in spite of Portuguese obstreperousness, was a most important gain, and the system of river steamers and land carriage which has been organized on the Zambesi, Shire, Lake Nyassa and Stevenson Road, now gives quick, safe and easy access to the very heart of Africa. The most tryin work now is to undo the mischief that the Portuguese have done, so far as possible. It never can be all undone. The Portuguese have so systematically degraded and debauched the natives wherever they have come into contact with them that an ineffaceable brand of evil now rests upon the whole region. It was the Portuguese who taught the natives how to make intoxicating drinks. As a result of that pious instruction the inhabitants of Nyassaland and the Shire Highlands are now almost universally drunkards. There is a perpetual orgie of intoxication there, from home-made grog, which is rapidly destroying the bodies as well as

THE SOULS OF THE NATIVES.

Murders are of almost hourly occurrence, and wars between tribes never cease, all caused by drunkenness. And all this in spite of the fact that no liquors have been imported into that country for years. Perhaps it seems unfortunate to mention this region as one where the advent of Europeans has been a blessing; yet, so it is, despite the mischief wrought by the Portuguese. The British missionaries have done a great and noble work there. And now British commercial and political agents are carrying law and order and industry forward with rapid strides. A year and a half ago the well-known explorer and writer, Mr. H. H. Johnston, British Consul at Mozambique, was sent up to Nyassaland to make peace, it possible, between the Swahili Arabs and other tribes that were then waging a destructive warfare. In this mission he was successful; and he performed much other work and made many observations that gave to his expedition more than ordinary interest.

Dr. Johnston describes the country through which the Upper Shire passes as a very desirable land, a broad, slightly undulating plain, magnificently fertile and well-watered, a land eminently suited for the growth of coffee, cotton, sugar cane, tobacco, and other tropical produce. The inhabitants are, however, almost hopelessly degraded through strong drink. A still finer country is that at the north end of Lake Nyassa. Here there are no fewer than nine perennial rivers, some of them of considerable volume, which descend from the

LOFTY MOUNTAIN RANGES

of Buntali, Wakukwe and Ukinga, and enter the lake between Karonga and Parumbira Bay, the moisture which precolates from them through the soil giving the Konde plain an appearance of perpetual spring. The land at the north end of the lake is a veritable African Arcadia. You may walk for miles and miles through banana plantations; then you may emerge on wide-stretching fields of maize and millet and cassava. All the oozy water meadows are planted with rice; but, above all, the great wealth of the country is in cattle, which, elsewhere by no means common in Nyassaland, thrive remarkably in the Konde district, and consequently milk and beef are cheap and abundant. The inhabitants of this happy land are a contented, pleasant-dispositioned folk, who knew no trouble until the Arabs sought to subdue them a few years ago.

Another beautiful region is the Mambwe country, toward the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. Just before going thither Mr. Johnston met a French explorer, Captain Trivier, who had been travelling there. Captain Trivier was deeply impressed with the manner in which the Mambwe natives had become Britannicized by contact with the missionaries. Wherever he went through those lands the natives invariably greeted him with "Goody morning," a salutation originally learnt from the missionaries, but which has now come into common use among many of the people who have not yet seen a white man. Still, however well they behaved toward Mr. Johnston, these A-mambwe are exceedingly cruel to one another, and their fair country, blessed with such a perfect climate and such a perfect soil, is ravaged and laid waste by civil war. One of the leading chiefs of the Mambwe country, named Kera, had heard of Mr. Johnston's travelling and treaty-making in the land, and determined to give him a reception which should at once impress him with his magnificence and power. So he

KILLED TWELVE PEOPLE,

and stuck their heads on posts planted in regular order, in such a way that they formed a kind of avenue leading up to the chief entrance to his town.

Further north in East Africa, the work of civilization is being pushed vigorously by the Imperial British East Africa Company. The territories of this gigantic concern comprise about 600,000 square miles, with more than 1,100 miles of coast line. Mr. George S. Mackenzie, who has been the chief administrator of affairs there, gives a most hopeful and gratifying account of what has been done

TO CAPTURE SLAVE-SHIPS.

The proper p an is to suppress slave-hunting in the interior, and that is to be done by building roads and opening up the country. If a portion of the enormous sum of money annually expended on slave-trade bounties and the subsidy to Muscat were applied toward providing a moderate guarantee for a railway from the coast to the great lakes of the interior (which could then be patrolled and navigated by steamers), more would be done, he thinks, in the coming five years to suppress the slave-trade than had been accomplished, at enormous expenditure, within the past fifty. A modest sum guaranteed for a railway from Mombasa to Lake Victoria for a few years would probably suffice to stamp out slavery in every form throughout the extensive territory of British East Africa, and such a result would relieve the British Treasury of much of the heavy burden now incurred in maintaining slave cruisers, which do but little, and would at the same time give an impetus to trade and advance civilization in those regions.

Besides what it has done for the suppression of slavery, the British company has done an enormous amount of good work during the two years of its existence. Not only has it prevented outbursts of hostilities along its coast, but it has negotiated friendly treaties with all the chiefs who have come in contact with its officers. It has provided ocean steamers to maintain regular communication between, and afford facilities to, its ports. It has connected those ports by a road and telegraph. A light-draught steamer for the River Tana was delivered at Mombasa in June last, and is now being put together there. A steamer for Lake Victoria is under construction in Glasgow, and will be ready for shipment next month. The company has also improved the town, and afforded many facilities for the harbor of Mombasa. It has established a military police force of 400 Soudanese and British Indians, in additions to 900 native auxiliaries. It has cut a road of 300 miles into the interior and established stockaded stations along that route. It has surveyed and provided plant and materials for the construction of a pioneer railway to the confines of the highland districts in the vicinity of Taveta, and that work is being pushed forward by a staff of engineers with all practicable despatch.

The West Coast of Africa is also receiving a share of attention, and is the objective point of a curious little expedition, which is just setting out under the lead of Commander Cameron, the famous African explorer. The party consists of twenty-two men, and goes in a little steamer of 150 tons with eighty tons of luggage, consisting of seeds, mining implements, etc. Most of the men are scientists, and their object is partly to examine the country and partly to educate the natives. The expedition will begin its investigations at Gambia, continuing them along 1,800 miles of coast

DOWN TO THE EQUATOR.

All the trade rivers will be ascended, and palavers held with the chiefs and petty kings, who have already been notified by Government proclamations of the company's advent. These native potentates will be instructed in the art of cultivating products at present unknown to them, and also in the utilization of those which grow wild and which have hitherto been neglected. Lectures in sanitation will also form an essential feature in the programme, by which it is hoped that the health of the country may be materially benefited. The cultivation of India-rubber, which can be produced in enormous quantities, will be impressed upon the native mind, while, also, that of fibres, coffee, cotton, indigo, dye-woods, tanning cocoa, vanilla, gums, reins, spices, tobacco, cola, beeswax, and honey will be pointed out as yielding large returns to those who will only take the trouble to raise them. The mineral productions of the coast, which consist of coal, iron, antimony, tin, cinnabar and gold, will meet with special attention, particularly the latter, and an attempt will be made to educate the natives to employ modern methods for its recovery.

From School Room to Altar.

When the girl enters the world after her education is "finished" she does not always find it what she expected. The schoolroom is one thing, the world another.

She may have been popular with her teachers because she was a diligent scholar and carried off the honors of the school. But she finds that book knowledge does not make her popular or successful socially.

Some of the most intellectual people I have known have been among the most disagreeable, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Ladies' Home Journal. A woman whose intellect is aggressive, who parades her knowledge before those of inferior intellect or education, is an object to be dreaded.

Mere learning in a woman is never attractive. It is on the contrary, offensive, unless coupled with feminine graces. School-learning should sink into the character and deportment, and only exhibit itself as the perfume of a flower is exhibited—in a subtle, nameless and unobtrusive manner.

A woman's knowledge of grammar should not make her talk like an orator in daily life—it should simply make her conversation gracious and agreeable.

Mathematics should render her mind clear and her judgments true; her geographical studies should teach her that the world is too small for falseness to find a hiding place, and history should impress her that life is too short for unworthy ambitions.

The time between the schoolroom and the altar should be not a mere harvest time of pleasure, but a sowing time for all the seeds of kindness and self-sacrifice for others, and of unselfishness and benevolence, which alone can make her a successful wife and mother.

Aphorism

Never did any soul do good, but it came readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love, or gratitude, or bounty practiced but with increasing joy, which made the practicer still more in love with the fair act.—[Shaftesbury.

He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty.—[Lavater.

Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy, affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly; the one completes a villain, the other only finishes a fop. Contempt is the only proper punishment of affectation, and detestation the just consequence of hypocrisy.—[Johnson.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease: Many without labor would live by their own wits only; but they break for want of stock.—[Franklin.

Pride, ill nature, and want of sense, are the three great sources of ill manners; without some one of these defects, no man will behave himself ill for want of experience, or what in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.—[Swift.

The brightest blaze of intelligence is of incalculably less value than the smallest spark of charity.—[Nevins.

Romantic Extradition Case.

A remarkable case of extradition has been engaging the attention of the Skuptschina. A handsome young Servian, having fallen in love with the daughter of a wealthy Mussulman landowner in Albania, failed to obtain the consent of her father to his marriage because he would not become a convert to Islam. He eloped with the young lady, whose name is Fatima, and she, on reaching Servian territory, professed her readiness to become a Christian. The Bey had gone in pursuit of his daughter with a band of Albanians, and, appealing to a Servian Prefect, he bribed this official to let the bride be kidnapped in the night and carried back to Albania. The Prefect has been dismissed, and the Skuptschina, moved by the woes of the bridegroom, is urging the Government to insist that the Turkish authorities shall restore Fatima to her husband. The Foreign Minister has promised to do his best, but does not appear to be very sanguine of success.

Mrs. G:—"What sort of person is Mrs. Mildman, who has moved into the next house to you?" Mrs. C.:—"Well, really, I don't think much of her. Between you and me, I think she is next door to an idiot." Mrs. C. (innocently):—"I think so too, my dear."

ON WOMAN.

An Acrostic.

A thrifty housewife is better than a great income.—[Spurgeon.

He that a good woman loves is fenced against all evil.—[Italian Proverb.
A perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn to comfort and command.—[Wadsworth.
Provided a woman be well principled she has dowry enough.—[Plautus.
Painful it is to be misunderstood and undervalued by those we love—[Hyperion.
Yet woman's charms can Time's own flight beguile, smooth every care and make a dungeon smile—[Balzac.

No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife—[Richter.
Eternal joy and everlasting love there is in you woman, lovely woman—[Otway.
Woman is superlative; the best leader in life, the best guide in happy days, the best consoler in sorrow—[Senne.

Your first small words are taught from woman's lips—[Byron.
Earth has nothing more tender than a pious woman's heart—[Luther.
A coquette is a rose from which every lover picks a leaf—[Richter.
Religion directs us rather to secure inward peace than outward ease—[Henry Ward Beecher.

That man hath secured his fortune who hath married a good wife—[Euripides.
O woman! woman! thou art formed to bless the heart of restless man—[Bard.

A woman requires no tutor to teach her love and tears—[Mme. Hecker.
Love is better than spectacles to make everything seem great—[Sidney.
Ladies, like variegated tulips, show; 'tis to their changes half their charms we owe—[Pope.

If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone restore it—[Whittier.
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them that masters even the wisest of us all—[Rowe.

The wife is the keeper of the husband's soul.—[Arabian Saying.
He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife—[Ben Jonson.
Every woman is in the wrong until she cries, and then she is in the right instantly—[Victor Hugo.

Woman is God's appointed agent of morality.—[Mrs. Hale.
E is the low man thinks the woman low.—[Tennyson.
Should not woman be destined to functions the most noble and elevated?—[Plato.
Honored be women! she beams on the sight, graceful and fair, like a being of light.—[Hood.

Oh, fairest of creation! last and best of all God's works—[Milton.
Fairest and loveliest of created things, designed to be man's solace—[Herbert.

Free and obstinate women reign because they hold possession of our passions—[Martin.
Of faith and love a matchless proof.—[Anonymous.
Remember always, woman is most perfect when most womanly—[Gladstone.
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill woman's fond affection glows—[Sand.
Seek in thy need the counsel of the wise woman.—[Calderon.
To woman's gentle kind we owe what comforts and delights us here—[Crabbe.

A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven—[Thackeray.
No condition in life is hopeless when the wife possesses firmness—[Burleigh.
Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie, a fault which needs it most grows two thereby—[Geo. Herbert.

Falsehood and cowardice are things that women highly hold in hate—[Shakespeare.
A woman's strength is most potent when robed in gentleness—[Lamartine.
Riches expose you to pride and luxury and foolish elation of heart—[Addison.
Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are are indebted to them for most of our better qualities—[Lemesle.

Fool Questions.

When you know your nose is freezing and
your tears are running fast
As along the street you're passing meeting
Boreas' bitter blast,
It doesn't make you amiable to meet upon
your way
A friend who, laughing, asks you, "Is it
cold enough to-day?"
Of all the bores who bore you with their
idiocy or gall,
The bore who asks "fool questions" is the
greatest bore of all.

Only a Trifle.

Poet—My dear Miss Fanny, allow me to present you with this little token of my regard.

She—Excuse me, I never accept any presents.

It is a volume of my poems.

That's altogether different! If it had been something that had any value whatever I would have refused it, but as it is I accept with pleasure.

Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

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REVIEW OF FASHION.

The general outlook in shapes of both waists and skirts shows the firmly established favorites still in possession of their place. Cloth gowns have the princesse front fastened on the left side, under the arm. The back may be either round or with a belt brought down in a point, as seen in our late patterns. With such dresses the sleeves are often quite conspicuously large, as all talk of abandoning the high sleeve has died away.

Then, again, we find a tendency to adopt gored skirts and round waists. The ends of such a waist may either be concealed all round, or be hidden at the back only, under the belt of the skirt. The front is pointed where this is the case, and a princesse front may be adopted, having a wide back in which no seams are seen, the skirt being sewed on in very large gathers. Sometimes a narrow belt is used, which is begun at the side seams, and is crossed at the back and not displayed at all in front. Such a belt decreases the apparent size of a large waist, as seen looking at the back.

The round waist is more becoming to a slight form than to a full one, as also is the gored skirt. Where this shape is preferred, there will be no more fullness at the top of the skirt breadths at the back, but at the foot the skirt will be round. A seam of sloping form in the centre of the back makes this shape, as it reduces the back breadths to half their width at the top; the front edges are simply straight selvages.

It is necessary to make the rest of the skirt after thus shaping the two back breadths, by using two straight half-breadths with panels of a combination fabric on each side, each one of which should have a width of nine or ten inches.

Large collarettes continue to be worn, and are frequently embroidered, the shape being flaring and often double. Both edges are wired.

Blue, which for a time gave way to tan, dark green and gray, is reestablished as a stylish favorite for street costumes. Many different shade are worn in dresses for the promenade as well as in wraps. Imperial blue is one of the shades most liked.

Coat bodices, as they are called, are seen in cloth suits of high fashion. These waists have seams which cross the hips or corselet fronts.

In dresses of camel's-hair which fabric is much used this season a ruffle is seen at the foot, or fur which is cut into a leaf-shape at the top, thus beautifully trimming the lower edge by its straight portion, and further adorning it by this cutting-out of the top of the wide band of the fur, while the weight of such a trimming keeps the skirt well down, and undisturbed by the motion of walking, or by the winds so prevalent at this time of the year.

The back breadths of camel's hair skirts should be draped on the edge of a bodice slightly pointed as to its front. The skirt had best be of the much-liked habit shape. Your sleeves may be entirely of the fashionable passementerie, or your vest only.

For dresses of Bengaline, which stylish people have now adopted, the trimmings are of jet, gold, or steel. There is a very novel style of gold beading, which gives a pretty mediæval effect. With black Bengaline many dressmakers make the sleeves and vest of the superb and novel brocades, having a black ground on which brilliant flowers are displayed. It is much more elegant, when using brocade as the combination, to have its ground-color match the main fabric than to use an entirely contrasting material.

But with a large majority of black dresses' black velvet for the bodice effect is the great favorite. There will be seen a yoke in black velvet, and high sleeves, of which the lower part of the puff sags over the elbow, and the rest of the sleeve is tight. With this yoke is associated a waist pointed both front and back, over a gored skirt, or one of which the folds are so deep as to make a fullness like that of a small bustle in the middle of the back.

At the large stores it is now possible to purchase collarettes of velvet which are separate from the dress itself, and can, therefore, be worn with more than one costume. By ripping one apart, a lady can model several of these pretty articles upon the pattern, and make them in various fabrics.

Jackets of brilliant colors, for wear at home, are made in the Figaro and Zouave shape, both of which are short. Many have a fringe falling around the bust and are richly embroidered. A high flaring collar is the latest addition to these graceful jackets, though many are seen without it at the gatherings at which, in many houses, tea is still served at five or at six, but almost all show the pointed wing puff on the top of the sleeve. Such jackets are very convenient, as they make a "top" of sufficient warmth to a waist that is cut low. Some ladies have adopted as a convenient article for a "top" a kind of plastron of lace and jet, or narrow bands of velvet with lace puffed between, and which forms a deep point back and front, and is also supplied with a full ruff or collar, and bristling butterflies of jet, or a couple of blackbirds perched upon puffs of jet, not too large to be added, without producing an effect of exaggeration, over the high sleeve of a low dress.

Tea-gowns retain the loose back in most of the elegant models but in some, as in the *negligees*, the back fits in a half tight effect. Nothing is too costly for the trimming of some of the imported tea-gowns, while this pretty garment has the advantage of being if properly shaped, effective and graceful in a great variety of simple fabrics. Fur, as well as lace, ribbons, tulle, metal beads of all kinds set upon bands, and silk passementerie, are displayed as well as hand-work and velvet upon the latest tea-gowns. In some elegant examples the passementerie forms a deep yoke, as on a dress. On others there is a corselet effect, and passementerie is again displayed up the sides or the front only, of the gown.

Visiting toilettes are in Bengaline or faille, and show bars, stripes and large oval spots. These last, in some examples show the spots running from the edge of the portion to be used for the skirt, and gradually decreasing in size toward the knee, where they stop. At the edge of the skirt they are as large as an egg. On the waist fabric the yoke shows large spots, but no so large as on the skirt. With such a yoke a corselet of velvet, which may be embroidered in jet, or gold and black together, or the color of the fabric with gold, or ruby beads, if the fabric be either blue or red, and sleeves of velvet, on which a leaf or flower is wrought matching the corselet, but sparsely scattered.

Some Curious Superstitions.

Many of the old English customs connected with the seasons are still observed in Somersetshire, says *Cassell's Magazine*. In some parts on Christmas Eve, after burning an ashen fagot, the whole family adjourns to the orchard, carrying a hot cake and a mug of cider or ale as an offering to the best apple tree, reminding us of the Norwegian offering of cake and ale made at Christmas to propitiate the spirits of the Flords. A curious custom was, I have been told, observed at Christmas until recently at North Curry, in memory of King John. A feast was held, the chief dish being a huge mince pie, bearing a rude effigy of the king, two candles, each weighing one pound, were lighted, amid great ceremony, and while they burned, but no longer, the guests were allowed and encouraged to drink as much strong ale as they desired; as soon as the candles went out the feast terminated.

Another practice still in use is "opening the Bible." This is done at Christmas, or on New Year's Day, with great solemnity, after breakfast. The Holy Book is laid unopened on the table, and those who wish to consult it open it in succession at random and in perfect silence; the enquirer places his finger on any verse contained in the two open pages, but without seeing its contents. The verse is then read aloud, and from it the assembly draw their conclusions or guidance for the coming year. On Shrove Tuesday, pancakes, of course, as in many other parts of England, are still universally eaten, and in some places boys go round the villages singing—

"Tipperty-tipperty toe,
Give me a pancake and then I'll go,"

and if this request is not acceded to, a large stone is fastened to the handle of the door.

Easter and May Days have always been held as great festivals in Somersetshire. A beautiful custom is still kept up in some places on Easter Day; the whole village rises early, and, going to the top of the nearest hill, waits for the rising of the sun—this being believed to procure prosperity in their homes till Easter Day comes round again.

Among many of the country people Maydew is believed to be a potent remedy in disease. I have heard of an old woman who always recommended for a weakly child that it should be drawn along the grass wet with Maydew three times running—on the 1st, the 2nd and the 3rd of May—and that great benefit would be sure to follow. Young girls are also recommended to wash their faces in Maydew to improve and preserve their complexions. Swellings of various kinds may be cured by a similar application; but in such cases, if the patient be a man, the dew must be taken from the grave of the last young woman buried; if it be a woman, from the grave of the last young man.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, $20; Sewing Machines, $2; Silver plated Tea Service, $1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses $1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 20c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 10c; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, $1.00.

We have had the above notice standing in the JOURNAL for several months, and yet in previous competitions we have had and are having daily no end of trouble to find the names in our lists of winners, who have neglected to comply with these simple requests. Those who do not in future state clearly and distinctly the name of the prize they are applying for, number of it in the competition as well as the number of the competition (given clearly at head of this list,) we will positively not take any notice of their letters. Now no one need be offended as all have fair warning. It is surely only right and proper that each person receiving a prize will at once on its receipt acknowledge it by the very next mail. It will help us and not hurt the prize winner in the least to show the prize to their friends and neighbours and tell us when writing just what they think of the prize they win. All applications for prizes must be received before thirty days after the list has been published.

A Dumb Rooster.

A gentleman living on the outskirts of the city, near Black Rock, owns a curiosity the like of which Barnum never dreamed of. It is a deaf-and-dumb rooster—a full-grown, brilliantly plumed, brown Leghorn chanticleer—that has lost his voice, can neither crow nor cluck, nor make any other audible sound with his vocal apparatus; does not wake up the neighbourhood at five o'clock in the morning with an everlasting cock-a-doodle-doo; does not give an alarm of hawks every time a black cloud crosses the sun, but is still as much the lord of the chicken park as ever.

He has not always been thus. Up to the time he was eight months old he was as noisy as any young rooster need be. Then he got his head caught in a barbed-wire fence in such a way as to mangle his neck and probably tear out the vocal cords. Losing the power to make sounds, he evidently forgot how to hear them. At least now, at the age of three years, he gives no evidence of hearing. But he makes his eyes answer for ears and voice, too. If any one wanted proof that he was really deaf and dumb, those eyes would be convincing. There is nothing he does not see. When the first glow of sunrise appears he begins the duties of the day by rousing all the rest of the fowls in the hennery in his own original way. He walks around to each one and kicks it off its perch. There is no resisting such an invitation to get up. It's much more effective than crowing. When he gets a challenge to fight he does not stop to announce what he can do. He goes and does it. And his battles are all victories.

The most remarkable thing about this intelligent bird, however, is the fact that, though deaf, he can distinguish between an admonition to "shoo" and a request to come to dinner. How he does it is a mystery, but it is believed that he tells by the motion of the lips and general attitude of the person who addresses him.

A course of instruction in a deaf and dumb institute is all this rooster needs to learn to talk with his spurs.—Buffalo Express.

Antics of a Baby Rhinoceros.

Mr. Stanley gives the following account which has been described as amusing, of a baby rhinoceros, which his Nubians brought into camp. "We tied the baby, which was as large as a prize boar, to a tree, and he fully showed what combativeness there was in his nature. Sometimes he mistook the tree for an enemy, and rushed to the attack, battering it with his horny nose until, perceiving that the tree obstinately resisted him, he would halt to reconnoitre it, as though he had the intention of assaulting it by another method; but at such times some wicked Zanzibari boys prodded him in the hams with a reed cane, and, uttering a startling squeal of rage, he would dash at the offenders to the length of his tether. He seemed to me to be the stupidest, most ireful, intractable little beastie that ever I had met. Feeling himself restrained by the cord, he felt sure that it must be the tree that was teasing him, and he would make another dash at it with such vehemence that sent him on his haunches; prodded, pricked in the rear, he squealed again, and, swinging round with wonderful activity, he would start headlong, to be flung on his back by the rope, until at last, feeling that it would be only misery to him to be carried to the coast, he was consigned to the butcher and his assistants."

"Christ's Incarnation

has lifted the world into the sunshine of hope and into the promise of heaven. It has levelled society by lifting the downtrodden—levelled it up. It makes lowliness loftiness, meekness mightiness, and gentleness greatness. Guizot says that 'Christianity has carried repentance even into the souls of nations.' Pagan antiquity knew nothing of these awakenings of the public conscience, Tacitus could only deplore the decay of the ancient rites of Rome, and Marcus Aurelius could only wrap himself up sorrowfully in the stocial isolation of the sage; there is nothing to show that these superior minds suspected the great crimes of their social state even in its best days, or aspired to reform them. The world's hope in every relation in life is in this old gospel. It must have its place in every social circle; it must throw its radiance over every home; it must be in every workshop and counting house, in every home and heart."

Grace—"I'm in hard luck." Ethel—What is the matter?" Grace—"Why I have had three engagements broken, and owing to conventionalities people wouldn't think it looked well if I sued more than one of the follows for breach of promise."

WILL PROVANT'S REVENGE.

By W. T. Speight.

CHAPTER II.

Bessie's fears that the attentions paid her by "the handsome American" would reach her sweetheart's ears proved to be well founded. One of Steve's friends, who was engaged to Bessie's fellow-assistant in Mrs. Fountain's shop, happening to be over in Egginton one day, encountered Steve on his way from work, and did not fail to enlighten him as to everything which had come to his ears, thereby raising a little tempest of jealousy in the young engine-driver's usually placid breast. It was not often that Steve went over to Scargill between one Sunday and another; but at nine o'clock the following evening he knocked at Denny Ford's door. Bessie, who knew his knock, admitted him, and her first glance at his face warned her that something was amiss. Scarcely did he give her time to shut the door before he began. "What's this I hear, Bessie, about your letting that American chap go walks with you, and about his making you presents of flowers and I don't know what beside?" demanded Steve in what for him might be called a white-heat.

Bessie could not keep back the tell-tale colour from her cheeks, and for a moment her heart sank within her. "He's never walked out with me but twice, and then it was by no choice of mine," she answered. "He met me as I was coming home by the canal; and if he chose to walk by my side and talk to me, how was I to help it? After the second time, I took to coming home by the 'bus, on purpose to keep out of his way."

"But he must have been on pretty familiar terms with you, or he would never have taken to meeting you of an evening," remarked Steve shrewdly.

"Indeed, then, he was nothing of the kind," answered Bessie with spirit. "He used to come often to the shop, and he got to know me in that way."

"And used to time his visits so as to have you all to himself when the others were at dinner."

This Bessie was not prepared to deny. "How was it possible for me to tell him when he should come and when he should stay away?" she demanded.

"But you needn't have accepted flowers from him time after time, and worn them in your dress. If you had been engaged to the fellow you couldn't have done more."

"If I had seen any harm in it, I shouldn't have done it.—And, pray, where was the harm?" she added next moment.

"When did you see him last—I mean, see him to speak to?" asked Steve without heeding her question.

"To-day," answered Bessie, looking at him a little defiantly, and with a bright spot of colour on either cheek. "He came into the shop when I was by myself and—and he asked me to marry him."

Steve sprang to his feet, muttering something under his breath. Then he sat down again. "Perhaps you won't mind telling me what answer you made him?" At that moment he looked for all the world as if he would like to strangle Mr. Will Provant.

"I told him that I was already engaged, and could have nothing to say to him."

"Are those some of his flowers?" demanded Steve, indicating by a nod of his head a vase on the chimney-piece in which were the orchids Will had that morning left behind him.

Bessie quailed a little under her lover's scornful gaze. "He brought them for me this morning; but I refused to take them. Then he forgot all about them and left them behind."

"And you brought them home to cherish and look at and keep you in mind of the giver!" exclaimed Steve passionately. "Curse both him and his flowers! So long as you are engaged to me, you have no right to take presents from any man. Let his flowers go where I would jolly soon fling him if he were here," he added as he rose, crossed the room, and snatched the orchids out of the vase. He was on the point of throwing open the window, when Bessie sprang to his side and arrested his hand.

"You shall not, Steve—you shall not!" she exclaimed indignantly. "What have the poor flowers done that you should treat them in that way? They were forgotten and left behind, as I told you, and it would have been both childish and stupid of me to fling them away."

Steve let her take the flowers unresistingly, but he turned very white as she did so. "Oh, well, if you set such store by them, you must care something for the man they belonged to," he said in his quietest tones. "In that case, there's no more to be said. It seems to me that I'm not wanted here, and that I was a fool to come. The best thing for me to do, Miss Ford, will be to wish you good-night, and to trust that your dreams may be pleasant ones." He had possessed himself of his hat while speaking, and he now turned and left the room without a word or a look more. A second or two later the front door clashed behind him. Bessie had made no effort to detain him.

But both Stephen Garside and Bessie Ford were far too fond of each other not to be made unhappy, after the fashion of lovers' unhappiness, by their little misunderstanding. Steve blamed himself for his foolish jealousy, feeling assured in his mind that Bessie's love was all his own; while Bessie blamed herself for her tacit encouragement of Will Provant, and for having taken his flowers home after the scene between them in the shop. When Sunday came round Steve found his way to Denny Ford's house as usual, but it was with somewhat of a sheepish feeling at his heart that he knocked at the door. As soon as he was inside, Bessie held up her mouth to be kissed, which Steve accepted as a token that everything was to be forgiven and forgotten on both sides. For any mention of his name that day there might have been no such person as Will Provant in existence.

A week passed without Bessie seeing anything of Will, and she began to hope that he had taken her words to heart, and that she would be no more troubled with his attentions. Sunday had come round again. After calling on Bessie, Steve set off for Warley, a village three miles away, to visit a friend who was dangerously ill. It was arranged that he should come back by the footroad which wound along by the banks of the Windle, and that Bessie should go part of the way to meet him. It was a favourite walk with our lovers.

The September sun was hanging low in the west when Bessie set out. She had got more than half-way to Warley without seeing anything of Steve, and had reached a point where the path she was following crossed the river by means of a high wooden footbridge with a flight of ten or twelve steps on either side of it. Bessie, busy with her thoughts, had climbed the steps and reached the level of the bridge before she was aware of Will Provant advancing from the opposite direction. Her first impulse was to turn and go back, but next moment she asked herself what she had to fear; still, it was with a heightened colour and a fast-beating heart that she went forward. They met midway across the bridge, which was only just wide enough to allow of their passing each other. Then Will came to a sudden halt so as to block the way.

"Good-even, fair damosel. Prithee, whither away so fast?" he demanded, in the mock-heroic style he sometimes affected, as he swept her an ironical bow.

"Good-evening, Mr. Provant.—Be kind enough, please, to let me pass."

"Anon—anon. You have not responded to my question.

"I am going to meet a friend.—Will you please make way for me?" She saw that he was smiling, but for all that there was something in his expression which made her blood run cold.

"To meet a friend!" he sneered. "Why not speak the truth, and call him by his right name? You are on your way to meet your lover—the man who smells of oil and wipes his hands with greasy rags. Faugh!"

Bessie's temper flamed up at this insult to her lover. She gave a quick glance round, but not a creature was in sight. "Will you let me pass, or will you not?" she demanded, staring Provant defiantly in the face as she did so.

"Not till you have paid the toll—not till I have stolen a kiss from those dewy lips," he replied as he made a step forward and put out his arms to seize her. A cry broke involuntarily from Bessie, which was answered in a way the most unexpected.

Steve, when about a quarter of a mile from the bridge, on his way back from Warley, had seen and recognised Will Provant in the distance, and half a minute later had made out the figure of Bessie as she advanced along the footpath on the opposite side of the river, evidently on her way to meet him as arranged. Acting on the impulse of the moment, and without asking himself why he did so, Steve turned off into a belt of broken shrubbery which skirted the river a little farther inland than the footpath. Here he was invisible to any one at a distance, and thus it was that Bessie failed to see him when Will met her on the bridge and barred the way.

Steve, advancing quickly through the shrubbery, could hear the sound of voices even before he reached the bridge. For one moment a flaming thought shot through his brain that, maybe, the two had met thus by appointment, only to be dismissed the next as utterly unworthy of the girl he loved. Besides, had they been so minded there was nothing to hinder them from meeting times out of number when he himself was out of the way. Still, as he came to a stand at the foot of the bridge, his heart seemed to cease beating, and all the landscape became blurred before him as he strained his ears to catch the words of those who were so close to him yet unseen. The first sentence he could clearly make out was Bessie's question: "Will you let me pass, or will you not?" A great torrent of rage surged through Steve's heart as Provant's answer fell on his ears, and he was half-way up the steps before Bessie's cry broke from her lips. Then it was that, an instant later, Provant felt the grip of a mighty arm round his neck, his head was wrenched violently back, following on which came a blow, as of a sledge-hammer, between the eyes, so that it seemed to him as if a ball of fire had suddenly exploded inside his head. With a yell of rage he let go his hold of Bessie and turned on his assailant, whose name he felt that he had no need to ask; but strong and wiry though Will Provant might be, he was no match for the stalwart engine-driver, who was noted as one of the best wrestlers in the country-side. Despite his desperate struggles, his arms were presently pinned to his sides and there held as in a vice; then he was twisted round, his back was jammed up against the hand-rail of the bridge, and his body bent over it till he felt as if his spine must surely snap. Then his feet were suddenly knocked from under him, and while his legs described a semicircle in the air, his assailant let go his grip, and Will Provant, falling clean backward into the water running fifteen feet below, sank out of sight as if he were a stone. The struggle had not lasted more than a couple of minutes.

"Oh Steve, he will be drowned!" cried Bessie with ashen lips. She had been watching the encounter as though it were some scene in a nightmare which she was powerless to interrupt.

"No fear," responded Steve grimly. "The man that's born to be hanged won't be drowned." Steve had occasion to remember his words later on.

As a matter of fact, Will was a capital swimmer. After coming to the surface, he dashed the water out of his eyes, and then striking out, swam slowly down stream till he reached a point where the shelving bank allowed of his landing without difficulty. After hastily wringing some of the water out of his clothes, he plunged into a plantation of firs close by and was lost to view.

About eight or nine days later, as Bessie was on her way home in the dusk of evening, she was aware of stealthy footsteps coming up behind her, which some instinct told her were those of Will Provant. A moment later, a voice which seemed to tremble with concentrated passion whispered in her ear: "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, my proud Lady Disdain. I wouldn't order my wedding gown yet awhile, if I were you." Then the footsteps turned abruptly down a side street, and Bessie, without daring to turn round, hurried trembling home.

Scargill is situated on the Egginton and Swallowfield branch of the London and West-Eastern Railway. About three-quarters of a mile beyond Scargill station, going towards Swallowfield, the line crosses the Windle by means of a wooden bridge. Here there is a narrow gorge, some forty or fifty feet deep, at the bottom of which runs the little river on its way to join a much larger river a dozen miles farther on. The foundations of the bridge at the date of this narrative consisted of huge balks of timber, some of them driven into the sloping sides of the gorge, and others into the bed of the stream itself, while substantial cross-beams, clamped with iron, helped to hold each of them in its place and to make of the whole a homogeneous structure, which the trains had traversed in safety for something like a quarter of a century. As a rule, the Windle was as well behaved a little river as one could find anywhere, innocent of all vagaries, and running placidly on its way to join its elder sister; but now and then there came times and seasons when even its best friends would hardly have recognized it. Two or three miles south of Scargill ran a semicircular range of hills, an outlying spur of the "backbone of England," as it is often called; and after any lengthened spell of rainy weather, the Windle, fed by countless streams from the Hoybeach uplands, was liable to swell to four or five times its normal size, and transform itself for the time being into a turbid, raging torrent, which, after flooding the low-lying lands on either side of it when it reached the Scargill valley, the farther end of which was spanned by the railway bridge, rushed through it with a force and velocity which seemed as if they must carry everything before them.

As it fell out, the autumn to which our story refers proved to be an extremely rainy one; not for a dozen years had the Windle been known to rise so high and then to keep at that height for so long a time. Then a whisper went about that the railway authorities began to have some doubts as to the stability of Gripside Bridge, and it became known that experts had been sent from headquarters to examine it as far as it was possible to do so in the flooded state of the river.

About twenty yards from the Scargill end of the bridge was a signal-box, which necessitated the services of two men, who went on duty turn and turn about. With one of these men, Seth Gedge by name, Will Provant had become extremely intimate, owing, probably, to the fact that Gedge had spent several years of his early life in the States. They met of an evening at the *Ring o' Bells*, and when Seth's time came to go on duty, Will often kept him company as far as the box.

The river was still nearly at its highest, although there had been no rain since morning, when one night about dusk Bessie Ford took it into her head to walk as far as the Gripside Bridge to look at the flood. She had been rendered somewhat uneasy by a rumor that the passenger trains were to be sent round by Pettywell, but the goods-trains, one of which was driven by Steve, were to keep on running as usual, and still more so by something she had overheard her father say to a crony of his the evening before as he leaned over the garden-gate smoking his after-supper pipe.

"Whether th' owd bridge is safe, or whether it isn't, is, m'appen, not for the likes of me to offer an opinion about," Denny had remarked; "but this I will say, that when I was fishing in the scaur last spring, th' watter being very low at the time, I couldn't help seeing how some of the balks looked as if they were rotted half-way through, so that I could scale thick shivers off them with my thumb and finger. But there: if the gents as came over specially from Egginton say it's all right, why in course it must be all right; but in that case an ignorant chap like me might like to know why they've taken to sending the passenger trains round by Pettywell."

These words had not failed to make a deep impression on Bessie.

So now, to-night, she felt as if she were drawn toward the bridge by some inward compulsion, which she could not have overmastered without an effort.

After passing the station a little way Bessie crossed a stile which brought her to a footway through the fields running alongside the fence which bounded the line, and leading directly to the signal-box and the bridge. When a little way from it Bessie diverged to the left, and crossed the grass to where a hand-rail had been placed for a protection of pedestrians at a point where a landslip had at one time taken place. Here she came to a stand, and resting her arms on the rail, gazed down into the gorge. Surely, surely the old bridge, which had breasted so many floods in safety, would stand the strain of this one!

Presently she took out her watch—a birthday gift from Steve—and read the time. It wanted twenty minutes to nine, and at five minutes past the hour "No. 5 Down Goods," which Steve was driving, was due to pass the junction on its way to Egginton. She would wait and see it pass, she said to herself. Perhaps she might catch a momentary glimpse of Steve.

The place where she was standing was about thirty yards from the signal-box. She was putting her watch away, her eyes fixed absently on the box, when she became aware of something which brought back her wandering thoughts to the time and place where she was. She felt nearly sure that she could distinguish the figures of *two* men in the signal box! She knew how imperative was the rule laid down by the railway company that no signalman should allow any stranger to enter his box; she knew, too, that it was not the hour for the interchange of duties between Seth Gedge and his "mate." It was just possible that the second figure might be that of Mr. Wilson, the station-master, or of some other official whom some business errand had taken to the box, but at so late an hour that was far from likely. Bessie's curiosity was strongly aroused.

On the open ground between herself and the box grew a few tangled bushes of bramble and blackberry. Gliding from one to another of them, Bessie presently reached a point which was not more than six or eight yards from the box. That there were two men in it she was now more firmly convinced than ever.

Half a minute later, Bessie would have been gone, but at this juncture the signal box door was opened, a man came out, and shutting the door behind him, descended the

steps. Bessie drew her hood closer round her face and crouched behind the bushes. At the foot of the steps the man paused for a few moments, as if to look round and listen. As he did so, Bessie, peeping through the tangle of creepers, saw with a gasp of surprise which was not received with fear, that the man was none other than Will Provant!

CHAPTER III.

But what was the bright object Will Provant was carrying in one hand, which caught and flung back the light with such a cold steely glitter? Bessie was nearly sure that it was a weapon of some kind. Will now went forward a little way, and then came to a halt where the level ground broke away abruptly at the edge of the gorge. For full two minutes he stood thus, as immovable as if chiselled out of black marble; then flinging one hand in the air, as if his mind were finally made up, he plunged down the side of the gorge and was lost from view. But while he was standing thus there had come a sudden flash of lightning, and by its aid Bessie had been able to make out what the bright object was which had puzzled her so much. It was neither more nor less than a handsaw—a carpenter's common handsaw! What could he possibly want with such an article as that in Gripside Scaur at ten o'clock at night?

No sooner had Will disappeared than Bessie ran forward, and kneeling on one knee at the extreme edge of the gorge, and grasping with one hand the stump of an old thorn, she craned her body half over, trying to pierce with her eyes the depths of blackness below her. The sides of the gorge were steep, and had been rendered slippery by the recent rains, and for any stranger to have ventured down them in the dark, especially while the river was in flood, would have been to court almost certain destruction; but Will Provant was as active as a squirrel, and had doubtless made himself acquainted beforehand with every step of the way he intended to take.

Again a flash; and yet another. By this time Bessie's eyes had become so far used to the lightning as to be capable of receiving impressions with almost photographic quickness. There was Provant again; but by this time he was under the bridge, and in the act of swinging himself up on to one of the cross beams. What could he possibly want among the timbers of the bridge at that hour of the night, or, indeed, at any other hour? Bessie was more puzzled than ever. Keeping her eyes fixed on the point where she had seen him last, she waited for the fourth flash. It came and was gone in a breath. In the interim between the flashes Provant had worked his way among the cross beams and under-pinning timbers of the bridge, till he was now *full* over the turbid, swirling river. Seated astride a horizontal beam, he was in the act of sawing through one of the huge balks which formed the main supports of the bridge. Then, in one vivid mental flash, the man's diabolical plot stood clearly revealed to Bessie. He was about to saw through one or more of the vital foundations of the structure, in the hope that it would collapse under the weight and stress of the next train that should attempt to cross it, and so hurl the latter to destruction! And the next train was "No. 5 Down Goods," which was driven by her sweetheart! A cold thrill of horror shook her from head to foot, and the words Provant had whispered in her ear a few nights before echoed jeeringly in her brain.

Her immediate impulse was to rush down the side of the scaur and call out to Provant that she had seen him, and knew on what nefarious task he was engaged; but she was doubtful whether her voice would reach him above the roar of the river, and even if he did, he was not the man to heed it. Before she could reach the station, three-quarters of a mile away, and cause the telegraph to be set in motion, Steve's train would be due; it would be too late to avert a catastrophe. Then all at once she remembered Seth Gedge, whom she knew, as she more or less knew every one connected with the station. It was his duty to signal the trains; the distance signal for the trains coming from Swallowfield was at the opposite end of the bridge, consequently, all Seth would have to do would be to put it on at "danger;" and Steve, in obedience to its warning, would bring his train to a stand before it reached the fatal spot.

The moment this thought had formulated itself in her mind she turned and sped towards the signal-box as fast as her feet could carry her. Up the stairs she sprang and opened the door without waiting to knock. Seth was there certainly, but to all appearance fast asleep, his head resting on his arms, and his body bent forward over the little table on which he took his meals. This was something so unprecedented, and involved such a gross breach of duty, that Bessie stood for a moment and stared in astonishment. Then she went forward, and laying a hand on Seth's shoulder, called him by name; then she shook him and shouted in his ear, and then she tried to raise his head; but the moment her hold relaxed it fell forward into its former position. Bessie gazed round her despairingly, and as she did so her eye was caught by a cupon a shelf, from which a peculiar odour seemed to emanate. She took it up; there was a little dark liquid in it which smelt like nothing she had ever smelt before. The truth flashed across her: Seth Gedge had been drugged! Doubtless, the signals were set at "line clear," and there was nothing to hinder "No. 5 Down Goods" from rushing to its destruction. Bessie turned so faint and giddy that she had to sit down for a moment or two to keep herself from falling.

Presently her eye glanced at the little clock by which Seth timed his trains. In twelve minutes "No. 5 Down Goods" was due to pass Scargill station. Her helplessness half maddened her. She sprang to her feet, clasping the fingers of one hand hard within those of the other, and cried aloud: "What shall I do?—what shall I do?" If only she had known how to reverse the distance signal so as to show the real light in place of the white one! But even had she been strong enough to manipulate the heavy levers, the mode of working them was an utter mystery to her. And to think that the life of Steve and that of his fireman, who, as she knew, had a wife and two little ones at home, should be dependent on such a simple thing as the automatic change of a white light to a red one! Again from her lips broke the cry: "What shall I do?"

As if in answer to it, what seemed to her like a dazzling wave of light swept next moment across her brain, and all at once there was revealed to her a way by which her lover's life might be saved. She rose to her feet, her lips firm set, and a glow of fine enthusiasm shining through the crystalline depths of her dark-blue eyes. A few seconds later she was speeding like a fawn across Gripside Bridge. Below her she could hear the hoarse muttering of the white-lipped waters; the night-breeze sang plaintively through the telegraph wires overhead; there was a rumble of distant thunder; but penetrating all other sounds, and altogether a thing apart, her excited fancy seemed to hear the ceaseless grating of the sharp teeth of Will Provant's saw as they bit their way through the foundations of the bridge. Ah, what a flash was that!

At length the bridge was crossed and Bessie breathed more freely. Fifty yards further on was the bourne for which she was bound. But already the breeze brought to her straining ears the faint far-off pulsing of the engine of the oncoming train. The sound lent new wings to her feet. Light and slim though she was, the loose ballast gave way beneath her, more than once she stumbled and fell forward on her hands, but still she sped bravely on. At length, breathless and exhausted, she reached the foot of the semaphore, which towered far above her, its huge cyclopean eye at once a beacon and a warning, glowing far into the night. Here Bessie was fain to rest for half a minute, in order to gather breath before beginning to climb the steep iron ladder which gave access to the platform fixed near the summit of the semaphore for the use of the porter who had charge of the lamps. The deep, laboured throbbing of the engine was now plainly audible. Bessie drew a fuller breath than common and began the ascent of the ladder.

Up she went slowly, step by step, sadly hampered by her garments. The semaphore was one of the tallest in use, it being needful that its signals should be seen over the shoulder of a certain hill a little way beyond it where there was a sharp bend of the line. Higher and higher climbed Bessie, never once venturing to look down, lest she might turn dizzy. At length the tiny platform was safely reached, and not one moment too soon. With a deep sigh of thankfulness that was almost a sob, Bessie dragged herself on to it. There was the lamp within reach of her hand, with a great shining fan of white light radiating from it into the darkness. Without the loss of a second, Bessie set about doing that which she had come to do. With nimble fingers, which yet trembled a little, she undid the knot which held in its place the thick silk handkerchief she had tied round her neck before leaving home, which she had bought only that afternoon as a present for her lover. Then she shook it out, and proceeded to fix it as a screen or curtain in front of the lamp, tying two ends of it behind. The colour of the handkerchief was a rich crimson and the light shining through it showed as a deep blood-red. Such was the danger signal improvised by Bessie in order to save her sweetheart's life!

She sank down half-fainting to wait for whatever might happen next. The sound of the steady oncoming rush of No. 5 seemed as though it were gradually filling the spaces of the night. Surely, surely the signal must be visible to Steve and his mate by now! Half a minute more and they will be round the curve. At last! Three short, sharp whistles—a summons to the guard to put on all the break-power at his command. The signal has been seen, and they are saved!

And now the head-light of the engine could be seen shining in the distance like a huge glowworm as the train came sweeping round the curve, its braked wheels, tracked by sparks, grinding out a horrible discord, as though it were some half-human monster venting its impotent rage at its enforced stoppage. Then, loud and shrill, came a long ear-piercing whistle, intended, as Bessie knew, for an intimation to Seth Gedge that No. 5 was waiting for the danger signal to be taken off. Slowly, and still more slowly the train crept on, till presently it came to a stand within a dozen yards of the semaphore. Then Bessie, snatching her handkerchief from off the lamp, stood up on the platform and waved it wildly over her head. Jumping off his engine, Steve ran to the foot of the semaphore.

"Who's that up there?" he shouted; "and what fool's trick are you playing with the signals?"

"Steve—Steve—it is I—Bessie!" came the response in the voice he knew and loved so well; and yet it seemed incredible, and he could hardly believe that his ears were not playing him false. His hand caught at his throat, as though something were choking him.

"Oh, my lass, what art thou doing there?" he cried; and then, without waiting for an answer, he began to mount the ladder in frantic haste.

Bessie was kneeling on one knee; and the first thing she did as soon as Steve was within reach of her was to fling her arms round his neck and strain him to her. "Thank Heaven, oh, thank Heaven!" she exclaimed, and then for a few moments hysterical sobs checked her utterance.

Steve, still standing on one of the topmost rungs of the ladder, for there was no room for him on the platform, soothed her, stroking her hair and kissing her cheek, and waiting patiently till she should be able to tell him all that he was dying to know. It was only two or three minutes at the most that he had to wait. Then Bessie told her tale in the fewest possible words. Steve remained silent for a few moments after she had done. In truth, he knew not what to say. His was not one of those nimble intellects which profess to solve at a glance any problem which may be put before them, although as often as not the solution may be wrong.

"The first thing to be done is to get back to *terra firma*," said Steve at length. He prided himself somewhat on his scholarship, which was, indeed, in advance of that of most of his class.

This seemed to Bessie one of those things which are easier to propose than to carry out. But Steve undertook to steady her, and they proceeded to descend the ladder slowly and carefully, taking one cautious step after another. Both guard and fireman were waiting at the foot of the ladder, burning with curiosity; and the former threw the light of his hand-lamp on Bessie's face the moment she sprang from Steve's arm to the ground.

"Why, Miss Ford, who on earth thought of seeing you!" he exclaimed. Then to Steve: "But what's up, mate? I'm fairly capped."

"There's deviltry at work, Jim Baines—that's what's up," answered Steve; "and if it hadn't been for Bessie here, most likely none of us would have been alive at this moment."

A few words put his auditors in possession of the main facts as told him by Bessie.

"It's the most infernal scheme I ever heard tell of," said the guard. "The "down empties" is due in twenty minutes. I must run back at once for a quarter of a mile and plant three or four fog-signals, else they'll smash into us as sure as eggs is eggs.—But what's thy plan, Steve?"

"My plan is to leave Mike here in charge of the engine, while I cut across the bridge, rouse them up at the station, and stop the "up minerals," which is due in half an hour."

"That's the ticket," said Baines with a nod of approval. "I'm off like a shot. We shall have something to talk about to-morrow mates."

Steve turned to Bessie. "Thou'st better stay here with Mike till I come back," he said, lapsing into the familiar thee and thou, as he generally did in moments of excitement. "I'll not be gone longer than I can help."

"No, no, Steve; you must take me with you," pleaded the girl.

"Come along, then; but thou must put thy best foot foremost." There was no time for argument. After a few last words to Mike, Steve tucked one of Bessie's arms under his and started off down the "six-foot" in the direction of the bridge. The lightning flashes, although still as frequent, were no longer quite so vivid as they had been.

The intervening space had been traversed, and Steve and Bessie had advanced some distance along the bridge itself, when their ears were taken by a dull ominous roaring sound which seemed to come to them from up the valley beyond Scargill. Momentarily it grew louder and more distinct; whatever it might be, it was evidently coming towards them; involuntarily, they stood still to listen. Nearer and nearer came the sound, which was now as if the roar and rush of the Windle when in flood were intensified twenty-fold. As they stood thus, their straining gaze bent up the valley, expecting they knew not what, there came a long quivering flash, and by its light they saw a huge solid wall of water sweeping down the gorge towards them.

"Oh Steve, what is it?" she cried, clinging more tightly in her terror to her lover's arm."

"Back, back—or we are lost!" was Steve's answer; and with that he swung her off the ground, and making no more to do than if she were a feather-weight, he raced back with her to the solid ground beyond the bridge. Scarcely had he set her on her feet when the liquid wall dashed itself full against the framework of the old bridge. A shiver, almost like that of some sentient creature, ran through it from end to end; then above the fierce roar and swirl of the flood could be heard the cracking and splintering of the great ribs of timber, mingled with a noise of tearing and rending, and the same instant, dominating all other sounds, came the shrill, agonised cry of a human soul in agony—a cry unlike all other cries. It came and was gone while one might draw a long breath. It rang through Bessie's brain as she clung trembling to Steve, and many a night afterwards it startled her in her dreams.

Another flash, and by it Steve saw that the heretofore solid structure was rent in twain, and that a huge piece of it had vanished utterly, so that there was now a gap several yards in width between one side of the bridge and the other. "It must be the Haybeach Reservoir that has burst," said Steve in a low, awed voice. "There's been talk for some days back of its being in a dangerous condition owing to the heavy rains."

All possibility of crossing the bridge was now at an end. Of course there was a chance that the catastrophe might have roused Seth Gedge from his stupor, and that he might have had his wits sufficiently about him to remember that his first duty was to block both lines. At that hour of the night the station would be shut up, and all the officials, except the signal-man on duty for the night, have gone home, so that unless Seth were in a position to communicate with the latter, there was not much chance of the mineral train being intercepted in time. All this Steve saw clearly in his mind as he stood there for one solemn minute. But one chance, and that a faint one, was left him of being able to stop the "up minerals."

"There's nothing for it but to go back and be as sharp about it as we can," he said.

Then, as they hurried to the train, Steve told Bessie his plan. He had called to mind that close by the semaphore there was a crossing from one line to the other, put there for hunting purposes, and this it was which he was now about to utilise for his purpose. As soon as the engine was reached, Bessie was assisted on to it. Then, as soon as Mike had been picked up, Steve began to run back along the up-line towards Brimley Station, four miles away. The engine kept on whistling as a signal to Jim Baines, and presently they could discern the waving of his hand-lamp, although he himself was invisible in the darkness. Speed was slackened, to allow of the news being told him, after which all steam was put on, and away they went at a pace which at any other time would have frightened Bessie half out of her wits; but during the last hour she had gone through so much that for the time being she felt as if nothing could ever terrify her again.

Brimley was reached a few minutes later, where the telegraph was at once put in operation, fortunately in time to intercept the mineral train at Rushcliffe, the station next past Scargill.

Little more remains to be told. It was the bursting of the Haybeach Reservoir, as Steve had surmised, that let free the immense mass of water, the flood upon a flood, which swept away a great part of Gripside

Bridge. It was the cause of a great deal of property being damaged and destroyed; but Will Provant's was the only life sacrificed. His body was never found; but the handsaw was picked up a week or two later, not far from the spot where he had attempted to work out the desperate scheme of vengeance which recoiled so terribly on himself. An examination proved that before being overtaken by his fate, he had succeeded in sawing more than half-way through two of the great centre beam of the bridge.

Seth Gedge lost his situation, and deservedly so. He acknowledged that, as a relief to the monotony of his "spell of night-duty, he had more than once allowed Provant to keep him company in his box for an hour or two. On the night of the accident he had been suffering from faceache, and Provant had persuaded him to drink something which he had mixed for him as being an infallible remedy. After that, he had remembered nothing more for several hours.

Bessie's nervous system did not wholly recover its tone for several months, and for many weeks to come she suffered so much from sleeplessness as totally to unfit her for her duties in Mrs. Fountain's shop. The wedding, however, took place at Christmas as arranged. It is pleasant to be able to record that the railway company presented Bessie with a purse containing a substantial token of their recognition of her services; while shortly afterwards Steve's ambition was gratified by his removal to headquarters and his appointment as driver of one of the main-line expresses. Lastly, it may be mentioned that the crimson silk handkerchief was carefully treasured as a memento of a never-to-be-forgotten night.

[THE END.]

The Vice of Idleness.

It is exceedingly difficult to understand the cause of this vice or its reported increase; but we incline to believe that while it is in a few a sort of disease it is in the majority nothing but a low form of selfishness, curable only by punishment, whether the natural punishment of starvation or an artificial one. The man hates the self-suppression involved in work, just as a savage does; but he can suppress himself if he chooses, and invariably does choose, if for any reason he passes under the terrible though avoidable discipline of a convict prison. The compulsion which usually falls upon the idle takes the form of bad food, bad lodging and want of tobacco and beer, and it is not sufficient. Such wants are all horrible things, but there are none of them so horrible as steady work, which presses and tortures and almost maddens the really idle, just as civilization, which in its essence is a multitude of small restraints, does the savage. They will not put up with the suffering for the time necessary to teach them that it is endurable, and will ather break away into the desert, often a street, where there is only bread to eat and water to drink, and no shelter, but where also there is no work to do.

The vice is nearly incurable and we do not know that our ancestors were unwise when they reckoned it among the greater sins, devised the many sayings which condemn it, and held it to be deserving of any punishment short of the gallows. We cannot resort to the old methods, at least until society has grown harder, but we heartily wish Gen. Booth could be allowed a certain measure of compulsory power like the superintendent, for example, of a reformatory; for he would not hesitate to use it, and it might make men, say of 10 per cent. among his least hopeless patients. As it is, he will, we fear, in about three years, feel justified in turning his energies to another field of labor, with this conviction well engraved into his mind, that there are tendencies in man which, in their consequences to his social well-being at all events, are as injurious to him as tendencies to vice.

The American system seems to have placed in absolute authority over the greatest nation in the world a very weak and foolish person. President Harrison's message to Congress is, if rightly described, practically declaration of war against Great Britain and Germany as far as he is concerned, and that on the score of the most monstrous, puerile and untenable claim ever urged by an intelligent nation. Fortunately for the world he has not the courage of his convictions, and refers the whole matter to Congress. Congress, when there is no danger on the horizon, can talk as much nonsense about foreign affairs as any body of equal size, but when confronted with a critical situation it acts prudently and wisely, and, moreover, recent elections show that tail-twisting is at a discount with the American people at present.

Mystery of the Old Log House.

There is still standing not far from Port Hope, Ont., on a well cultivated farm, an old log house of rude style. Uncouth and uninviting as it must have been at its best, the tempests of nearly three quarters of a century have in no way added to its beauty, and now at the time of writing, the logs which form the walls are well nigh decayed, the ceiling has fallen and everything is damp and mouldering.

However rude the style of architecture of a ruined building once occupied as a dwelling, there is always something about it deeply interesting to me, and this one is more especially so, on account of the romantic associations with which it is connected.

The details here given were told to me one day, when seeking shelter from a passing shower, in the old house.

The grandfather of the present owner, an old United Empire Loyalist, was presented by the Government with a large tract of land, of which this farm was a part, and when more than seventy years ago he first visited his wild possessions with the view of settling, he discovered the building surrounded by a small cleared space, as though an attempt at gardening had been made. Naturally surprised at thus coming upon a habitation where he supposed none existed for many miles, and curious to learn more, he approached the house. Suddenly borne on the breeze, came the sound of music, so strangely beautiful that he was forced to pause and listen. It was a flute, and the tune some weird melody, so sad yet entrancing that the listener scarcely breathed lest he should loose a single note. In a few minutes the music ceased—the door of the cabin opened—and a man came out. He seemed in the prime of life. His hair and beard were long and wavy, and though his garments were old and coarse, his erect and noble bearing and commanding figure at once seemed to inspire the most profound respect. He seemed terribly disturbed on seeing his visitor, and in a startled manner demanded to know who he was and whence he came. Our friend made haste to explain his chance call, which seemed to dispel his startled look, but somehow throughout their whole interview he appeared ill at ease, and excited in manner. In well chosen words the stranger tendered the hospitalities of his rude home, pressed upon the visitor to partake of what refreshments he had, and expressed his sorrow at not having something better to offer than cold water and venison.

All our friend could learn from this strange man was that he had lived in his present habitation twelve years, but his name, the place from whence he came, the cause of his thus burying himself for so many years alone in the woods were not learned. Two books were noticed one a Bible, the other a large volume with some Latin name, which the visitor soon forgot. The latter soon took his leave, but before going his host exacted from him a solemn promise never to mention to any person this strange meeting in the woods.

Three months went by before our friend again had reason to visit his new possessions. To tell the truth, he was anxious to see his new and strange acquaintance once more, and if possible, learn something about his past life. That the man had a history, which was a sad one, he had no doubt. This time as he approached, no music enchanted him, everything seemed strangely quiet. He rapped on the door, and a voice weak and moaning bade him enter. He was scarcely prepared for the surprise that awaited him. There on the rude couch lay the man, fever flushed and emaciated, only the shadow of his former self. In disjointed sentences, the sufferer explained that he had partaken of some herb tea some days before—a thing he had often done—but he feared something of a poisonous nature had got among the herbs he last gathered, with this unfortunate result.

The distance to camp was twelve miles, and our friend announced his determination to seek aid; but the sick man begged him not to go, as he felt he had but a short time to live, and there was much to do. He asked to be taken outside and laid on the grass under a tree that grew near the door. He had grown very weak; his pain seemed to have left him, or possibly the poor worn out system and racked body was past the sensation of torture. He lay for a long time gazing into the sky as if in deep communion, then asked that a pile of dry brush and bark be placed near him, and that a package of papers, under a stone which formed part of the hearth, be brought to him. He gazed long and sadly at the package, muttering to himself "and this the end, this the end." At his command the pile of brush and bark was lit and when burning briskly, the package was torn apart and bit by bit consigned to the flames. The two books, the flute and case, a faded cup with gold band, shared the same fate.

The man's strength, which had for a short time under this excitement revived, now left him and he was weak and powerless.

The sun was fast disappearing and the gloom deepening. No sounds broke the stillness, but the rippling of the little brook that ran near and the occasional chirp of a bird. He seemed to fear the delirium might seize him and that he would say more than he wished. "I will die as I have lived," he whispered, "the secret must not be known. You would not understand," he continued, "my work ends here. At best I was but a tired wayfarer, ever ready to welcome the coming night that I might rest. The morning dews of youth are yet fresh on your brow, while I, I am waiting where the shadows lengthen. The sun of your life has just risen, life the pulsation of the great world is before you. But the noon of life will come, then evening, and as the shadows lengthen, the grim spectre Death will get nearer you. He is close to me now. Dear friend I thank you for your kindness; the blessing of one whose life has been a sad one, is yours. Your kindness has been disinterested. You have not sought to pry into secrets I value more than life. Bury me near the little brook. I have spent many a silent hour on its banks, watching its waters hurrying on, and wondered if they ever reached the happy goal denied me. Raise no mound nor slab to mark my grave. I want my last resting place to be like myself, unknown and forgotten. Hold my hand, dear friend, the light is fading fast; but 'tis only a step where there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign forever and ever.

The hand suddenly became limp and lifeless; there was a deep sigh, and the tortured body was at rest. The lonely watcher wept as he gazed on the semblance of a splendid manhood. He thought of the long years of loneliness,—of the bright world once mingled with but sacrificed—of the sad ending of a life, no doubt noble and good, almost alone, and unknown. Pityingly he hollowed a grave, and tenderly laid the body in its last resting place near the brook.

Can the reader wonder then that the old place, almost in ruins now, is one of deep interest? I look round it as I write these lines. A portion of the old chimney yet remains, and on a rude seat fastened between the logs, I sit and muse on this strange history. A stalwart man from the higher walks of life, refined, burying himself in the forest with no friend to cheer, and even depending on a stranger for a last resting place. These walls are, no doubt, the silent witnesses of many a heart burning struggle. The wind is moaning through the crevices as though chanting a requiem over the past. As I went forth the sun was setting, and his last rays seemed to lapture the old house with golden sunshine as if striving to dispel the gloom of silence and decay.

Pity.

"That was a fine passage between the Executive of Kentucky and the wife of the condemned man, who went to Frankfort last Friday to ask for a pardon. She had presented her papers and sat breathless whilst the arbitrator of her fate perused them; and, as she waited, a mastiff, the playmate of the Governor's little son—a beast not given to strangers—uncoiled himself from the rug, where he had been lying, and came up in that friendly way which only dogs know how to affect with perfect sincerity, and, seeing suspense and pain in the agitated features of the poor woman, he put his paws gently upon her knees and began to lick her hands. The Governor finished the papers and the petitioner was about to speak when the grim old soldier said: "It is not necessary, madam; the dog has spoken for you," and straightway signed the document which was to release a dying man from prison and enable him to go to his grave from his own home.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and it is hard to say which moves us the more, the spectacle of that brave gentleman and soldier, whom it is a delight and pride to hail as our Chief Magistrate, stirred to the depths by the silent eloquence of a dog, or the thought of that noble brute, inspired by we know not what to become an irresistible pleader for mercy before the highest Court.

"The Governor felt that, if he followed the lead of that dog's pity and love, he could make no mistake. And he did not; and, then and there, the angel that writes in a book, drew a great white mark for that Governor and that dog."—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

Steel trimmings are in great vogue in cords, galloons and bandeaux

The Life of Samuel.

Samuel's mistake: "And ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, Samuel laid down to sleep. And the Lord called Samuel, and he answered, Here am I! And he ran unto Eli and said, Here am I, for thou calledst me! And he said, I called not, lie down again." I. SAMUEL iii, 3-5.

The life of Samuel, the father and founder of the Prophetic order, is one of the grandest and most romantic records to be found in the history of humanity. From the first page to the last of his wonderful biography there is not a page that is not worthy of careful study. As the judge and ruler of a great people, who as yet had not become consolidated into a nation, he commands the reverence of the world. As the prophet of God with words of thunder on his lips, we stand in awe of him. As the founder of the schools of the prophets, we honor him as the first great national educator. The magnanimity with which he girds the brow of Saul with Israel's first Kingly crown and then retires unmurmuringly into the quietude of private life presents an example of dignity of character almost unequalled in the history of the ages. But we are just now concerned with a familiar episode of his early boyhood. The child Samuel was, in a special and significant sense, what we call a child of prayer. All the world knows by heart the beautiful story of the yearning, prayerful mother. The music of her songs of joy when Samuel was born ever breaks through all the years, and the tender gracious consecration of her child of God has inspired the hearts of mothers the wide world over with a similar spirit of gentle love. The story of the annual visit to the temple with the newly broidered coat is as beautiful as an angel's dream. One night in the sacred silence Samuel hears a voice calling him by name, and thinking this was Eli's voice, he goes to the venerable priest and says: "Here am I." And Eli says, "I called thee not my child, go lie down again." A second and a third time Samuel hears the voice, and goes to Eli. At last it dawns on Eli that God is speaking to the child. The rest of the story we know. How God in wonderful words revealed to this child what should come to pass. But let us pause here a moment. Samuel made a mistake, he thought it was Eli calling when, in fact, it was God. What could be more natural? This boy was accustomed to be roused by Eli, and was he not ever ready when that voice broke the silence to hasten and obey? What boy, however devoted to the service of the temple, would expect to hear God calling him when the High Priest was near at hand? If we read carefully the Old Testament we shall find how over and over again God lays his hand upon the young and speaks with sole in commands to mere boys. Jeremiah was but 15 years of age when God called him to confront a sinful and perverse generation. We should teach our children that they are never too young for God to call them. Never too young for His sacred service. Samuel thought it was Eli calling, but he was mistaken; God was calling. God often calls when we think the voice is another's. In the common and ordinary experiences of life we make these grave mistakes. God is speaking to us through the voices of our loved ones. Our fathers and mothers are often the medium through which God is calling. The voice from the pulpit is very often the voice of God. Through all sorts of experiences of health and sickness, of joy and sorrow, God is calling and we know it not. Samuel's mistake was corrected. He was in the line of duty. He was the boy of the listening ear and the obedient mind. And it is to the listeners, to those who watch and wait, and who at the first call are ready to obey, that God grants the revelations of His will; and to such He appoints the noblest destinies of sacred service.

The famous black hole of Calcutta was a small room, 18 feet square, in which the English prisoners, 146 in number, were placed by Surajah Dowlah, Nabob of Bengal, when Fort William was taken in 1756. The room could contain the prisoners only while they remained standing, and the heat of the Indian summer being scarcely supportable under the most favorable conditions, such crowding in a room with but one small grated window in the door was equivalent to a sentence of death. In less than an hour several of the prisoners were delirious, and before the fifth hour had passed, most were frantic or insensible. Eleven hours after the imprisonment began the doors were opened and the survivors brought out. Only twenty-three lived to emerge from the terrible prison, and these were all ill of fever, from which a number of them died.

SERGEANT SETH.

BY F. W. BOREUNG, AUTHOR OF "A BRIDE FROM THE BUSH."

I

Trooper Whitty was off for a holiday at last. The circumstance was in itself strange enough, for Whitty had been two years in the Mounted Police without ever once seeking leave of absence until now. What, however, seemed really unique was that a man who took only one holiday in two years should be content to go and spend it in a dismal, dead-alive hamlet like Timber Town.

"Some folks are easily pleased, we know, and you're one; but what *can* be the attraction in that dull hole, Seth?" Whitty's sergeant asked him the night before he started. "If there is one you might have ridden over there any day these eighteen months; but I never heard you had a friend there did I?"

"No; but then I didn't know it myself until the other day," said Whitty, "It was only then that I heard of an old friend of mine being there."

The sergeant pulled reflectively at his pipe.

"Your friend should welcome you with open arms, Seth," said he presently. "Your friend should leave you his money for looking him up just now, Seth. It will be the making of him, this Christmas, to be seen along with you. It would be the making of any one (not teetotal) at any time (but Christmas for choice) to be seen along with the man that took Red Jim. I know Timber Town; I know Timber Town ways; there'll be liquor enough going to float an Orient liner. Take my tip, Seth—keep in your depth!"

Whitty laughed. "No fear, sergeant. You don't know my friend. But if it's as bad as you say, you ought to come too and see me through, since we were both in the Red Jim go. Bad luck to Red Jim! I'm not going to Timber Town to get clapped on the back and made a fool of. I'm going to see a very old friend, sergeant—a very great friend. I'll go in plain clothes."

It was Christmas Eve at the loneliest little police-barracks in those ranges. The verandah was too dark for the sergeant to see how the younger man's face flushed, how his eyes glistened, as he spoke of his friend. Nor did the sergeant know, in the early morning following, with what high spirits his subordinate set off. Yet Seth hummed in his bedroom, whistled in the stables, and burst into lusty song as he rode out of the yard at daybreak; and certainly the sergeant must have been awake, for Seth was seldom so ill-advised as to attempt to whistle or sing, nor were wild irresponsible spirits at all in keeping with the young man's character.

It is a matter of opinion, however, whether Seth Whitty *was* a young man; and if he was not, there was something highly refreshing in the middle-aged fellow's boyish behaviour. In dry fact, Seth was just thirty; but a man, one knows, does not age only by years. Seth looked more than thirty. Often he looked nearer forty. The times when one would have stood a chance of gauging his ears accurately were rare; but this morning was such a time.

Whitty was so very happy this Christmas morning; his face showed it very plainly, too. It was not by any means a striking face: the cheek-bones were prominent (Irish descent), the nose aquiline and thin; but a broad high forehead and good brown eyes, and a certain regularity of features, gave him at least average good looks. Moreover, his short black beard and long black moustache, though they helped to make him look so old, became his dark style very suitably.

The sun had made him very dark indeed; but it had not blistered him as it blisters your "new chum;" he was an Australian by birth, and he only bronzed. And this man's eyes this morning shone with a happy, hopeful, youthful light; and they had good reason so to shine. For Trooper Whitty had had his chance, and seized it; Trooper Whitty had covered himself with honour and glory; the immediate promotion of Trooper Whitty was certain, and something a million times nearer to his heart than prosperity and promotion and fame Trooper Whitty was all but certain of, and intended to make dead certain of, that Christmas Day.

No wonder he rode away singing. When the sun got up (which was not just at once) and struck fire from Seth's spur and stirrup on the near side he was singing still, in his own quaint fashion. Ultimately Whitty fell into a more natural mood. He grew silent and sensible. But the joyous light shone as bright as ever in his eyes. Yet his mind was occupied with some very ticklish questions.

"Shall I find her the same?" (That was the main question.) "It's eighteen months ago; lots of time to change. We have heard nothing of each other all the time; every facility for getting out of it. But no, no: she promised; I promised too. To-day I'll fulfil the future being so certain now; but even if it weren't I couldn't help it, knowing her so near. If only she thinks as she thought then? But all life is change. Eighteen months ago! Who'd have dreamt then that Barbara Lyon would clear out of the station to work for her living? Who could fancy Barbara as school missis? But it shall not be for long, Barbara, it shall be for a very, very little while now, my darling!"

This, in fact, was the "very old friend"—Barbara Lyon. It is not strictly true that she *was* a very old friend. Whitty's first six months in the constabulary he was quartered near Kyneton, and within pistol-shot of Barbara's father's boundary fence. The very old friendship was squeezed into that half-year.

The ride to Timber Town was a long one: fifty miles. Whitty left home at four in the morning; he hoped to arrive, riding easily, not much later than noon. Rapid travelling was impossible, for the track was not only very rugged, and often steep, but it was so extremely faint, in the hard flinty places, that some vigilance was required only to follow it. But it was wild, picturesque country; and the morning air was fresh and cool; and Whitty was not much more impatient than most men would have been in the circumstances. At nine he breakfasted at a queer little hostelry deep in a gully of gum-trees. Then came a long, slow, tiresome ascent; but Seth was on the southern edge of the ranges well before noon, winding slowly down to the thickly-timbered flats. Just below him, thin columns of smoke ascended through the tree-tops. The chimneys that the smoke came from were invisible; but deep down there, at the bottom of that leafy seat, and on the very edge of the level country, lay Timber Town, and Timber Town was just sufficiently civilised to have its State school; and the Timber Town State scholars were so inexpressibly privileged as to have Barbara Lyon for their schoolmistress—at the moment.

Whitty's predatory designs upon the Timber town scholars swelled within him when his sharp eye descried the Timber Town smoke. He pressed on down the steep winding path. The trees closed over him; the track twist, turned, but still descended; and Seth lost patience at last, and was riding recklessly, when a loud shout from the hillside on the right startled him. He pulled up with some difficulty. Peering upward through the colonnade of smooth round trunks, he saw a tent, and, what was more alarming, a human ball bounding down headlong through the trees: and, in an instant, an acrobatic young man—a well-built and particularly nice-looking young man, of the Saxon order—stood breathless at the horse's head.

"Seth Whitty, as I live!" gasped the acrobat.

"That's my name, mate; but—

"Mean to say you don't know *me?*"

"I'll be shot if I do."

"You don't remember the 'new chum' who brought a letter of introduction to your father, stayed at your farm at Whittlesea for weeks on end, shot—but you're playing it too low down, Seth! Never pretend you don't remember Jack Lovatt!"

Seth jumped from his horse and wrung the young fellow's hand.

"How should I have remembered you? You were a boy then, without a hair on your face; now you sport a thundering great moustache—"

"And have shaved off a thundering great beard; made to."

"Then, too, you were a bit of a wild young spark; frankly, *I* never thought you'd do much good; I made sure you'd either be back home years before this, or at the dogs; but now—"

"Now I've gone in for complete reformation; made to!"

"Who is it that's taken you in hand?"

Jack Lovatt winked, but said there was time enough for that, and *he* too had some questions to put. And he soon learnt how Seth's old father had been dead and buried those two years; how the farm at Whittlesea had been sold, and at a cruel figure; and now Seth had joined the Mounted Police and been quartered six months near Kyneton and eighteen at his present station in the ranges. Lovatt said that Seth's being in the force was no news to him, though he was in plain clothes, for wasn't Trooper Whitty a public hero? A hand-shaking over the Red Jim affair naturally followed; Lovatt was bound over to hold his tongue about it in the township; and then the two men strolled down the track together, Whitty leading his horse: and it was Lovatt's turn to give an account of himself. He had been four years and a half in the Colonies and he proceeded to tick off the items on his fingers.

"Those weeks at Whittlesea; three or four months travelling about; three weeks billiard-marking in Queensland, when I'd travelled away all my money. That was the first halfyear. Nine months store-keeping, Queensland station; eight months droving—fat wethers—Melbourne market; one month's spree, Melbourne. First two years. Next two years on Riverina station, overseer; another month in Melbourne; rest of my time here. Rest of my days—here!"

"What, never going home again?"

"Never."

"You still don't write?"

"Not a line."

"So they don't know whether you're dead or alive?"

"They know nothing about me: I know nothing about them."

"Forgive me, Jack; but have you quite forgotten—*her?*"

Lovatt burst out laughing.

"Years ago, my good fellow. Why—" he hesitated.

"I'm going to marry her! I'm engaged. That tent you saw is the site of my homestead; I've taken up two hundred acres."

Trooper Whitty stopped short in his walk, and whistled; but he did not get a chance to say much; Jack Lovatt took care of that. Jack Lovatt opened his heart.

Whitty listened with very natural sympathy, seeing what his own condition was; but he did not speak of his own condition. He listened with great interest, but with an unpleasantly vivid remembrance of a previous occasion when Jack Lovatt had opened his heart to him about the girl in England who had engaged herself to some one else. Jack's calm, reasonable, blissful state to-day did not contrast altogether to Whitty's liking with the wild, hopeless, honest fervour of four years and a half ago. But then Jack was so much older now, so much more sensible. There was no reason for supposing that he was less in love now than he had been then, simply because he showed it less. In any case, Seth who was such an accomplished hand at concealing his own feelings, should have been the last person to suspect this; nor did he suspect it; it only just occurred to him.

Rather jauntily, perhaps, but with sufficient gusto, Jack told everything—everything except who and what the lady was. But these are really unimportant details when you are telling a fellow about a thing of this kind, if there is no chance of his having met the girl anywhere. Whitty only gathered that she lived in Timber Town, of which he was glad, for Barbara's sake. Before Jack gave him time to edge in a question the road had become wide and level; the trees had parted; they were in the township.

Timber Town was unpretending in those days: it is now a respectable centre. In those days most of the houses were public-houses, or one received that impression: and, of course, on that particular day the public-house verandahs were black with Christmas customers. But even then there were the State school and the police-barracks cheek by jowl, with the little iron church (now neither little nor iron) opposite—all three at the north end of the single broad and straggling street. This was the end at which the two men entered the township. They stopped at the barracks and leant against the fence, to which Whitty tethered his horse. *He* was most interested, of course, in the State school; but Lovatt drew his attention to the church over the way.

"They're in at service now, but they'll be out directly; and then, Seth—"

"*She's* there, of course?"

"Rather! She plays the harmonium for them. Hark! there it goes! That's the last hymn."

It was strange to here the glad old Christmas hymn across that glaring road, in the breathless heat, under that sky of flawless sapphire; at least, it should have struck the Englishman as strange. As for Seth, his only ideas of English Christmases came from English Christmas cards; and as he stood listening he was wondering how it was that Barbara did not play the harmonium for the Timber Town folks. Barbara was so very musical. He was wondering also why Lovatt was not in church with his sweetheart on Christmas morning, as he (Seth) would have been with Barbara, could he only have managed to reach Timber Town earlier. And as he wondered and speculated, and as his pulse quickened—his meeting with Barbara, who, of course, was in church, being so very near—the hymn ended. Then there was a short silence; then the voluntary sounded, and the small oddly-assorted congregation poured out.

"I'll go and fetch her," said Lovatt. 'Stop where you are; you shall be introduced to her now at once."

He hurried over.

Seth felt that he ought to go too—that he must go; yet he remained where he was. He could not move. He was trembling with excitement. He had no desire just then to see Lovatt's sweetheart; he was straining his eyes to find his own. She did not come. Yet all the other people were now clear of the church—all but the organist. Was she a friend of the organist—of Lovatt's intended? Was she waiting back for her? Stay. The voluntary is over at last. Here is Jack Lovatt—

"Ah!"

Seth Whitty started back against the picket fence. His hands clutched it. His eyes fastened themselves upon the pair who came slowly towards him. A moment, an hour, a lifetime—and he was introduced to Lovatt's *fiancee*.

Whitty laboured to pull himself together, and uttered a grating laugh.

"You needn't have troubled," he got out at last, indistinctly. "We're old friends—quite old friends, eh, Miss Lyon?"

Barbara gave him her hand. In the shadow of her great hat her face seemed gray and bloodless; but her blue eyes never flinched, and her lips only slightly trembled, and her little head was proudly raised. Barbara was lovelier than ever.

II.

"Seth! Seth Whitty! What ails you man?"

It was Lovatt's voice. Whitty removed the hand he had pressed to his forehead, and, stood stiffly erect.

"Forgive me, Miss Barbara; I feel silly like. It must be the sun. These felt things are no protection once you're used to the helmet."

No pretence could have been older, more decrepid; but as it happened, it was the one pretence of all others that was absolutely certain to take folks in just then at Timber Town. Lovatt looked alarmed, and glanced involuntarily at the front windows of the barracks, where the blinds were drawn. At the same moment, raising his hat to Barbara, Whitty turned hastily away and went in at the barracks gate.

"Stop," cried Lovatt, but softly. "Don't go in there!"

Whitty faced about. "Why not? We receive each other with open arms, we fellows. Why shouldn't I go in?"

"Because the sergeant's lying dead there from sun-stroke!"

Whitty had not known that sergeant even by name. He had nothing to say of his death. But he returned to his horse, and unfastened the reins from the fence.

"Where shall you go?" asked Lovatt doubtfully.

"One of the publics."

"Do you feel better?"

"All right again, thanks."

"I feared it was our poor sergeant over again. You had such a jolly bad look a moment ago; hadn't he, Barbara?"

Barbara said nothing.

"But look here; don't be in such a hurry, if you're all right!" Lovatt caught hold of the bridle. "We two are going to picnic at the selection. Join us. Since you know Barbara—a rum coincidence that—you won't mind? And as for us, we shall be delighted; sha'n't we, Barbara?"

Again Barbara did not speak.

"Come and make up a jolly party, and blow the proverb!" said Lovatt persuasively.

Whitty vaulted into the saddle, with another grating laugh, and rode off without so much as a thank you. Higher up the street in the alcoholic region, he met one of his own kind, a trooper, but on foot, and in full uniform. He was the poor sergeant's temporary substitute, and he and Whitty had met before. They stopped and conversed now. The man who was in uniform complained of the man who was not.

"If you'd got the togs on," he said, you might have been of some use, and seen me through, instead of playing the bloated civilian."

"Then there aren't two men stationed here? Township duty must be pretty light duty if one's enough."

"It is; but not at Christmas," grumbled the war-paint man. "You might have seen a fellow through."

Trooper Whitty regretted he couldn't, and went on to say he was particularly anxious that no one there should know he was Trooper Whitty. Trooper Whitty had been ass enough to make himself notorious, but, oddly enough, had not the least wish to get drunk at the expense of Timber Town. The other trooper made promises accordingly, and called it good for evil.

Whitty rode on, and put up his horse at Burns's (late Bowles's) Royal Hotel, one of the slightly less disreputable establishments. Already there was a good deal of advanced drunkenness there. Seth had never been a drinking man, but the sight of the men lying serenely senseless in the shade filled him with a sudden, passionate envy. They had

forgotten their troubles, those happy wretches. The means lay handy for drowning his trouble too. A savage craving came over him, and held him one hellish minute. He conquered it, and strode alone into the breathless solitude of the surrounding forest.

First the township was left behind; then all its sounds, and there were no sounds at all save the chattering of parrots' the murmuring of leaves, and the swish of Whitty's legs through the ferns and long rank grass. The latter sound was exchanged from time to time for a ringing tread on the dry bed of a creek or in odd spots where the ground was hard and flinty; but the swift restless footsteps never ceased. What was more peculiar, Whitty never raised his eyes from the ground—never directed his steps by one moment's reflection. He was reflecting, indeed, but of the dead past that had died that day. The present, the future, which until to-day had been all in all to him, was less than nothing to him now. But what was all over now had never been so dear to him. When the body is newly dead, and ever more beautiful than it seemed in life, it is sweet to linger by it, to muse upon it, to remember all: and it is sometimes thus with events and time.

The shadows of the tall trees, drawn out until there was no room for their full length on the ground, climbed the trunks of other trees and leapt the bodies of the fallen, overlapping and interlacing in labyrinthine complexity. Here and there the level sunrays cut the forest like a flaming sword, and deep shadows might have embarrassed any one who happened to be walking anywhere in particular. But any direction was Seth's direction; he cared nothing where his wandering led him. If he thought of it at all no doubt he made up his mind that he could not lose himself, simply because for once he wasn't anxious *not* to lose himself. But it is more probable that, during most of that long afternoon, he was mentally unconscious of the boldly exertions he was making. Yet his clothes were heavy with perspiration, and for some time before sundown he had been tramping steadily uphill.

At last, quite late, when the sun was setting, Whitty stumbled across a blue-gum newly felled. He went on and came to another, at which he looked up, and there, straight in front, of him, was Lovatt's tent. He had come in a circle right round to Lovatt's selection. The rough downward track ran twenty yards below.

Seth smiled bitterly. His unconsidering wandering seemed to show the guidance of a malignant fate, now that it had led him here. He stood still, and inspected the spot grimly. There were the traces of the lover's picnic, the white ashes of the fire still hot, and the air above it tremulous—and the rest of it. Here they had sat, hand in hand on this smooth round trunk. These nodding saplings had heard their whispers, their tender talk, their lovers' sighs. Seth stepped over to the place, and sat down where they had sat, with a strange cold-blooded complacency. It did not move him to sit there, lonely and humiliated; so, then, nothing could move him more, and the jangling of their wedding-bells would fall quite peacefully upon his ears.

His foot touched a book that lay in the long grass, a book they must have forgotten, with the nice, becoming forgetfulness of true lovers. He picked up the book and opened it: it was poetry; he did not look to see whose poetry. He shut the book and laid it on the trunk beside him; there was no poetry in Seth. He rested his elbows upon his knees, and his temples between his hands. The short sharp twilight set in. Seth did not move. Had his attitude been but a thought more comfortable, you would have said that the soft continuous rustling of the leaves all around him had lulled him to sleep; only in that case he would not have detected so instantly a rustle of a different kind—the rustle of a dress.

He did detect it instantly, and looked quickly up, and Barbara Lyon, in her cool white dress and wide straw sombrero, stood calmly before him; and, as if her calmness were not enough, a smile of friendliness and of sweet unconcern stole slowly over her face.

"My book," said she.

He got up and gave it to her, and did not sit down again, nor walk away, but stood gravely peering into her blue eyes, until they flinched and fell, and Barbara blushed a lively crimson. She drew away from him, then hesitated; then, with an unconcern which this time was but imperfectly feigned, she sat deliberately down upon the felled tree, and looked him fearlessly in the face.

"If you have anything to say to me," said Barbara, "say it here and now. Of course I did not dream of finding you here; I came for the book I left. But now that we have met, I sha'n't run away."

Nothing could have been colder than her tones. Seth stood before her, upright and grave—more grave than sad, Barbara was piqued to think.

"There is very little to be said, Barbara," he answered her. "There is a good deal to think over, quite calmly; there is a good deal for me to grasp, a good deal for me to—"

There he hesitated.

"To judge?"

"Ay, to judge."

"And you will judge so hardly!"

"That will not hurt you."

Barbara's heel went deep into the grass. She took off her great round hat and played nervously with the strings. The soft twilight fell on her with great purity, leaving neither line nor shadow from the undecided edge of her hair to the extremely decided curve of her chin. She raised her eyes.

"Come, Seth, be frank. Tell me candidly that you have not been thinking about me all these months—that you have not been counting upon me. You are hurt, you are mortified; but frankly, admit that you are not heart-broken?"

"You really want an answer?"

Barbara bowed.

"Then I say that I *have* thought of you all these months—nay, every day, every hour. As for counting, I am human; and until to-day I believed in things, so I have counted too. My feelings at the moment are beside the point; it is of no account whether I am hurt, or so on. But as for breaking my heart for you, it may seem unmannerly, but I shall not do it. I should also say that I shall not think about you much more."

Barbara winced. Her heel sunk deeper in the ground. Her eyes flashed.

"Is this all you have to say?"

"I said it wouldn't be much"

"Then I may go?"

"I never asked you to stop."

Barbara turned white with anger, rose up, and went. Seth raised his wideawake; she took no notice. He stood watching her until she reached the road, and the trees and the gloaming hid her from him; she never looked round—he could scarcely have expected it.

When he knew that she was quite gone, and that was the last of her in his life, something seemed to strike and shake him to the core. A shiver went through his frame. He tottered to the felled tree, sat down there once more, and buried his face in his hands. It had been quite dark for some time when he got up. And the hard palms of his hands were wet.

His bearing in Barbara's presence had been very different.

It was seven in the morning when Trooper Whitty got back to the lonely little barracks in the ranges. The sergeant ran into a verandah with the soapsuds on his chin, razor in hand.

"What on earth brings you back at this hour? You must have heard!"

"Heard what?"

"Your own good luck. I congratulate you—Sergeant Seth Whitty!"

Whitty stared like a fool.

"You're promoted," the other sergeant went on. "I told you they'd take the first opportunity, and they've taken it. You're to be sergeant, and sole boss of the show—for they don't need two there—at Timber Town. What's wrong? Isn't it good enough? You look like death, mate!"

Seth tumbled out of the saddle and stood just outside the verandah, shaking.

"I can't go there!" he said in a low hollow voice. "Anywhere else, but not there. I'll leave the force!"

Certainly his bearing before Barbara had been very, very different.

III

Of course Seth Whitty did not leave the Mounted Police, and of course he went to Timber Town, as sergeant, in the end. He was the last man to obey on calm reflection the impulse of a craven moment. At the same time, the calmest reflection could not deny that Timber Town, in the circumstances, held out a prospect of personal discomfort such a man might well be justified in shirking; and Whitty went there with set teeth and a heart of lead.

Timber Town made a fuss about him, but not the fuss it would have made at Christmas. It was a reactionary period: the New Year was just in; Timber Town had a headache; so Whitty got off cheaply. It was not the only respect in which he was to get off cheaply. For weeks and weeks he had nothing at all to do. Timber Town showed its high appreciation of his professional parts (as exemplified in the fate of Red Jim) by a temporary lapse into respectability; so that offences worth troubling about were unheard of, and even common assault became the most uncommon thing in the district. They were slack weeks at the barracks. With the school-mistress's love affair going on under his nose, the weeks were something worse than slack for Seth. Now, had the authorities only sent some one else to Timber Town, Seth would have spared all this, while the other fellow might have filled up his odd half-hours very agreeably with Lovatt and Barbara. If a student of human nature, he never need have been dull; the characters of this pair were so well worth looking into.

Any one but Seth would have begun by making friends with his little neighbour, the schoolmistress (whom Seth had made enemies with on Christmas Day). He would have admired her greatly, and without danger or reservation, seeing she was already engaged; he would have admired above all things her pluck and spirit in coming out into the world to work for her own living (though not more than Seth did, who knew the circumstances). He would have discovered in her all the sweetest attributes of woman, and some masculine little traits as well. Only— he would have found her a coquette. Any one but Seth, it is to be feared, would have found her a dire and a mischievous coquette—and the worse one in that she had fallen too desperately in love with Jack Lovatt to work off her coquetries any more upon *him*. Sergeant Seth (though one would think he might have known, by this time, what Barbara was) was denied this experience at present, for a very simple reason: he was barely on bowing terms with the schoolmistress.

As for Jack Lovatt, he would have afforded a still more entertaining study, but one that required a key. The key to Lovatt's character was his past life. You would not have thought it of the energetic young bushman, but he was a gilded youth, with the gilt gone. Eton had expelled this free-selector; Christ Church had sent him down (permanently); at twenty his character had been too bad to be permissible in any commoner. Jack was only the son of a successful public man, and not even his heir; and in him such conduct was intolerable. You have no idea what a devil of a fellow he was at twenty. Yet at that very time the fellow was in love. A double crisis ensued. The girl gave up Jack for some one else, who was not going to the deuce, but in quite the contrary direction—got engaged, in fact, to her uncle's curate; and, contemporaneously, Jack's father cut him off with a thousand and closed the doors upon him

So Lovatt came out to Australia. On the voyage he saw his follies in the plain light of reflection, and brooded fiercely over what he had lost, but railed at his family. And the first thing he did in Melbourne was to take a few letters that were awaiting him, slip them unopened into a big envelope, and post them home with his initials. Then he went to Whittlesea (a fellow passenger gave him the introduction), and was quiet there. He was quieter still in the far interior. Gradually he came to forget, more than to regret; but, before that, he had made up his mind never to return to England, and had dismissed that thought finally. So he did not hanker for home, as some exiles do. On the other hand, he fell in love with bush life. Moreover, he became a highly respectable member of bush society; in spite of those occasional months in Melbourne, his moral colour toned down to a decent drab; and, ultimately, young Lovatt saved some money and determined to "select." His selection went rather farther than he had intended it to go; it so very soon included Barbara.

Lovatt was five and twenty now, and sufficiently attractive still; his attractiveness had been the ruin of him in England. He had hair like Byron's; nor was his hair the only point in which he plagiarised from that poet: one need not name them all; one need only mention that he was addicted by turns to infectious high spirits, and to a peculiarly winning form of melancholy. It was when the latter fit was on him that he met Barbara, and told her his story, omitting the love episode. Between them they substituted a new episode of a similar nature. There was plenty of intensity about this one too. Barbara, especially, was quite ridiculously in love; and Lovatt possessed the very qualities to keep her in love; thoroughgoing masculine selfishness, and a command of others which was as strong as his self-command had been weak.

Sergeant Whitty, during his first weeks at Timber Town, saw a good deal of Lovatt, and, as has been indicated, next to nothing of Barbara. To the sergeant's thinking, the Colonies, and the Colonies alone, had made a man of Lovatt; and, allowing for Colonial bias, there is no doubt that the sergeant was mainly right. Certainly Lovatt had roughed it a good deal, and that is always improving. His English conceit (Seth called it "English") was, at least, no longer conspicuous: those English mannerisms which, in the "new chum," had been so very offensive to Colonial Seth, were invisible in the energetic selector. Yet the young fellow's charm of manner remained, and this was considerable; it had made even the new chum popular, and popular even in the bush. It was not difficult to conceive how Barbara had been fascinated by this young man; Seth was fascinated himself. Seth should have hated him; but it was impossible to hate the fellow. Seth came nearest to hating him when he fancied (as he sometimes did fancy, from little things) that Lovatt did not *value* Barbara quite as he ought.

Theoretically, it is better that you should *not* think a girl perfection just because you are in love with her, but there is generally something wrong somewhere if you don't. Perfection had once been too weak a word for Seth's estimation of Barbara. Unfortunately it was so still. But it was not a word that would have occurred to Lovatt. There was something wrong somewhere.

Lovatt worked hard and heartily on his selection, clearing the ground and preparing the site for the homestead; Barbara was happily at work in school; their spare hours they spent together. It was only the sergeant who was idle, and lonely, and sad.

Seth was no reader, so books could not help him through. Nor had he ever been a particularly sociable fellow; so the verandah of the Royal Hotel had no attractions for him. He occupied himself during the first week or two by setting his house and garden in order; but the garden, unfortunately, had been very well cared for by his predecessor, so there was no lasting labour there, and crime was still scarce. At length came a regular inspiration. Whitty offered to lend a hand at the selection, and the offer was accepted. Here he toiled the harder of the two. A craving for Barbara's good opinion lent him feverish energy, for it was an old fact that what had principally troubled Seth of late weeks was the haunting recollection of his part in that interview with Barbara on Christmas Day. He was ashamed of his part in it. Not only did the memory of it prey upon him, but Barbara's cold looks reminded him of it whenever he saw her. If he had only kept her for his friend! As it was, she let him slave out there at her future home without rewarding him by so much as a smile. So at last he gave that up too, and sank into deeper dejection than ever, and gnashed his teeth over the continued law abiding character of Timber Town, and yearned for another Red Jim to rise up and depredate the neighbourhood.

No such luck was in store; but an exciting thing did happen one evening in February. It was late, and the sergeant was smoking gloomily in his front verandah, when it all came about very suddenly. It began with a single sound: the sergeant just heard it, and it tightened every constabulary nerve; it was a woman's short, stifled cry of alarm.

The sergeant bounded out of the verandah, and crouched an instant to listen and to draw his revolver. In that instant the cry was repeated, still more faintly, but he knew now that it came from a back room in the schoolhouse, and from Barbara's lips. He leapt two fences and was in the school verandah in three seconds. The door was locked. He tried it with his shoulder; it would not yield. Barbara's cry came again. Then Seth stood back a yard and brought his flat foot with full force against the door right over the keyhole. The door flew in. Seth followed. A light came from under a door at the far end of the passage. Seth ran down the passage and opened this door upon a curious scene.

The room was a sitting-room—Barbara's sanctum, in fact; and at the far side of it, under the window, Barbara was sitting at a little round work-table, with her work-basket not twenty inches from her dilated eyes, and a brown snake rearing itself out of the work-basket!

Barbara never took her eyes from the snake when the door opened. The sergeant saw that she was paralysed with fright. Therefore the first thing he did was to say three words in a confident whisper:

"*He's not deadly!*"

But Barbara did not seem to hear.

Whitty was a fine shot with a revolver. But the snake was in a dead straight line between his hand and Barbara's bosom, picked out sharply against her loose white blouse, like a shadow on a screen. Whitty shifted his revolver to the left hand, crept forward with his right extended, and forefinger and thumb forming the capital letter C, pinched the snake just below the head in this forceps, and whisked it like lightning through the window.

Barbara glanced up in his face one instant, then lay back in her chair and burst out sobbing.

The sergeant went away and calmly despatched the snake. When he had killed it

to his entire satisfaction, having smashed the vetebræ in seven different places, he stood for a moment in indecision. A faint voice came to his rescue, calling him to the window.

"Sergeant Whitty!"

Barbara leant in, silhouette across the sill. Seth went up to the window.

"You are very very brave—and foolish," she murmured. "I don't know what to say to you. Thanks will not do."

"There's no need to say anything," said Whitty awkwardly. "There was no danger."

Barbara took him up sharply.

"You know that there was. You know as well as those brown snakes are deadly. I do detest humbug! Yet—I *must* thank you."

Her tone turned to honey. She held out her hand to him; he gave her his; she turned, and drew it through the window to the light, and critically examined it, her little head on one side. No, there was no bite there.

"If you *had* been bitten," said Barbara, dropping his hand, "do you know that it would have made me the most miserable woman in the Colony?"

Seth was staggered.

"Because, you see, I should have felt I had killed you! Imagine it. Who could have been happy after that? But, do you know"—here the coquetry in her voice became sad to hear—"I rather wish it had been not quite a deadly snake, and that it had bitten you, not quite mortally. Can you guess why?"

Seth hung his head.

"You might have been less rude, and less cruel, the last time we talked together, Sergeant Seth!"

He could contain himself no longer.

"Miss Barbara," he cried, with an effort, raising his face to her, "please, please, forgive me! Let us be friends. You don't know how I have hated myself ever since for that evening's words. I was beside myself that night. If you will only forgive me—if you will only make friends—"

Barbara raised her hands to the sash.

"Of course I forgive you. There, it is all forgotten!"

She shut down the window. A moment later all was in darkness, and Seth went back to the barracks in a tumult of honest emotions—not suspecting for a moment that he had exhilirated himself and utterly undone the wholesome effect of his admirable attitude on Christmas Day.

ally gratified. Moreover, a sore point, dating from Christmas, was now healed. And lastly, she had played the *rôle* she revelled in—the *rôle* that was out of the question with the man she really loved. So altogether she may have gone to bed an extremely happy woman. But I try to think that she came to feel slightly ashamed of herself before falling asleep.

IV.

Sergeant Seth and the schoolmistress were now good neighbours; and as she did not again treat him so reprehensibly as at their reconciliation (which makes one really think she *was* ashamed of herself, that time,) the sergeant had at least a less bad time than before. Indeed, a nice little larceny in the township, and a pretty case of horse-stealing on a neighboring run, made it, in part, quite a good time. So some weeks passed. Then fell a thunderbolt.

Lovatt came to the barracks one morning in a state of mild excitement, and got up in his best available clothes. His fingers fidgeted with a letter.

"A solicitor fellow has smelt me out, Heaven knows how," he said. "He is in possession of important documents from home, so he says, and he will only deliver them personally into my hands. So I am off to Melbourne by the coach, to see what they are; it's just as well, you know; and Barbara advises it. I've just said good-bye to her, and she's gone into school.) You see Seth, it may mean money—and money, I suppose," Lovatt added, after a moment's pause, "means marriage."

He said this thoughtfully, and his manner, at the moment, was not sprightly. It was his manner, in fact, that made Whitty look up quickly and scrutinize the young fellow's face. Jack Lovatt was soothing his moustache. Whitty might have remembered that the one defect in Jack Lovatt's good looks, before his moustache grew, was his weak, irresolute mouth.

Whitty went down to the Royal and saw the coach start with Jack Lovatt in the best place (trust him for that) by the driver; and he did not think very much more about Jack Lovatt until three days later; and then, in the evening, the sergeant received a letter which fairly electrified him.

The letter was from Jack Lovatt in Melbourne, and it read thus:

"Scott's Hotel, Collins Street, W.
"March 7.

"DEAR SETH,—I want you to give the enclosed to Barbara, but first to break to her some news which will, I fear, just at first, distress her greatly. Before this reaches you I shall have sailed for London! Think what you will of me; but do take the trouble to read the circumstances first.

"You are already aware that I have not been in communication with my people for nearly five years—never, in fact, since I left home. I learnt last night that my brother—I had only one—who was heir to everything, has been dead these two years, and that my father was at death's door two months ago. I cabled at once to learn his condition. The reply is just to hand. He is still lingering on; he desires to see me. What can I do but sail at once? The steamer leaves to-morrow; there is no time to go back to Timber Town and bid Barbara good-bye, and I dare not put off starting for a week. As it is, I do not expect to find my poor father alive; and in that case I should return at once—well, long before the end of the year—to marry Barbara. I have a mother and a sister, you know: there will be matters to arrange for them; but they shall not keep me from Barbara one day longer than I can help. My first thought shall be of her. My first thought *now* is of her: and I am downright cut up on her account. She will feel it sorely; but the letter I enclose is far more explicit than this one; and she is so sensible, she will understand. And she will trust me, and wait patiently and confidently, till I come back and carry her off. And then, instead of going to two hundred acres and a hut, she will go one day to an estate in Norfolk and another in Scotland! I don't say I relish the idea of this: I have got so used to the bush, and so content with it; but, as we should have been happy with less than our needs, so we *ought* to be happy with more than our wishes. At the moment, however, I can't realise it at all; I only realise that I shall sail to-morrow in the Orient liner.

"Only one word more, Seth, I know something of your old relations with Barbara. She told me. She was terribly at fault, and she knows it. But you will forget all about this now, won't you? No, I believe you *have* forgotten about it. Fellows always do get over these things: you know *I* did. But even if you hadn't got over it, I believe you would do what I'm now going to ask of you without my ever asking at all. Yet I do ask it—I implore it. I implore you, Seth, to look after her, to watch over her, to be good to her. She is sensible; she will listen to reason. So yours will only be a difficult task in the beginning. The breaking of the news will of course be worse than difficult. But you will do it as nicely as anybody could; and so we two shall be grateful to you for the term of our natural lives; and one day the *three* of us (I hope) will smile over the memory of this rather ugly dawn of more blooming days than ever we dreamt of. Good-bye. To you I commend her.—Yours ever,

"J. A. LOVATT."

Now there was not a little sincerity in this letter, in spite of its conspicuous egotism and its frequent jauntiness of expression. Moreover, there was a touch or two of genuine feeling, and one questions whether Lovatt wrote the whole letter with dry eyes. Yet, when the letter was written, and the emotion of the moment over it is very possible that his confidence in himself was as shaky as his confidence in Barbara was profound. He may have trusted to Barbara's great love, and hoped for the best with regard to himself. But the chances are that he had not the pluck conscientiously to investigate his own feelings. And in this very likely he was not a greater coward than most of us are at some moment of our lives.

When Sergeant Whitty had read to the end of the letter, he delivered himself first of a round oath, and then of the following peculiar sentiment:

"If my father had turned me adrift as *his* turned him—well, I'd have let him die first before I'd have left my girl without saying good-bye? No, by Heaven! before I'd have gone at all—*without* her!"

He looked at the letter again.

"Curse his good spirits!" he cried, and tore it to pieces. Then he fumed up and down the room until his eyes fell upon the enclosure, a swollen envelope; and at that he ran his hands through his hair and ground his teeth.

Barbara was seated sewing, alone, and in the same little room where the snake had frozen her blood. She was making—is it difficult to guess?—something or other for her house. But she was not in her usual spirits: Jack was away in Melbourne.

There came an unexpected knock at the outer door. Barbara dropped her work, jumped up, and stood for a moment in alarmed surmise. Then a great thought struck her; it was Jack!

She flew down the passage—and it was not Jack; of all people it was the sergeant.

"Barbara, I want a word with you."

His tone was as extraordinary as the words. She drew back coldly.

"It is a queer time to choose, Sergeant Whitty. Say your word by all means, however." (Her attitude plainly added, "Say it here.")

The perspiration broke out over the sergeant's face.

"It's news!" he gasped desperately.

"News?"

"Yes, news."

She stood one instant, straining her eyes at him through the dark, then seized his arm, dragged him to the sitting-room, caught up the lamp and held it to his face.

"It is bad news!" she cried in a hard, hollow tone. "He is dead! O, is he dead?"

"God forbid!" said Whitty loudly.

"Then ill?"

"He is not ill."

There flashed across the woman a worse alternative still.

"Then he has—"

She could not get it out. She seemed about to drop the lamp. Seth took it hastily from her, and led her to a chair. She sank down, trembling violently. He dropped on one knee before her.

"Barbara," he said very gently, "he is neither dead, nor ill, nor untrue to you. But you must prepare for a terrible shock."

"Do not keep me in suspense!" she murmured piteously.

"Then here is a letter he has sent me to hand to you. It will explain all."

He took the envelope from his pocket. She snatched it from him, and was tearing it open; all at once her fingers closed upon it, and were still.

"I will read it alone." There was new strength in her tones. "Leave me now, please. And thank you, Seth, from my breaking heart!"

Seth went back to the barracks, and strode up and down his verandah. The moon rose, and poured into the verandah in a gleaming flood. Seth marched to and fro, a black sentinel in the pale pure light. For hours the tread of his feet and the jingle of his spurs upon the boards were the only sounds in the sleeping township. Then there was another sound—the click of a latch. Seth heard it, stopped, and turned; and Barbara was coming up the path towards him, her white frock shining mystically in the moonlight. She paused some paces from the verandah, and her face was as ghostly as her dress, and stained with tears.

"He has done right," she said in a low clear voice. "He has done his duty. *I* say so. O, tell me, Seth, that you think so too?"

There was the slighest pause; then, with extreme emphasis, Seth said after her;

"I think so too."

"Thank you, Seth. More than for everything else, thank you for this," said Barbara. She turned wearily away, and then sobs shook her frame. Seth followed her hastily, took her hand, placed it within his arm, and led her to her own door.

He came back and slammed the police-barrack gate, midnight though it was.

"She has begun by making me a liar," he swore savagely, "a mean, miserable, cowardly liar, if there is one in the Colony!"

V.

To follow Jack Lovatt to England.

The first week of the voyage he was wretched. Doubt grew upon him as to whether he had done the right thing after all. He became haunted by the thought that he had treated Barbara inexcusably, and that she was breaking her heart for him across the sea in lonely little Timber Town.

When there was more sea between them, Timber Town seemed still farther away. It seemed to exist in his brain only.

To cheer himself up he made friends with other passengers. He found one who knew his people at home—in fact, a neighbouring Norfolk squire out globe-trotting. These two talked of the old country all day long: of London, of Oxford, of Norfolk, Scotland, and the shooting. Cold fires were rekindled in the young man. Of "pleasures and palaces" he had not seen much, or at all events the pleasures were belittled in looking back on them from the steamer, and home, in anticipation, was all the sweeter.

Not only in point of distance did England come nearer and nearer every day, and Australia sink back, and back, and back. This went on in Jack Lovatt's heart as well.

The five years out there compressed themselves into about as many months. The most recent events of those five years seemed to have happened five years ago. The brain-picture of the little township assumed more and more portable dimensions and it was more often veiled than not Barbara haunted *him* still, but less obtrusively.

Leaning over the rail at night and watching the wake reel out like a great, endless, creamy ribbon, the thoughts with which he had at last beheld this sight came to him, and with them the same faces, the same regrets that had haunted him then. It was intoxicating to awake from these reveries and to realize that he was not fleeing from those faces now, but hastening to them. There were, of course, sad circumstances in his return, and there had been cruel circumstance in his going away, which his return revived; but the sense of homecoming was overpowering; it out-balanced everything else.

In due course they steamed up Channel By that time the five years in Australia were little better than a dream. And what Barbara was, Heaven knows.

Lovatt's sister met him at the docks, with a male cousin. They were both mourning. The news was broken almost without a word, and it made the meeting, at all events, silent. But after wards, in the train, they talked of other things. The sister, Ethel, had been in short frocks when Jack went out; she was now a handsome girl of twenty, and he was enchanted with her. She told him other news besides the family trouble and its phases before they got down to Norfolk, news of an entirely different order, *a propos* of which Jack was able to ask quite naturally:

"What of Laura Eliot—I mean Laura Brown, or Jones, or whatever it is?"

Ethel leant across the compartment. "Did you never hear of that?" she hispered.

Of what?" Jack turned white. Was Laura dead too?

"Her engagement was broken off. O, it must have been directly after you sailed. They were never meant for each other, you know. No one could understand the engagement; and now I don't think Laura will ever marry at all."

For a minute Jack's face was transfigured. It shone with a light that did not seem human, though it cannot have been divine. During that minute Australia was wiped clean from his mind. And it was a disastrous minute for poor Barbara over the seas in Timber Town.

VI.

The antipodean winter of that year is still remembered for its excessive rainfall, and for the floods that resulted in certain districts. In Victoria the damage was widespread, but (mercifully) for the most part it was also "spread out thin;" and among scores of Victorian townships, which, without attracting popular sympathy by becom-

Rheumatism,

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. C. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

ng the scene of any tragical disaster, still suffered sufficiently in an undistinguished way, Timber Town was one; its single street was for many days a running river, and for several weeks a festering bog. Business (what there was of it in Timber Town) was at a standstill, except at the bars. That sort of business received an impetus, until the casks ran dry; and then, the state of the roads entirely preventing the approach of wheel, the excellent township endured a short, bitter period of enforced sobriety. As a local wag put it (in chalk, on the verandah of the Royal Hotel), there was

"Water, water everywhere, but not a drop of drink!"

The feminine disadvantages were almost as serious. The women saw nothing of one another, save at a distance; and gossip, if shouted across gulfs of rushing water, quite ceases to be gossip. They tried it, and found this out, and waited patiently for the flood to dry up, themselves setting the example. Meanwhile, indeed, the fairest game for gossip was invisible. This was the schoolmistress, who was engaged to that young Lovatt, who had gone away on the coach one day in the autumn, and never (to Timber Town knowledge) been heard of since. She was a complete prisoner in the schoolhouse, and very nearly a solitary prisoner. A few parents, however, did from time to time land their offspring on the schoolhouse verandah either from rafts or from the paternal shoulders. These children reported the teacher as being cross and irritable and feebly indulgent by turns; but, on being closely questioned, they also compared her wrists to pipe-stems and her face to a sheet.

Their mothers' curiosity mounted to fever-heat. The moment the mud would bear them they called in person upon Barbara. Idle, gossiping women are not necessarily unfeeling; what they found made some of them shed tears on the walk home.

Barbara was the shadow of her former self—herself of a few weeks ago. Thin and pale and bright-eyed, irascible, listless, limp, she was indeed a proper object for compassion; and compassion was the last thing Barbara could stand. Yet, though the callers were sent away with their sympathy still on their hands, they did not toss it to the winds for that reason. It was impossible to resent the schoolmistress's incivility while the schoolmistress looked so. One or two of them felt for her all the more, and sent the children to school with little presents of butter and eggs and apples. These offerings Barbara accepted ungraciously enough at the moment from the inoffensive bearers, but afterwards grew ashamed, and sent those children home with courteous, grateful little letters. All such presents, however, were invariably the servant's perquisites.

Barbara's servant—a mere girl herself, no older than her mistress—had come with her from Kyneton. She knew very well that her mistress was eating her heart out, and she knew why (though it would not have been Barbara to tell the girl one word about it). The whole township was more or less in possession of this fact and its obvious reason. But Annie, the maid, knew one little circumstance which no one else guessed; this she longed to disclose to some sympathetic ear, and at last she did disclose it to the motherly soul that kept house for Sergeant Whitty.

They had been discussing poor Barbara rather freely, but very far from unkindly.

"Mrs. Waters," Annie said, "Shall I tell you a secret?"

"If you like, my dear. You know I can keep a secret. But I don't ask you to tell me nothing." Mrs. Waters was old and guarded.

"Well, but I must! It musn't go on further, and I know it won't; but I can keep it to myself no longer. Did you ever guess that my mistress and your sergeant was acquainted before?"

"Are you *sure?*" cried Mrs. Waters.

"Positive. Two years ago."

Mrs. Waters threw up her hands. "That accounts for everything!"

"For what?"

"For his pacing the room, or the verandy, one or t'other, till all hours, night after night—for a hundred other things—for goodness knows what all! You mean he was in love with her?"

Annie nodded.

"Mark my words, then, Annie: he's in love with her still, but too honourable to speak it! And he as fine a man as ever walked: and she going throwing her heart away on a villain that's cleared out and left her!"

What Mrs. Waters went on to say there is no need to record. She inveighed vehemently against the idiocy of women generally and that of Barbara in particular, and worked herself into such a temper that Barbara's servant began to regret having said anything at all. And from that day the sergeant had the old woman's eyes upon him. She noted his moodiness, his depression, the growing shortness of his temper. The latter failing only drew from her daintier dishes than the sergeant had ever before enjoyed at his housekeepers's hands. But the sergeant was not to be comforted in that way. It would have been some comfort to him if the State school had been swept away by the floods, and he had the rescuing of Barbara.

But one day, when the floods were over, the sergeant came across her suddenly and she asked him without preamble:

"Do you think Lovatt is dead?"

"No I don't," said Seth bluntly.

"Your reason—?"

"I am having the English papers searched, week by week, in Melbourne."

Her eyes filled with tears. "How good you are! Will you keep on having them searched, please? And will you tell me the moment you here anything?"

"I will."

Anything, mind?"

"I promise."

The week went on—without one word.

Barbara began to live it down. Her expression became sweet, and sad, and gentle—but brave. Had you seen her now you never could have believed the frail, meek darling had delighted but lately in cruel coquetry; and, indeed, the coquette was dead. The cross school mistress was dead, too. The scholars took home glowing accounts of the new Barbara; she never scolded them now; on the contrary, she was making school a far less odious thing than it had ever been before; she had even taken to reading story-books aloud, after lessons, to those who liked to stay. But one day one little boy went home with a sad tale, and cried in telling it. It was a Sunday afternoon; he had been out nesting, and, in striking down to the road, had chanced to cross Lovatt's clearing; and there, upon an old, moss-covered, felled tree, he had found Miss Lyon, weeping as though her heart would break. She had called him to her, and kissed him, and made him promise not to tell a soul. But he couldn't help telling his mother; and his mother chanced to be the kind soul who had been the first to send the eggs and things; and she sent spring flowers the very next day; and promised her boy a thrashing and a half if he told another soul what he had told her.

That was in September. A week or two later Seth made a delightful discovery: Barbara had taken once more to practising the harmonium in the little church. She had never given up playing it at service, but she had given up practising, which would have been plain enough to a more musical audience. Of old she had practised very often indeed, for the love of it. Many a time, during his first weeks at Timber Town, Seth had sat in his verandah and sadly listened to the sweet strains stealing across the broad, quiet road. He heard those strains, for the first time after an interval of months, one evening as he rode home from a neighboring township. He cantered across to the church, and sat outside in his saddle until the music ceased and Barbara came out. Then Seth dismounted, and crossed the road by Barbara's side, leading his horse. Barbara seemed cheerful, and Seth, who was never mirth-provoking, combed out his wits to amuse her, and to hear her sweet laughter once more. He almost succeeded: Barbara did smile, but before they separated her face changed, and sad eyes asked a question that was never spoken now.

Seth shook his head. There was no news yet. Barbara drooped, and went into her house with heavy steps.

And the very next day the news came.

The people in Melbourne who were searching the English papers for Whitty sent him a London evening paper the following small paragraph framed in red ink:

"A marriage has been arranged to take place early next year between Mr. John A. Lovatt, of Darley Hall, near Norwich, and Castle Auchen, N. B., and Laura, daughter of Major-General Ralph Eliot, R.H.A."

Seth read it in his verandah while the bell was ringing for afternoon school, and the school-children were straggling past. The news must have had some visible effect upon him, of which he was unconscious, for the children turned round and stared at him. Of this he did become conscious, and turned hastily into the house. But the paper had slipped from his fingers the moment the marked paragraph was read; the wind caught it (it was the first hot wind day of that spring), and, as chance had it, the paper was whisked out of the verandah and fell at the feet of the most incorrigible little boy in the school. This small savage appropriated the paper, folded it small, and carried it into school for surreptitious perusal, while the sergeant played the caged tiger up and down the long-suffering carpet of his room.

The news had come at last, and it was no worse than Seth had anticipated; indeed, he had looked with confidence to receiving sooner or later the announcement of Lovatt's marriage. (He knew all about Laura Eliot, you see; and five years ago he had told Lovatt—from what Lovatt told *him*—that he shouldn't be surprised if that engagement with the curate never came to anything.) Nor did Whitty think any worse of Lovatt because of this news than he had already thought of him for his heartless behaviour; that, indeed, would have been impossible. What troubled the sergeant now had no reference to Lovatt; it had all to do with Barbara. The news had come; and must be broken. It was Seth's second time of breaking a blow to Barbara, but then last time Barbara had been a very different woman, a woman infinitely better able to bear bad tidings. He was seriously considering what use, if any, the motherly Water might be to him in the present case, and whether the risk of ill consequences was sufficient to justify his taking a third party into Barbara's affairs, when, in a blank moment he missed the paper.

He hastened back into the verandah; but the paper was not there. He ran out into the road; not a sign of it was to be seen. It had been blown away, then, but *how far?* Where to? At the moment Seth would have given his earthly possessions to have prevented that paper, with its flaming red-inked paragraph, from falling into other hands.

As he stood irresolute, and in despair, there was a sound of commotion in the schoolhouse hard by; the school poured out pell mell; Seth was surrounded by white frightened faces.

"Sergeant, make haste!" shrill voices screamed in his ears. "Teacher's dead!"

Seth scattered them right and left, and was in the schoolroom in a twinkling. At the same moment Annie, the maid, burst in by another door.

The benches were empty—not a child had remained; and, on the raised platform at the end of the room, Barbara lay lifeless. Seth ran across the desks, sprang upon the platform, and knelt over her. Annie stood shrieking at the door, until the sergeant looked up and reviled her:

"You idiot! She has only fainted. Fetch Mrs. Waters." And he lowered her head gently upon the boards, so that it should lie no higher that the rest of her, and fanned her face with both hands.

The young woman returned with the old one.

"She is coming to," said the sergeant quietly, still kneeling and fanning. "Which is her room? Lead the way, one of you."

He lifted her tenderly in his arms, and followed Annie. A moment later he had laid poor Barbara on her own cool little bed, and left her to the women; but he had seen her eyes half open, and breath parting her pale lips; life was coming back.

On his way through the schoolroom he picked up what he had noticed the moment he saw Barbara lying senseless—his missing paper.

The whole school, to a child, were huddled together at the gate, with white expectant faces. Their uniform expression changed when they saw the sergeant. There was a look in his eyes that frightened them; besides, he was the police-sergeant. Not one of them dared to run. Seth shook the paper in their faces, and inquired—in the voice of an ogre—how it had come into Miss Lyon's hands. I regret to say that the Incorrigible was pushed forward with the utmost promptitude; and that the others (who all spoke at once) made unbecoming haste to explain how "teacher" had caught him reading the paper, confiscated it, put it on her own desk, and immediately—without a word—fallen flat upon the floor.

Seth looked more the ogre than ever, but held the culprit with his eye only.

"You stole the paper from my verandah—eh?"

"It b-b-blew out, sir!"

"Why didn't you blow it in again?"

No answer; tears; on the part of the others, preparations for fun—but not, most likely, for what took place. For the sergeant marched off that brat to the barracks, and clapped him into the prisoner's cell; and his schoolfellows heard the bolts drawn with loud awful clangs, and slunk away in terror. It was a sufficiently high-handed proceeding, no doubt; though the incarceration lasted only an hour; and though it was from that hour that the young savage's parents (who thanked Seth with tears in their eyes) afterwards came (one hopes, not prematurely) to date his reformation.

But Barbara was lying like death upon her bed.

VII.

While Barbara Lyon lay senseless in the schoolroom at Timber Town, Australia, Jack Lovatt in his bed at Castle Auchen, Scotland, dreamed a disquieting dream. It must be remembered that, though the Australian time was between two and three in afternoon, in Scotland it was about five o'clock in the early morning.

It was an emphatically bad dream. The Laird (Jack was the Laird at Auchen, and the Squire in Norfolk) came down-stairs, looking haggard and even haunted. This was the more annoying because the Laird's *fiancé* had arrived from London the previous evening. To add to the annoyance (though here one adds effect to cause), he shot execrably all day, and caught the gillies smiling. Up on the moors that day they had a champagne luncheon (planned overnight), the ladies joining the shooters; but Jack was not Jack at all. His mother and sister, and some others of the party (mostly a family party), studied Laura's manner towards him for an explanation; but her manner was all that they, in Jack's place, could have desired. In point of fact, Laura was as deeply mystified as they were, and her grievance was infinitely greater.

That evening Laura's grievance became really grave; for after dinner she took her banjo and gentle fingered it on the gray shingly drive; but Jack never strolled out with his cigarette, as he had done the previous evening—as she quite thought he would do every evening; yet he must have heard. Laura stole at last to the billiard-room window; and Jack was there, playing pool with the other men. He played pool with the horrid men until long after she had gone to bed and cried herself to sleep. Then at last Jack crept up to bed himself, but never slept a wink; billiards and brandy-and-soda had done simply nothing for him.

Next morning he looked a wreck, but in Laura's face there was calm determination. Hers was a pale, pretty, delicate face; yet there was plenty of character in it. The eyes were dark and frank, the hair black, and swept up clear of the forehead, the head most shapely, fitly crowning a slim, firm, graceful figure. And all that day Laura was even more erect than usual, and her head was held higher, and the glance of her eyes was braver and bolder than ever. But in the evening she took her banjo out into the night as before.

It was a warm night for October in Scotland, and there was a luminous moon. Laura wrapped an airy nothing over her little head and around her shoulders, and felt perfectly prudent. She stole once more to the billiard-room window. The men were behaving themselves better to-night; more had gone to the drawing-room; there was no pool. Only two men were playing a common hundred, and Jack was sitting in an opposite corner by another window looking gloomily on.

Laura tripped round to that window, and struck up a nigger melody—the silliest,

Coughing

IS Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure."—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

prettiest little thing in the world. Jack, awake by surprise, looked out.

"It's a heavenly night," Laura whispered. "Come out quickly, you queer, melancholy Jack!"

He hesitated a moment, and then did go out by the window.

"Play me something," he said, and stuck his hands deep into his trousers pockets. She complied sweetly.

The moon shone, the banjo tinkled, the soft wind sighed through the firs. The pair strolled slowly side by side, Laura playing softly. Suddenly and unexpectedly, when they were far down the drive, she whipped the banjo under her arm, half turned, and stood still.

"Jack!"

"Well?"

"Tell me what it is."

"What what is?"

"O, you must know! Your trouble, your wretched looks, your silence—the way you have avoided me these two days. Jack, darling, tell me what it is: tell me what it all means!"

She pressed forward and clung to his arm. His face was raised to the moon, the curly hair thrown back from the forehead: face and forehead were wrung and wrinkled with pain.

"I cannot!" he groaned—"I cannot!"

She drew back. "Jack, if it has to do with me—with your love for me—"

"It has not! No—do not touch me again. I am not fit for you to touch. O, Laura! I am a liar and a villain!"

"I shall never, never believe it!"

"Then I must tell you everything. Can you bear it?"

"I can bear anything but your silence, Jack."

They walked side by side in the moonlight, very, very slowly; but their shadows on the shiny drive went wider and wider apart. Often he paused; but she put in no word, no syllable, until the whole shameful tale was told.

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"You have kept back nothing?"

"I swear I have told you the worst."

"Ah!" (a deep sad sigh)—"well, I was hasty to say I never could believe you a coward or a villain; for I am afraid you have been both."

Her voice was very sad, but very firm.

"I know it! I own [illegible]!" said Lovatt in a low, husky tone. "[illegible] one knows except myself the mean despicable cur I have been. Yet it seems hard to hear it from your lips—you that have bewitched me so! I swear, until two nights ago, I was bewitched! I seemed to have forgotten her, and my life out there, completely, utterly. But then I dreamt of her—dreamt I saw her dead! And now she haunts me, now that it is too late. For what can one do after so long?"

"Leave me a little; then I will try to tell you. I cannot think in your presence."

He moved on, bowed and broken and leaned over the plain wooden gate at the entrance to the drive. It might have been a moment later or an hour (he never knew) when she touched him on the shoulder.

"Will you do what I tell you?"

He bowed submissively. It touched her to see him so sadly humbled—and all at once—before her stronger will. Her own power rose up before her, and frightened her. With a calm, strong, spiritual effort she nerved herself to use this will of hers for once as her conscience ordered her heart forbade.

"*Will you go back to her?*" The words came in a tremulous whisper; but the tremor was only the vibration of taut, resolute nerves.

When he had bowed his promise (for though his lips moved, no words left them), and when thus it was all over, a greater calmness, and with it a chill dread feeling, came over this strong minded girl.

"I tell you to go back to her," she said, speaking quite steadily now. "Go back to her at once. Leave England within a fortnight, at latest, from now. This will be easy; we are all in our last week here; and you and I must act a part until my father telegraphs for me, which must be to-morrow. Then you go back to her, and all is over for ever between you and me. You may find her dead; but between us two all, all is over. All is over!"

Her dress whispered as she turned and went. The tall trees on either side the drive whispered too; and their dewy leaves, quivering in the moonlight, shimmered like phosphorus on a dark and tranquil sea. Over the gate the black hills cut out into the moonlit sky as though heaven and hell touched one another; above, the stars were shining like the eyes of angels; below, the fir trees sighed and sobbed like the spirits of the lost.

VIII.

One night some two months later, a night of intense darkness and of intolerable heat, a young man tramped into Timber Town from the south. He did not carry the "swag" of the common traveller, nor were his clothes bushman's clothes. He wore a suit of some thin light material, and a pith helmet; yet, for all this, he seemed to know every inch of the way.

His tactics indicated a desire to glide swiftly through the township without either stopping or being stopped, if possible without being seen. He took the very centre of the broad straggling street, and showed in this a nice judgment, for the night was so abnormally dark that from neither side of the street could one see half-way across it. But the flaring hotel verandahs on either side were plain enough from the middle of the road, and not only could the traveller hear the sounds of revelry issuing from them—for these had been audible for the last half-mile—but he distinguished some of the voices, and caught scraps of the high-toned conversations. In what was generally known (though not from its signboard) as the "opposition shanty," they were talking politics—Colonial politics, and in that instance tipsy ones. In the verandah of the Royal, however, a more practical discussion was on foot—the ringing of the Timber Town church-bells. One roysterer wanted to ring them at twelve o'clock—it was then 11.40—another roysterer objected on traditional grounds. The latter said the good old English custom was to ring in the New Year, but not Christmas; the former ridiculed the notion that old English customs should obtain, unchallenged, in the bush; and this one, who was the more fluent swearer of the two, and had all the popular arguments on his side, seemed to have a majority of roysterers with him.

"The bell ringers win—it's odds on them," said the new arrival, and he hurried noiselessly on.

He was soon in the region of the little iron church for whose bell-ropes those roysterers' fingers were itching. The church was invisible in the opaque darkness; but the traveller knew well enough where it was. The State school and the police barracks, on the other side of the road, were also invisible, at all events their outlines were; but faint lights revealed their whereabouts.

The mysterious visitor now left the middle of the road, skirted the police barrack fence, and came—with steps that all at once became halting and unsteady—to the school gate; and there he paused, and started backward with his hand upon the latch.

Barbara was seated in the verandah, leaning forward, her head bowed and her hands clasped. Seth Whitty bent over her.

"You know how I have waited," he was pleading—and dignity and humility jostled each other in his deep manly tones; "how long I have loved you, how hopelessly once, how deeply all through. You must know that what I profess is at least true."

"I know that. O, I know that so well!"

"Yet you still refuse me."

"No, no. I say, give me time. Do not count upon me; never again count upon a woman."

"And I have said I will give you until we both are gray!"

"It shall not be so long as that, if it is to be at all," said Barbara gently; only do not count."

They were both silent. Seth disturbed the eloquent silence most rudely by flying incontinently to the gate, where he stood motionless in a listening attitude.

"What was it?" Barbara called to him.

"I heard something."

"Can you see anything?"

"Nothing. The night is like pitch. But I feel certain—"

At that moment the bells rang forth, and unholy shouts came with the clangour from the iron church over the way. Seth came back to the verandah.

"It was those men that you heard," said Barbara.

"I don't think it was; it seemed like footsteps quite near, and I thought some one touched the latch. But it doesn't matter now; for it's Christmas morning—Christmas again, Barbara! And I wish you a very happy Christmas, and—and I will wait as long as you like!"

"He [illegible] her head and dropped; he took her hand again, and raised it reverently to his lips.

Those merry souls tugged at the bell-ropes until they were tired, and that was not immediately. But before the wild ringing ceased the solitary mysterious pedestrian had retraced his steps rather better than a mile. None knew his coming nor his going; and the single street of Timber Town never saw him more.

[THE END.]

He—"I love you passionately, my darling." She—"Ah! That remark has the genuine engagement ring."

"TRUTH" CENSUS COMPETITION

NO. 1.

Large Cash Prizes for the nearest calculations to the Population of Canada and the different Provinces and Cities in the list below.

Send now, as the First Correct Estimate in, takes the First Prize in each case.

The publisher of Toronto TRUTH in order to extend the already great circulation of that popular weekly magazine, will give the following series of cash prizes to the persons who first send him the nearest calculation, guess or estimate of what the population of the different Cities, Provinces or the Dominion of Canada, named in the list following, will be in 1891. The official government figures when they are given to Parliament will decide who the winners are. As a guide we give the populations in 1871 and 1881. You can see what the increase has been in the past, guess or estimate what it will be in 1891 and send in your figures *now*.

POPULATION 1871	1881	PROVINCES AND CITIES	CASH PRIZES. 1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th
3,602,596	4,324,816	Dominion of Canada	$1000	$250	$100	$50	$20	$10	$5
1,620,851	1,925,228	Ontario	500	150	50	25	10	5	3
1,191,516	1,359,027	Quebec	400	100	50	25	10	5	3
387,800	440,572	Nova Scotia	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
285,594	321,332	New Brunswick	200	75	25	10	5	2	2
94,021	108,891	Prince Ed. Island	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
12,228	65,954	Manitoba	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
10,538	39,495	British Columbia	150	75	25	10	5	3	2
	56,446	N.W. Territories	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
107,225	140,747	Montreal	250	100	50	20	10	7	5
56,092	86,415	Toronto	250	100	50	20	10	7	5
59,699	62,446	Quebec	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
29,582	36,100	Halifax	100	25	10	7	5	2	2
26,716	35,961	Hamilton	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
21,545	27,412	Ottawa	75	20	10	7	5	3	2
28,805	26,127	St John	75	20	10	7	5	3	2
15,826	19,746	London	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
12,407	14,091	Kingston	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
8,807	11,485	Charlottetown	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
6,878	9,890	Guelph	75	25	7	5	4	3	2
7,864	9,631	St Catharines	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
8,107	9,616	Brantford	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
7,305	9,516	Belleville	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
7,570	8,670	Three Rivers	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
2,197	8,367	St Thomas	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
4,313	8,239	Stratford	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
241	7,985	Winnipeg	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
5,873	7,873	Chatham	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
5,102	7,609	Brockville	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
6,691	7,597	Levis	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,432	7,227	Sherbrooke	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	6,890	Hull	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,611	6,812	Peterborough	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,253	6,561	Windsor	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	6,280	Yarmouth	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	6,415	St Henri	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
6,006	6,218	Fredericton	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
3,270	5,925	Victoria	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	4,000	Vancouver	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
5,636	5,791	Sorel	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
5,114	5,585	Port Hope	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
3,982	5,373	Woodstock	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
3,746	5,321	St Hyacinthe	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
3,827	5,187	Galt	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,049	5,080	Lindsay	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	5,032	Moncton	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	5,484	Sydney	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	5,762	Chatham, N B.	50	20	7	5	4	3	2

TERMS ON WHICH YOU CAN COMPETE.

1. Any person sending one dollar will receive TRUTH for three months and will be allowed six guesses or estimates on any six of the above cities or provinces or on the Dominion.

2. Any person sending $5 will receive TRUTH for fifteen months (or if preferred, the paper will be sent to five addresses for three months each) and will be allowed one estimate on each city and province in the list, as well as on the Dominion; or thirty-five different estimates on any one city, or province, or on the Dominion.

3. Any person sending twenty cents will receive two numbers of TRUTH, as a trial, and will be allowed one guess or estimate on the population of any one of the cities, provinces or Dominion in the above list.

Should any guess or estimate of any city or province or of the Dominion be the exact number of the population, or the nearest to that number, the first cash prize opposite the name of the city or province or the Dominion will be given to the guesser. The person who comes next nearest will receive the second prize, the third nearest the next, and so on till all the prizes are distributed. If there is more than one correct guess or estimate of the population of each city, province or the Dominion, the prizes will be awarded in the order the letters arrive at TRUTH office. That is, first come first served. So don't delay sending in your estimate.

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No one knows now what the population will be, therefore, you have as good an opportunity as any to strike the nearest figures. Even the government census enumerator himself knows no more than you do.

The Publisher of TRUTH doesn't decide who the winners are, the official figures of the government of Canada will settle the matter, and the prizes will be paid over at once on the official announcement being made in Parliament. Full results will be published in TRUTH the moment the actual official figures are known. The Publisher of TRUTH has acquired all copyrights of these Census Competitions, and will prosecute all infringements.

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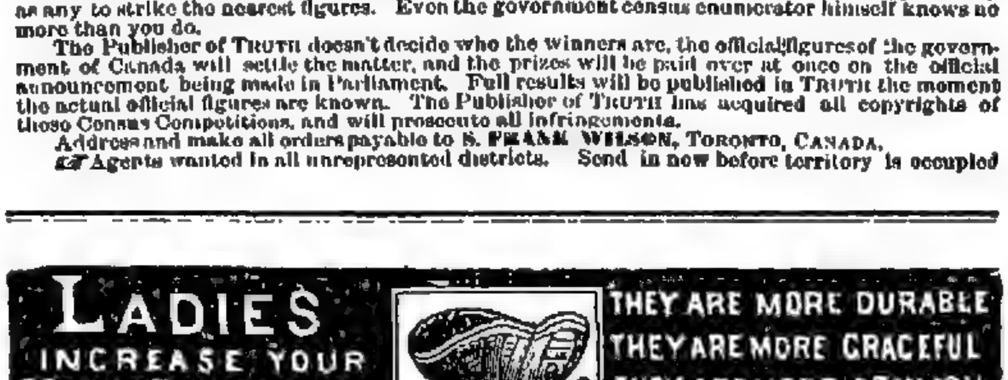

STEALING WOMEN IN TONKIN.

The Traffic in Human Beings Still Carried On by Some Chinese.

While in most parts of the world, except Africa, slave catching is becoming a thing of the past, the practice is still carried on to some extent in Tonkin in spite of the efforts of the French to put an end to it. The slaves who are wanted there are only woman and children. Slave dealers find women and children in the forests, away from the villages, drag them into the mountains and sell them to Chinese merchants, who carry them into some of the western provinces of China and sell them to rich families. This odious traffic began about twenty-five years ago. Formerly Tonkinese women were almost unknown in China. The practice of exporting them as slaves came about in this way:

In 1865 the Chinese soldiers who invaded Tonkin, which was in revolt against China, found themselves encumbered by prisoners taken from the Tonkinese. They did not know what to do with the prisoners, but at last decided to ship them to China and see if they could not sell them. It was at this time that emigration agencies were recruiting in China thousands of workmen to toil on the Guano Islands of Chili. The hundreds of male prisoners were easily disposed of to these emigration agents, and the women and children who were among the unfortunates were sold to well-to-do Chinese.

This opened a new trade, although at first it was not easy to sell the women, because wealthy families did not wish to have servants with black teeth, the result of the practice of betal nut chewing. So small a price, however, was asked for them that all the women were finally sold. To-day these women are in much demand in some parts of western China. As servants they are gentle, obedient, and laborious, and are so highly esteemed that they command a good price. It is a very lucrative trade, and hundreds of poor women are every year dragged away from their homes by these pitiless dealers in human flesh. Many Chinese are engaged in the business.

It is gratifying to hear that the French are making good progress in their efforts to stamp out the traffic. They have visited very severe punishments upon some Chinese whom they have caught stealing women and dragging them into the mountains.

A Sound Body.

How to secure good health is one of the first problems for this generation of women. This is the demand their subjects will make of those they are crowning as queens of the hearth and the home. Give us bright, fresh, kindly-hearted sisters, say the lads and the little brothers in the homes. Give us happy, healthy faces over our cradles, plead the babes who find their heaven in mother's eyes. Give us cheer and laughter and a little fun, says the fathers turning wearily toward their firesides at the end of a day of toil. Give us a bright word and a helping hand and your dainty touch on household ways, say the mothers who would give their lives any day to see their daughters well and strong and glad. Give us health is the cry from all the world to its women, says a writer in Harper's Bazaar. Give us girls with a physique that will spare us the morbid brooding of discontent, the hysterical tantrum, the nervous collapse, the look of gloom from the clear wells of your eyes.

The old world is weary and travel worn, and it sits, as the Master sat over against the well of Samaria, and says, "Woman give me to drink." The youth and health of womanhood are like a cup that holds refreshment for every thirsty and weary soul. Do not have to answer: "I have nothing to draw with, and the well is deep."

This is, as I have said, the problem of to-day. It is not our purpose now and here to suggest how best it can be solved. To the true seeker it will open its intricacies one by one. One little single hygienic law of sleep, of diet, of dress or exercise, the first and simplest that you know, obeyed, and the work is begun. Knowing the next thing to do is not important until you have done the next thing you know.

Any society, called by whatever name, that so begins and so goes on, begins at the root of noble living, and may be sure, however slow their growth, that every step planted firmly on a hygienic fact will be a step not only toward personal physical well-being, but toward the uplifting of the race as well.

If women once arouse themselves to the danger, and take hold of the matter in earnest, we shall not be long in seeing a more hopeful sign in the sky. Already is there a morning glimmer flashing in the columns of the press. No man who stops to ask himself the question how many healthy women he numbers among his acquaintance but will welcome the gleam of this dawn.

The Jealous Chicken.

There was once a little chicken who gave his mother a great deal of trouble on account of his jealous disposition. When her little brood was tucked under her wings at night he was always picking at his brothers and sisters for the coziest place, and would say, "Mother has crowded me so near the outside that I am afraid something will catch me and pull me out;" or, "I am so jammed into the middle and so smothered that I can not breathe."

The poor old hen had to scratch very hard to find enough to fill all the hungry little mouths; but he would not hunt for anything, and then complained that she gave the fattest worms and plumpest bugs to the others. Then he would wander away by himself and sulk till he really made up his mind he was the most abused chicken in the world, and that no one cared for him in the least.

One day, after such a moody fit, he came home to the coop with a great grievance. He said: "The geese have a better place than we. They have a larger coop, and nice, green grass, and a yard that is all fenced in and leads down to the water's edge, and they swim and dive all they choose, and if I but peep through the fence they hiss at me. Why was I not hatched a goose?"

"There will no good come of it," answered his mother. "Such favors are not through love for the geese, you may be sure. We have all that one can wish. Such lovely bugs and grasshoppers just for the catching, and fresh water brought to us every day! I would rather you would be just as you are, and soon learn to crow, than to be a yellow gosling who will never do more than hiss and gobble."

The young chicken would not believe it, and hung around the yard every day, and every day he had a new story to tell. "To-day the mistress came down and smoothed their feathers and petted them;" and "To-day the children brought fresh meal and corn to feed them, while we eat the leavings from the table."

But the time came when he ran home in great fright. "Mother, O mother, the girls from the house are picking all the feathers off the geese, and the poor things are hissing and biting and struggling to get away! Such horrid-looking things as they are now! I heard the mistress say, 'In about two months they will be ready for another picking, and that will give them time to feather out again before killing for the Christmas market.' How glad I am that I am not a goose!"

"My son, this is no more than I have expected; for since my old playmate Cochin China was fed and made so much of, and finally killed and eaten, and her very bones picked bare at a First of July picnic, I have learned to distrust those who flatter. I hope this will cure you of your jealousy."

All this caused him to change his mind a great deal, and he concluded to do differently; and though he never would hunt for others as his poor mother had done for him, yet he relieved her very much by taking care of himself, and soon grew so fast that he was the pride of the entire yard and the lustiest crower of them all.

AUNT JULIA.

Sponge Out a Headache.

The ordinary nervous headache will be greatly relieved and in many cases entirely cured by removing the waist of one's dress, knotting the hair high up on the head out of the way, and while leaning over a basin, placing a sponge soaked in water as hot as it can be borne on the back of the neck.

Repeat this many times, also applying the sponge behind the ears, and the strained muscles and nerves that have caused so much misery will be felt to relax and smooth themselves out deliciously, and very frequently the pain promptly vanishes out in consequence.

Every woman knows the aching face and neck generally brought home from a hard day's shopping or from a long round of calls and afternoon teas.

She regards with intense dissatisfaction the heavy lines drawn around her eyes and mouth by the long strain on the facial muscles, and when she must carry that worn countenance to some dinner party or evening's amusement, it robs her of all the pleasure to be had in it. Cosmetics are not the cure, no bromides nor the many nerve sedatives to be had at the drug shop.

Use the sponge and hot water again, bathing the face in water as hot as it can possibly be borne; apply the sponge over and over again to the temples, throat and behind the ears, where most of the nerves and muscles of the head centre, and then bathe the face in water running cold from the faucet. Color and smoothness of outline come back to the face, an astonishing freshness and comfort is the result, and if a nap of 10 minutes can follow every trace of fatigue will vanish.

The same remedy is invaluable for sunburn, and the worst case of this latter affliction of sensitive skins will succumb to the hot-water treatment. The cold douche should not follow in this case; instead, a light application of vaseline or cold cream, which prevents peeling of the skin as the hot water prevented inflammation.

Nothing so good for tired eyes has yet been discovered as bathing them in hot water, and neuralgia nine cases out of 10 will yield to applications of clothes wrung out in hot water in which the hand cannot be borne.

Fortunes Found in Relics.

An interesting discovery is said to have been made by the executors of the late hereditary Princess Caroline of Denmark. An old chest, which, like the oaken one in the mourning ballad, "had long been hid," was found among the miscellaneous curiosities of a lumber room. Not even the oldest servant remembered ever having seen it opened, and as no keys were found which fitted the lock, the lid was forced, when, to the surprise of every one, the box was found to contain a collection of rich furs, loose brilliants, pearl and diamond necklaces, velvets, pieces of richly embroidered satin, canes and riding-whips with handles of beautifully chiseled gold or silver, inlaid with precious stones, gold cups—in short, a quantity of valuables worth many thousands of pounds. Apparently the existence of this treasure had been entirely forgotten by the late Princess. Doubtless the secrets revealed by such bureaus would be considered of much greater importance by most finders than any divulged by political cabinets.

An old oak chest, which was bought for four shillings in Derbyshire, turned out to be worth a great deal more money, even from its appearance, for it was very old, clumsy, and nicely carved. The purchaser was still better pleased with his bargin when he found a secret drawer in the bottom of the chest and forty spade guineas in the secret drawer. With the gold was a memorandum written in faded ink. It was to this effect: "When my uncle Brown gave me fifty guineas at Christmas as a present for waiting on him during his illness. ANNIE L——. 1798." Of this reward for the lady's attention to her kinsman she had spent but ten guineas. The rest lay for sixty-five years untouched in her desk, while the world so strangely altered from the slow old days to the bustle and hurry of modern times. On the old lady's death the husband of her niece became the possessor of her goods, and it appears that he sold the chest. As the chest had been out of the original owner's keeping for nine years, it was legally decided that the guineas belonged to the gentleman who bought them and the chest for four shillings.

The Vanderbilt laces are said to be worth $500,000. Many a woman laces who isn't worth the hundredth part of that.

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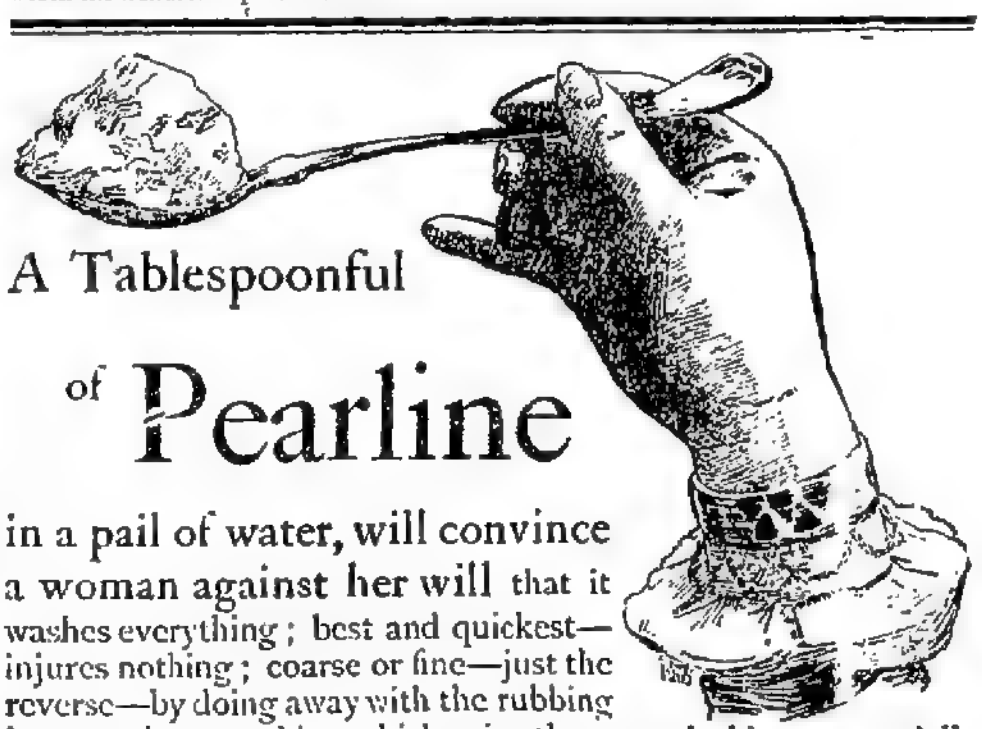

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GABRIELLE'S MOTHER.

Where, when and why Gabrielle Carew became my adopted child?

To go back to the beginning of my acquaintance with her, you must imagine me sitting in my room on the third floor of Cheviot buildings, on the Thames embankment, professedly writing one of those novelettes, with which I try to divert the British public, but in reality smoking a cigar, and listening with interest to a game of play which was going on between a child and a dog in the corridor outside. It was a gross breach of rules for a child to be playing in a corridor of Cheviot buildings, and I suppose, if I had been working seriously, I should have lost no time in expressing my disapprobation of the disturbance; but I wasn't working seriously. Moreover, the noise was all the more bearable because my interest had been greatly attracted by the pretty little child who was making it, and still more by her mother—an extremely beautiful young widow, who had a couple of days before installed herself in the suite of rooms just beyond mine in the corridor.

The child and the dog were apparently playing with a ball, which the child threw, and which the two ran races to catch. There was a good deal of laughter, and a good deal of barking, with now and then a lament that there was no one to settle who "had really and truly won that time"; and now and then a clear, well-modulated voice would call out, "that Gabrielle must play more quietly"; which admonitions were obeyed for a moment, and then forgotten.

"And now, Pixie," I heard her say at last, I think that is enough of running. What shall we do next? Ah, I know—we'll stand here, and try to throw through that little window over the door."

That little window was my open ventilator, as I discovered when, after sundry thuds and bangs against my door, a big india rubber ball passed through the opening, and landed on my inkstand.

"There, Pixie," I heard next, in a triumphant tone, "we've done it! Now, I wonder if we dare disturb mother, to tell her what a good shot we have made?"

I had my doubts as to what "mother" would have said, if she could have seen the ink splashes across my papers; but, for my own part, I forgave the mischief freely—partly, because my manuscript was of no great value, but chiefly because I saw the excellent opportunity which had come to me of making the acquaintance of my handsome neighbor and of crossing a barrier which, from her air of dignity and reserve, I had imagined it would be almost impossible to cross without a formal introduction.

So I hastily wiped the tell-tale stains from the ball, and was collecting my mind for the little speech I should make as I returned it to the child, when there came a tap at my door. This was vexatious: I had not counted on Gabrielle herself coming to reclaim her forfeited property; but my vexation vanished when I opened the door and saw Mrs. Carew standing before me, with a little embarrassment piercing her customary calm. She was indeed a beautiful woman—tall and graceful as a Greek statue, with softly moulded, delicately tinted features, eyes that dazzled you by their deep, mysterious brilliancy, and bright brown hair, which escaped rebelliously in crisp little curls from under a most becoming widow's cap. She could not have been more than three or four and twenty. It seemed almost impossible that the little six-year old offender whom she held by the hand could have so young looking a mother.

"I have come to apologize for my little girl," she said, before I had time to recover sufficiently from my astonishment to speak to her. "I beg a thousand pardons for her impertinence, and I promise you she shall not be so rude again. No, please don't give her the ball until she has said what she ought to say. Gabrielle, tell this gentleman you are sorry for having been so rude."

She spoke English perfectly yet her tone and her phrases had something un-English, which, nevertheless, it would scarcely be right to define as the accent of a foreigner. Gabrielle raised her round, blue eyes from the floor at this appeal first to the ball and then to my face. She did not look very penitent.

"Why, it went into your ink," she cried; "What a very funny thing!"

"Gabrielle!" exclaimed her mother, reprovingly, "Gabrielle!"

"But it is funny, mother," she persisted; "s'pose I had said to Pixie, 'We will hit the ink pot.' I couldn't never have done such a thing. I wonder if it made any mess," she added thoughtfully.

"Of course it made a mess," rejoined her mother; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I am ashamed of you."

"Will you let me see?" went on the child, without any sign of the shame her mother spoke of. "I hope it isn't a very bad mess; but I can easily wipe it up if it is. I often wipe up spills I have made. It was a good shot all the same, wasn't it?"

I couldn't help laughing.

"A very good shot," I replied. "See," I continued, leading her into the room by the little hand she confidingly held out to me, "see, here is my table, and here your ball fell; the splashes of ink are not the least consequence. It was quite a famous shot."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Carew; "and you were writing."

"Mother was writing, too," interposed Gabrielle, "that is why Pixie and I were playing outside."

I made haste to assure Mrs. Carew that the damage was not of the least importance, but she would not rest contented until she had helped me to put matters to rights, which she did so deftly and gracefully that my admiration took a fresh direction. Meanwhile Gabrielle made a voyage of discovery round my room.

"I should like to stop and play here, mother," she said, at last. "He's got lots of picture books. I could be quiet here for a long time."

"I shall be very pleased to have you, Miss Gabrielle," I replied, quite truthfully, too, "if your mother will allow you to stay."

She looked up at her mother.

"You would like me to stop here, wouldn't you, mumsie?" she said, with her little air of conviction. "I should be out of your way. You see," she went on, turning to me, "mother is always so busy, and I disturb her dreffully."

"You would be a far greater nuisance to Mr. Lovell," replied Mrs. Carew. "Your name is Lovell, isn't it? I saw it on your letter case as I turned it over."

I said my name was Lovell. I did not say at the same time how astonished and flattered I was at her having seized the opportunity of ascertaining the fact. As to my finding Miss Gabrielle a nuisance, I assured her it would, on the contrary, be a great pleasure to me if she might be allowed to stay an hour or so.

"I will stay three hours, if you like," said my would-be guest, eagerly, "and I'll fetch Pixie. I'll be very good, mother, and you"—this to me—"needn't amuse us, you know; you can go on with what you are doing, as mother does."

So she carried her point, and I must acknowledge Mrs. Carew made but a feeble show of resistance.

I did not go on with my work, and if I did not amuse my small visitors they certainly amused me.

"I'm much obliged to you for having me," she said, when she had at last decided it was time to leave me. "It is dreffully dull for me here. We have lived in lots of places; but never in such a dull house as this. Mother says it suits her; but it doesn't suit Pixie and me. We quite hate it; only if you will let us come and see you sometimes, I think it will be more cheerful for us."

"Certainly, Gabrielle," I said; "you may come every day if you like. And now, if you must go, I will take you home."

"I can go by myself, you know," she rejoined, in her old-fashioned way; "but if you like to come and tell mother I've been good, you may. She'll believe you sooner than me. Not that I tell stories, only sometimes I think I have been good when she thinks the other way. "Mother," she cried, throwing open Mrs. Carew's door, "here we are. I've had my tea, and I poured it out; we had the most lovely little cups, and Pixie had four biscuits and ever so many lumps of sugar; and I've been very good—Mr. Lovell has come to tell you so."

At the beginning of this speech Mrs. Carew had sat at the table facing us, but with her head bent over her writing, and an intensely preoccupied look on her face, which made her look 10 years older. Apparently she did not hear that the child was speaking. At the mention of my name, however, she raised her eyes, the look of preoccupation vanished, and she looked as young as ever.

"Thank you, extremely, Mr. Lovell," she said, graciously. "I hope you are not tired to death by this little quicksilver monkey. I must not ask you in just now: I must finish this letter for the post. I am sending a budget of home news to the backwoods; you can imagine the importance of that!" and she smiled pleasantly.

It must, indeed, have been a comprehensive budget which required the closely written pages before her. I felt a momentary and most unjustifiable pang of jealousy rising against that favored individual in the wild west, whose exile was thus to be gladdened.

"You will come and see me another day, will you not," she continued, "and let Gabrielle pour out once again in your honor?"

That was the beginning of our acquaintance—of our friendship, I may say; for it soon ripened into a warm friendship, which I used sometimes timidly to hope might deepen into something still warmer, though I was not always quite sure whether my admiration for Mrs. Carew and my interest in her rose to the height of a sincere passion.

Gabrielle was the perpetual link. She came to my room, as she had suggested, every day. My novelette did not make very rapid progress in consequence; but I made the sacrifice willingly both to mother and child. Besides, I was beginning, under Mrs. Carew's influence, to doubt whether I ought not to devote myself to the production of something nobler than ephemeral novelettes

"You must show me one of your works," she had said to me one day. "I am ashamed to confess my ignorance, but I read so little current literature that your name did not in the least suggest to me that I was making the acquaintance of a popular author."

I had not waited for any further invitation; I had had already sufficient success to dispel any qualms of diffidence. Of this success I had talked to my new friend, as I had talked of other things which made up my life and my interests. I had told her of my past and of my present, and had gone into my hopes and projects for the future. To all this she had listened with apparent sympathy; but of herself, of her belongings, of her origin, of the occupations, which engrossed so many hours of her day, and which sometimes entailed hours of absence from her rooms and her child—of all this she said absolutely nothing. Yet there was something about her which raised her above all petty doubt or suspicion—a dignity which placed her superior to all explanations.

"Thank you, Mr. Lovell," she said, when, about a week afterward, she returned my most popular story, "thank you for a couple of pleasant hours. Have you anything else I might venture to borrow?"

Oh, yes, I had several more stories which she might possibly enjoy.

She smiled.

"But have you written nothing but fiction?" she asked.

"No, nothing: I find I succeed best in that. Don't you think it is my vocation?"

"Well, if you will allow me to speak frankly, I should be sorry to call such a use of your evident talents a vocation. There is so much in the world calling on our energy before we can spend it frivolously on amusing the idlers. You look astonished; but truly I am not talking at random. I am a woman with convictions, which have welded themselves into a creed. Now, Mr. Lovell, those who have a creed should live and die by it."

"I fear I have rather a frivolous mind," I said, "for I do not feel the amusement of the idle part of the public an occupation beneath my dignity. Besides, one must do something for one's living. Light literature sometimes brings in a heavy harvest. What would you suggest for me to do if I gave it up?"

"I could suggest several things," she replied, gravely; "there is so much to be done in the world, and there are so few to do it. You have told me you have private means. You are just the man who ought to enlist as a real worker."

"My private means would not go far without a respectable supplement," I said, laughing; "and you must remember you have not yet told me what this 'real work' is. Is it a mission to the far east of Asia? Or," I added, remembering the budget of home news for the backwoods, "is it anything to do with emigration? I will place myself completely at your service as regards my leisure, but I fear I cannot entirely renounce my present lucrative occupation. I flatter myself the loss would be to the public as well as to myself."

"Your leisure hours would be acceptable, if you would devote them to us; and I feel sure that when once you have entered into our work it will continually engross you more and more. It is a great work, and would take me a long while to explain it to you. I will first lend you some books to read; not works of fiction, you understand. When you have read them we will talk them over, and thus by degrees we will enter into the great subject which ought to engross every true and noble heart in the world."

She spoke so loftily that my enthusiasm was, so to speak, already kindled for this mysterious cause.

"I shall be a willing disciple," I said, taking her hand, "for your sake."

This conversation took place in her sitting room, where I had got into the way of spending half an hour nearly every day. It was, I always said to myself, a strange thing that such a woman should inhabit such a commonplace room. The furniture was of the most prosaic. There were none of those pretty trifles, those artistic fancies, which usually abound in the sanctum of the pretty woman of the present day. In all her surroundings there was an air of profound indifference to detail; nor did I ever find her engaged with any of the thousand and one occupations which make up the duties and pastimes of a woman of the world. She was usually at her writing table, compassed about with a mass of printed and written matter, while Gabrielle, in her corner, dressed and undressed her doll, and carried on a whispered confabulation with Pixie. There was something enigmatic about all this—something which I could not entirely attribute to a mere ordinary feminine reserve.

The day following this conversation I happened to be wandering about Soho in search of a type. My wanderings took me to a small, out-of-the-way restaurant, where, after I had lunched in a corner near the window, I sat for a while ensconced behind an extremely amusing red-hot Communist newspaper which I found lying on the table. Presently, from the table next to mine, I heard a voice which sent a thrill of surprise through me.

"Here, this table will do; order you lunch, I do not want any. You can talk while you eat."

It was Mrs. Carew who spoke.

I ought, of course, to have lowered my newspaper, and made her aware of my presence. I must excuse my breach of confidence by saying that my astonishment made me oblivious of my duty.

"What the deuce is she doing here?" I thought. Then, before I had time for further reflections, her companion began without preamble:

"You must go away to night—this very night; you understand? You are running too much risk here. You must not be lost to the cause yet awhile; you are capable of work which it is not in the power of many to do. Do you know that you are in danger?"

"Yes," she said. "I have had a warning; but I have something on hand which delays me—a conversion. I think I may venture to wait till my leaven begins to work."

"That's all very well," he rejoined, impa-

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tiently: "you have mentioned this before. It is your weakness to make converts, but what convert can you bring over to us who would be worth yourself, if —?"

"You overrate me," she said, drily, "and you underrate the value of new blood; besides, he is rich—that is to say, rich in comparison to us."

My position was becoming more delicate; they were obviously talking of me, and now I had so far involved myself that it would be difficult to retire from the situation gracefully. Besides, had I not a right to take this opportunity of investigating the mysterious cause for which Mrs. Carew desired to enlist me?

"These collateral matters have no weight whatever with the ruling body," he replied. "You have orders to go—to destroy the papers you cannot carry on your person and to go at once. The orders are positive; there is no course open to you but to obey them."

"Good," she answered. "I have sworn obedience; I am not thinking of insubordination. Now I will leave you. We need not be seen together. Good by. I suppose we shall meet again some time—somewhere."

Then she rose and went, and when I had laid down my newspaper and examined her companion, I went, too.

What did it mean? I had heard—who has not?—of secret societies, of deeply organized conspiracies, of dark plotters who glide about on the seamy side of the great web of society. It seemed almost impossible—wholly infamous—to associate the beautiful Mrs. Carew with these sappers and miners of established order and law; yet equally impossible to interpret what I had just heard by any other interpretation. The appearance of her quondam companion suggested nothing. He might have played any role in the grades of society, from gentleman of property down to draper's assistant.

I turned my steps homeward. There she would possibly have preceded me, on her way to obey these mysterious commands, and there I would follow her, to make the explanation which I felt I owed her, and to demand that which was owing to me.

Directly I reached Cheviot buildings I knocked at her door. It was Gabrielle who answered my knock.

Mother was out, she said: "but when she comes in I'll say you want to see her very much, and I'll come and fetch you."

I did not invite the child to come to me at once; I wanted to be alone. Shortly after, I heard some one hurry along the corridor. I recognized Mrs. Carew's step. After the lapse of a few minutes, just as I was considering whether it would not be well to go to her at once, there was a knock at my door, which opened before I had time to say "come in"; and Mrs. Carew, holding Gabrielle by the hand, entered.

She looked just as usual—no trace of agitation or trouble; but I fancied that the child was pale, and that her little hand trembled in her mother's.

"Gabrielle tells me you want to speak to me, Mr. Lovell," began Mrs. Carew. "I must tell you I am in a dreadful hurry this afternoon: I have had an unexpected call on my time, so I did not wait for you to come to me. May I sit down; Gabrielle can amuse herself with a picture book."

"Thank you," said the child, in a subdued voice: "I don't want to amuse myself."

"What is the matter, Gabrielle?" I asked, at this unusual announcement. "Are you not well?"

"Oh yes, she is quite well," said Mrs. Carew, hastily.

"Yes, I'm quite well, thank you," repeated Gabrielle, with a strange little quiver in her voice.

"Mrs. Carew," I began, "I have something to say to you which will perhaps make you think very badly of my sense of honor. I do not know whether I have had the distinction of a high place in your esteem——"

I paused; not only because I felt a little uncomfortable at the thought of confronting her and myself with the confession I was about to make, but also because I saw she was paying no attention to my elaborate preamble. Yet there was nothing to distract her attention; except the ordinary occurrence of some persons passing along the corridor outside.

"Go on, Mr. Lovell," she said, after a moment speaking with an obvious effort—"please go on; my time is not my own this afternoon."

"Mrs. Carew," I began again, rushing at once into the matter, "I must tell you that all the while you were sitting talking to your friend in the restaurant in Soho, I was within hearing——"

But further than this the explanation between us never went: it was interrupted by a sudden confusion of cries from the corridor outside, a smell of burning, and a rush of many feet.

"Oh, mother!" cried Gabrielle, starting up, "they have found——"

"Gabrielle," said her mother, in a low, imperious tone. Then, turning to me: "Mr. Lovell, will you please go and see what is the matter? It is nothing serious, I dare say, but still it sounds alarming."

It did, indeed, sound alarming. The confused voices had defined themselves into loud cries of "Fire!"

I went into the corridor, to see a volume of flame and smoke pouring from Mrs. Carew's sitting room door.

"It is in your room, Mrs. Carew!" I shouted, springing forward. "Is there anything you want saved?"

"There is nothing of any great importance," she replied, calmly. "Stay, my bank book is in the left hand drawer of my writing table."

Her calm was wonderful. I left her sitting there, while Gabrielle clung to Pixie and sobbed aloud. By the time I had joined the fray all the servants and all the available residents were gathered together, the hose was being laid on, and all was in a state of agitation. I looked in through the door; the worst of the fire seemed to be in the middle of the room. The window was open, and the flames drove wildly about, seizing now on one object, now on another.

"It is incomprehensible," I exclaimed.

"Not at all," rejoined a bystander. "She is forever leaving that child alone for hours; the little imp has been trying her hand at a bonfire; and where on earth has she hidden herself now she has done the mischief?"

"If you mean Mrs. Carew's little girl," I said, a new light breaking in upon me, "she is not hiding anywhere—she is in my sitting room with her mother."

"The lady is in your room, sir?" queried a serious looking individual, whom I divined to be a policeman in plain clothes; "then I'll trouble you to lead the way there. There's plenty to put out the fire without us. Come along, Wilkins," he went on, turning to another man: "we must make sure of her while we can. Now, sir, we must trouble you to help the law in its course."

There was no resistance to make. With a disagreeable sense of treachery I led the way to my room. Gabrielle was still on the floor, with her head against Pixie, as I had left her; but the chair in which Mrs. Carew had sat was empty, and there was no trace of her in the room.

"She has got wind of us again, Wilkins," said the policeman who had taken the lead.

"So she has," responded Wilkins, despairingly.

"Gabrielle," I said, "these men have come to see your mother: do you know where she is?"

But Gabrielle sobbed quietly on.

Then began a search, which we all knew beforehand was fruitless, through every nook and cranny of those great buildings. It was obvious from the first that Mrs. Carew had taken advantage of the confusion to make good her escape. Then there was poor little Gabrielle to be questioned as to the origin of the fire. It was only after many persuasions and threats that she told what had happened: how mother had come running in in a great hurry, how she had opened the window wide, had emptied all the drawers of her writing table on to the floor and then set a light to them. Then mother had told her not to say a word, not a single word, and they had gone to my room. The policemen looked at one another in dismay.

"Then it was all a plant from the first," said the chief. "Why, Wilkins, if we had had the life we should have caught her. She was a minute before us, and we had to take the staircase. But we shall have her yet. She can't keep on this sort of game for ever, clever as she is."

"And what do you want her for?" I asked. "What, in the name of all that's mysterious, is laid to the charge of a woman such as she is?"

"That, sir," replied the officer respectfully, "is more than I can tell you. I gather you admire her, and no doubt would like to know what's behind the scenes concerning her; but we've no orders to give information on the subject. Our orders is to catch her, and to take her papers. As for the papers, they're all a mess of smoke, and the sooner we are about the other part of the business the better. Perhaps you'll hear more of her one of these days, sir, when we have laid hands on her."

But that day has not come yet, as far as I have ever been able to learn. Nor since the hour when she left Gabrielle in my room, has any inquiry reached me respecting the child. I suppose if she could have come back, or if she could have ventured to communicate with me, she would have done so. Perhaps even yet she will, and find the 6-year old child she left grown into a fine young lady of 18 years. In the meantime, I have never regretted the charge that fell so curiously to my lot, and my adopted daughter has only a shadowy remembrance of a tall, handsome lady in black, whom she used to call mother.

The Little Cabin-Boy.

Once upon a time there was a poor beggar woman who had a child, a beautiful boy, named John. She went from house to house in the village, and, as she often found the people almost as poor as herself, she went to the city and one day presented herself at the Lord Mayor's house. The Lord Mayor was a good man, very rich and very generous. He had only one child, a daughter, whom h adored. Everything little Lucy asked wa immediately granted her. When she saw little John with his pale face she said that she would like him for a companion. The poor beggar woman readily consented to be separated from her son, for she knew that he would be well treated and taken care of. So John became Lucy's companion. He played with her, went to school with her, and there never was the slighest quarrel between them.

One day, as they both started off for school the wife of the Lord Mayor watched them from a window. The recent rain had flooded the street, and John took Lucy gently in his arms and carried her to the other side, and, as he put her down, he gave her a brotherly kiss upon the cheek.

At the sight of this, the proud lady uttered a cry of anger. A miserable beggar kiss the daughter of one of the first families in the city ; how horrible !

In vain her husband tried to calm her. She vowed that the boy should be driven from the house. Weary of contention, the Mayor ended by yielding and sent the child on a merchant vessel, where he was to serve as cabin-boy. But before he went Lucy came to him and, breaking a gold ring, she gave him half and told him to keep it and bring it to her on his return. The other half she herself would keep.

John departed. He sailed far, far away. One day the captain and the men left the ship to visit a city, near which they lay at anchor. Left alone upon the vessel John heard a plaintive voice calling for help. He lowered a boat and rowed toward an island whence the cries proceeded. There he saw an old woman, who said to him :

" At last ! I have been here so long, weeping and begging for pity. You alone have listened to me, and, if you will take me across the water, to my sister's house on the hill which you see there, you shall be well rewarded."

" Come on !" replied John.

The old woman not only wished to be taken to the house which she had first pointed out, but further on to another, and still further to a third. John feared that he should be absent from the ship too long, but she said to him :

" Have no fear, they will not scold you I have been on that island a hundred years waiting in vain for a charitable hand. You alone have aided me. You shall be well rewarded by my sisters for your kind deed. Of the first you will ask for the old napkin which is in her wardrobe ; of the second, an old sword ; of the third, an old singing-book. The napkin will give you food ; the blade of the sword has a black side and a white side —the black side kills and the white resuscitates ; the singing-book cures all diseases."

The little cabin-boy faithfully followed the old woman's instructions, and returned to the boat with his three fairy gifts.

His comrades had not yet returned from the city. He spread the napkin on a table, and it covered itself with appetizing food. He touched a dog with the black side of the sword and it fell dead on the deck ; with the white side he immediately restored it to life.

He had an opportunity to try the singing-book,

The ship started again on its voyage, and, after experiencing a terrific tempest, it arrived at a city which neither the captain nor the officers had ever seen before.

The vessel had hardly arrived in port when the king of the country came in great despair and begged the captain to call up all his men. His beloved daughter was very ill, and he asked if any among them would undertake to cure her.

No, there was not one.

" Is this all your crew ?" asked the king of the captain.

" Yes, with the exception of my little cabin boy."

" Call him."

John came, as soon as he learned what was wanted, he replied modestly that he could cure the princess.

" Little fool !" cried the captain, angrily. " Pay no heed to him, your Majesty. You see he is only a child. He does not know what he is saying."

" Wisdom," replied the king, " is sometimes found in infant minds. I have confidence in him : permit me to take him with me."

" Oh ! certainly. If your Majesty desires."

The king took the cabin-boy to his palace. The little princess lay extended upon a bed, silent and motionless, and so pale that one would have believed that she was already dead.

John sang a hymn from his old singing-book. She made a movement. He sang a second one ; she rose up in the bed. He sang a third. She was cured.

The king looked at him in amazement and cried in a transport of joy : " You shall marry this dear girl whom you have saved, and you shall have half my kingdom !"

" I will not refuse the fortune you offer me," replied loyal John, " but I cannot marry the princess. I have a sweet-heart in my own country."

Suddenly war was declared. A formidable army was marching against the kingdom where John had effected his marvellous cure. He advanced against the enemy with his invincible sword, and in a few moments slaughtered a great number. The others fled in terror. With the white side of his sword he resuscitated all those he had killed, and they all asked to serve under his orders. Food was wanting for this new legion, but John spread his napkin upon the ground and it produced everything necessary.

After passing some time with the king, to whom he had rendered so many services, John had an ardent desire to return to his own country, and he departed with four great ships, magnificently equipped, and when he re-entered the port from which he sailed a poor boy, salvos of artillery made the earth tremble.

The Lord Mayor, learning of the arrival of so distinguished a person, hastened to pay his respects and humbly invited him to dinner.

John accepted, and a few moments later he entered the house from which he had been formerly driven away.

At the table he sat between the Lord Mayor and Lucy. Toward the end of the dinner he placed in the young girl's glass the half of the ring she had given him when he departed. She trembled and grew very red. Without saying a word she went to to her chamber and returned with the other half, which she handed to the handsome sailor. Her parents looked at her in astonishment. Then John said to them : " I am he whom you knew poor and friendless. I have become rich and powerful, and I ask you for the hand of this sweet girl whom I formerly accompanied to school. She has not forgotten me and I have not forgotten her."

His demand was received with joy, and John's mother, who had been wretched and unhappy for so long a time, arrived to share the happiness of her son. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp and splendour, and the two young people never ceased to love each other, and were very happy.

No Time Like the Old Time.

There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young.
When the buds of April blossomed and the birds of springtime sung!
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are nursed,
But Oh, the sweet sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place, where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us, that will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend, who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold
But Friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love, that we courted in our pride,
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're fading side by side ;
There are blossoms all around us, with the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine, when our daystar is withdrawn.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—may heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—God bless our loving wives.

[OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Literary Man (to his new factotum)—What became of the letter that was on my desk ?

Pat—Shure, I mailed it, sor.

Literary Man—Mailed it ? You idiot. Why, there was no address on it.

Pat—Shure I know that, sor, but I thought you didn't want me to know who you was writing to.

The Secret of Life.

I was on my way to witness Prof. Palliser's wonderful experiment. It was a Winter day—the 24th of December. The experiment was a new one ; it had never before been exhibited. Hastening along with my head down, I came into collision with a tall man in a fur-lined overcoat. It was my old friend Colbran, whom I had not seen for three years, though his fame had reached me from abroad, where he was acknowledged to be the greatest baritone singer of his time. He consented to go with me, and we entered the Professor's laboratory together.

The apparatus was something very simple —a structure of vibrating strings and resounding metallic surfaces, the whole about the size of an ordinary revolving bookstand. It was supported on a low cylinder of thick glass at one end of the room, and was open to examination. At a distance from it of about ten feet stood a short pillar of Mexican onyx, on the top of which rested a butterfly some nine inches across the wings. It was not a real butterfly, but a skilful and beautiful piece of mechanism, as we perceived upon handling it. The movement of the wings on their hinges was similar to that of the live insect, and, indeed, it only needed life to flutter about the room. It was made chiefly of gold, and weighed, I suppose, six or eight ounces.

The Professor explained to us the principle involved and what he was going to do. Colbran listened very closely and seemed to grasp the central idea. " Is not this coming very close to life itself ?" he asked finally.

" Life involves what we term emotion," was the reply. " Love is a vibration more subtle and searching than any other. Between that and the etheric phenomena there is a gulf not yet bridged. I am already able to set material objects in motion by acting upon the atomic particles of molecules of which they are composed. I expect to be able ultimately to create material substances out of ether. But to instil life is a step beyond that. Life can only proceed from life, directed and energized by love. The process is probably of the utmost essential simplicity, like all supremely great things ; it may be on the lines on which I am now working. But it is still a mystery, and may always remain so."

The Professor took up an instrument somewhat resembling an antique lute, and tried the strings with a bow. Then going to the apparatus above described, he set in motion a small object attached to its top ; it revolved rapidly on a vertical axis, emitting a clear note like a spinning top. Standing in front of the apparatus, he began to play a simple air on the lute, to which the strings and the metallic surfaces of the apparatus returned a resonant echo. Suddenly a penetrating, harmonious sound rang out, and the golden butterfly stirred and moved its wings. The Professor continued to play vigorously. The butterfly raised itself in the air, fluttered upward to the height of a couple of feet, remained hovering and suspended there for several seconds and then slowly fell to the floor.

" Have you any objection to letting me try, Professor ?" inquired Colbran. " It seems to me that the human voice may have a power in this direction that would be worth studying."

" I beg you will proceed," said Palliser, courteously, but with a slight smile. He replaced the butterfly on the column and handed Colbran the lute.

" No, I shall try to do without that," said the latter. " If my notion has any basis in truth, the vocal chords are the only instruments required."

Standing erect in the centre of the room, he sent forth his voice in a note that vibrated in our ears with the clearness of a silver trumpet, but was much finer in quality. He sang no words, but simply ascended and descended the scale in varying combinations. What ensued was indeed extraordinary. The butterfly rose from the pillar, waving its wings with long, tranquil strokes and soared lightly upward. Just before it brushed the ceiling, Colbran struck a new key and the golden insect, as if in response to a summons, changed its course and came hovering towards him. Again a change ; it flew hither and thither about the room, now approaching one of us, now another, seemingly obeying the silent impulse of Colbran's will.

* * * *

" I have promised some friends to call on them this evening," said I, later on, " and I want you to come with me and make their acquaintance."

We were admitted to the house only to hear sad tidings. The little girl had been attacked by teething convulsions the night before and was dead. It was the father who told us this.

They took us to an inner room, where the body was lying in a small white coffin.

" What was her name ?" Colbran asked at length.

" Helen," the mother replied.

With that Colbran lifted his head and began to sing. The words of the song were grand, noble and inspiring, instinct with immortal faith and joy. But the music was of a beauty and power scarcely mortal ; and as I listened to his mighty voice, strong as the thunder of the ocean, and gently sweet as the sighing of aolian harp-strings, methought I had never known what music was until now. The melody thrilled the nerves and glowed in the pulse, and as the singer proceeded he breathed his very soul into the strains till it seemed as if love and life were come from heaven to utter themselves through his lips. No words can convey the searching, reviving, irresistible potency of that song. It was almost awful in its power, and yet so tender that drew tears to the eyes—tears, and smiles such as born of tears like these.

And at that moment came a cry from the mother. " She moves ! She is breathing ! Oh, God ! she is alive again. My baby—my baby is alive !"

I looked in awe and saw the pale cheeks slowly become pink, and soft lips tremble and part and the little breast stir beneath the white drapery. And as the last note of that mighty and mysterious song died away little Helen opened her eyes and was in the world once more.

I felt a hand on my arm, and Colbran drew me out of the room, while the father and mother were blind to everything but their unspeakable happiness.

" What are you ? What have you done ?" said I, as we emerged into the icy street. The chimes were ringing from the steeples and all the stars were out.

" I know nothing," he replied. Men are sometimes for a moment the messengers of God. This is the anniversary of a greater mystery ; but God is with man still !"

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

A moment pause, O vanishing tree, of which the lower branches are dark to me as yet, and let me look once more ! I know there are blank spaces on the branches, where eyes that I have loved have shone and smiled. But far above I see the raiser of the dead girl and the widow's son ; and God is good ! As the tree sinks into the ground I hear a whisper going through the leaves. " Do this in commemoration of the law of love and kindness; mercy, and compassion. Do this in remembrance of me.—*Charles Dickens.*

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Brother Ben.

He had so much dignity, this old man, so much manner that I had been quite impressed by him.

We had walked up together from the postoffice several times and as I boarded near his house I often saw him in passing, and thus we struck up an odd sort of friendship, for I was 20 while he was nearly 70.

We used to talk on various subjects, politics, religion, the people of the town and the geology of the surrounding country, and I found him well informed and liberal in his views, and, better than all, tolerant of the opinions of a young man.

I supposed that this tolerance impressed me the more because, owing to my youth, I had been recently rather snubbed by some of my male relations, and on that account had come to try my fortunes among strangers.

So it was that when this courtly old gentleman showed me such marked and polite attention I felt rather flattered and greatly comforted thereby. I never had met any other of his family, although I understood from him that he had a wife and an elderly daughter who lived with him in the great mansion half hidden from the street by a growth of trees and shrubs.

I often stopped to talk with him at his gate, and he had invited me in more than once, but I always refused, until one day he said abruptly: "Do you know that I have taken such a fancy to you that I want Ben to see you. Ben is my brother, you know; he lives with me. He is not quite right at times, a little flighty, perhaps, but you won't mind that."

I saw that he was thoroughly in earnest, and to please him I said that I would go in and see Ben.

As we stepped upon the broad piazza my friend hesitated: "Just a word, please, before we go in. Ben is very sensitive about his—his—troubles. He is just my age; we are twins, in fact, and physically he is perfect—yes, perfect—but there is something wrong with his head. He is all right on some things, you know, but he has some queer fancies, poor fellow."

The tears came to his eyes and he cleared his throat with a little cough as he opened the door and ushered me into a broad, handsomely furnished hall. He led the way from this into a cheerful sitting-room and excused himself for a moment.

While he was gone I looked about the room. There were quaint chairs, an odd stand or two, a rosewood cabinet, and an old-fashioned piano with mother-of-pearl keys; on the walls were a few portraits in oil and some good engravings of an old style.

The thing that struck me most, however, was a tall pier-glass let into the wall between two windows. From the bottom of this, up to within a few inches of the top, it was painted over with a thick coating of dark paint, and this was ornamented by a landscape stiffy painted in rather crude colors. There was another and smaller mirror in the frame of the old clock, and this had been treated in a similar manner, little gleams of bright showing here and there through the dark paint.

I reasoned that the surface of the quick silver had been marred either by time or by dampness and that this paint had been put on to cover up these defects, and as I was gazing at the ugly landscape the old gentleman returned, bringing his wife and daughter, to whom he introduced me.

Both ladies had lovely and refined faces which differed but little from each other. Time had marked the lines deeper upon that of the elder woman, and her hair was white, but both wore the same sad, anxious expression, as though some great sorrow was hanging over them.

"Mother, I have brought my young friend in to see Ben," said the old man, and I noticed that a meaning glance passed from the ladies as the elder one replied in a pleading voice: "Father, Ben isn't so well to-day. Hadn't you better wait till some other time?" "No—no, mother; Ben's all right. All he needs is a little cheerful company." With these words my friend left the room, motioning me to follow him.

We went across the hall to a small room furnished very simply. There were some cases of books, a leather lounge, and a couple of arm-chairs drawn up before a large mirror.

Walking proudly to the mirror which reflected his erect form and handsome face the old man introduced the "Brother Ben."

Of course I understood it all in a moment, the painted looking-glasses, the sad-faced women, and their reluctance to allow a stranger to intrude upon their sorrow.

It was a complete surprise to me, for I had never suspected the least thing wrong with my friend, and I had believed in his brother Ben without a shadow of doubt. Luckily the ladies entered then, and by their tact relieved me from my embarrassment.

The old man told me how much he and Ben enjoyed each other's society, and he complimented Ben upon his appearance. "You are looking well, Ben, old boy, and I am pleased to see you in such good spirits to-day."

Soon the daughter suggested that Ben might be tired, and I took the hint and made my adieux. As I bowed myself out the younger lady said: "We see nobody now, you know, but father enjoys your company, and if you would step in to see him sometimes you would be doing us a great favor;" and I promised that I would come.

I went quite often and nearly always was taken to see Brother Ben, because he had taken such a liking to me, the old man said.

I learned from the ladies that Ben had been drowned when he was a boy, but of late the hallucination that he was living and was insane had been fixed in his brother's mind.

One day my friend told me that he was worried about Ben. "He seems to be failing a little," said he. "I fancy that his mind is less clear than it was. I have noticed when talking with him he loses the thread of the conversation oftener than formerly."

He was right. "Brother Ben" was failing. It was pathetic to hear the old man say: "Ben, my boy, you are a trifle pale to-day;" or, "You should take better care of yourself brother; you think too much and sleep too little."

I had a private interview with the ladies one day, and we decided that "Ben" would be better for a little trip away—so the mirror was removed and we told the old man that his brother had gone for a change of air. But he worried about Ben and missed him so that we had the mirror hung again and told him that Ben had come back.

He was overjoyed; he hastened to the mirror. "Ben, dear old Ben, I have missed you so. I am so glad that you came back," he said brokenly, patting the glass gently as he spoke. "And you'll stay with me always now, won't you, Ben? You won't leave me again, for we haven't long to stay now, you and I, and something tells me that we will both go together, old fellow."

He failed rapidly after this and soon he could only with difficulty get to his old seat before the glass.

"Ben, we're almost there," he would say, and then he would ask us if it were not pitiful to see Ben looking so poorly.

Indeed it was, and our tears would start as we saw the reflection of the trembling limbs and vacant, wandering gaze.

The end came at last, peaceful and calm. He had been in bed some days in a sort of half-stupor. He roused one night and called "Mother." "Yes, father, I am here," she said gently. "I am going home now, and Ben's going, too. I am glad I can take him with me, for he is so feeble and so flighty that he wouldn't know how to get along without me, poor old boy, and then he might bother you, mother, if I wasn't here to sort of look after him."

He nestled down among the pillows, looking so happy and contented. "Yes, Ben, we are going together, just as we came," he whispered, and in a few minutes he was home with Ben.

Put to the Test.

Travers—"I want to ask you a question. Suppose that five years from now I should be walking the street clothed literally in rags, wearing a battered old hat and shoes full of holes. Would you think enough of me then to take me by the hand, buy me a an outfit, give me a bath, put five dollars in my hand and send me away with your blessing?"

Dashaway—"Why, of course I would. How absurd."

Travers—"Then bring the scene a little nearer. Suppose that in four years from now you should meet me as I have described myself, with this exception—that I had on a good hat. Would you still do the square thing?"

Dashaway—"Why, certainly. What—"

Traver—"Make it still nearer. Call it three years and say I didn't need a bath. Throw off the blessing and make it two years."

Dashaway (facetiously)—"Make it a year, with a good pair of shoes, eh? Substitute a new suit and"—(a great light dawning on him)—"O-h—"

Travers—"And, if you are a man of your word, let me have five dollars!"

It's a pity, girls, that this year isn't leap year. The influenza has brought many a hardened old bachelor to his sneeze.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

The Prince of Wales as an Orator.

The Prince of Wales is sometimes described by admirers as a brilliant after-dinner and ceremonial speaker. He is not a brilliant speaker, says Justin M'Carthy, and those who describe him as brilliant do not, I venture to think, quite understand his real success in the business which he has to undertake. He speaks directly and to the point. He never obtrudes himself between the audience and the business of the occasion. He never uses the wrong word and he never says a word too much. He puts as little of himself as possible into his speeches; while there is always a firm and manful tone about him, there is never any indication whatever of a desire to impose himself and his position on his audience. I am quite sure that he has no such desire. But his speeches have no brilliancy of expression, no originality of thought. They are not eloquent in any sense. The Prince of Wales does not, I fancy, do what other princes have done—get his shorter speeches written for him. At least, I do not think he indulges in such a practice now—if he ever did. As to the longer speeches—well, I have my own ideas about them. Of course, he could get a really brilliant and eloquent discourse written for him and commit it to memory and deliver it to an audience. But the Prince, whether by deliberation or by instinct, understands his part better. In England the public do not want an eloquent Prince of Wales. . . He is an excellent chairman in every sense of the word, and I believe him to be in one sense a remarkably well-informed man. He is not a scholar, of course, but he speaks several languages admirably, and has a thorough knowledge of what is going on in the world. He has travelled much, and has a good memory. He has a desire to get information and a considerable faculty for acquiring it.

The Mother's Just Pride.

"Mabel, my dear, is it true?"

"Yes, mamma."

The elderly matron fondly stroked the bright golden hair of her beautiful daughter and a smile of gratified motherly pride played about her lips. Time had dealt gently with the elder of these two women. In the few threads of silver that shone in her still lustrous and wavy hair, in the scarcely perceptible lines at the corners of her soft gray eyes and in the slight hollows that suggested rather than indicated an impaired symmetry in the pure oval of her pale cheek, might be seen the evidences that the passing years had touched with loving fingers the face of this gentle mother.

"Clarence Dashaway has asked you to be his wife?"

"Yes, mamma."

"I need hardly tell you, Mabel," rejoined her mother, "that your father and I will interpose no obstacles in the way of your happiness. If I had been asked to name the young man to whom I should prefer above all others to intrust the future of my darling child I should have named Clarence Dashaway. He is a noble, high-souled, chivalrous young man, the native nobility of whose character mirrors itself in the glance of his eye, the tones of his voice and in every movement of his manly figure. In winning the love of Clarence Dashaway, my child, you have fulfilled every wish that a fond mother could cherish for her only daughter."

"Yes, mamma," said Mabel, her beautiful face aglow with love and pride, "I have got there this time with both feet."

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gents,—I certify, that MINARDS LINIMENT cured my daughter of a severe, and what appeared to be a fatal attack of diphtheria after all other remedies had failed, and recommend it to all who may be afflicted with that terrible disease.

John D. Boutilier,

French Village, Jany., 1883.

Busy Clerk—How can I serve you, madam?

Madame (producing half a dozen letters and some postage stamps.)—Just put some mucilage on these and stick 'em on for me. I soaked them off some misdirected envelopes, because I had read so much about the bother it was for druggists to sell postage stamps. Don't say all women are thoughtless any more, will you now?

The Australian Natures.

Mr. Lumholtz, a prominent traveler, thus writes:

The Australians are cannibals. A fallen foe, be it man, woman or child, is eaten as the choicest delicacy; they know no greater luxury than the flesh of a black man. There are superstitious notions connected with cannibalism, and though they have no idols and no form of divine worship, they seem to fear an evil being who seeks to haunt them, but of whom their notions are very vague. Of a supreme good being they have no conception whatever, nor do they believe in any existence after death.

The uncivilized Australian native is usually sound and healthy and not much troubled with sickness, with the exception of skin diseases, which he gets from the white man; but when the Australian becomes "civilized" and wears clothes he becomes more liable to illness; he regards clothes simply as ornaments, which he may wear or not, as he chooses; he will perspire all day in a woolen jacket, but in the evening he will throw it off and sleep naked. On a hunt he is quite naked, no matter how "civilized" he may be—for he must climb trees and pursue animals; and of course this thoughtless way of wearing clothes brings on colds, rheumatic fevers, and lung diseases.—The Edinburgh Review.

The Book of Luben.

A man without wisdom lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of man containing Facts For Men of All Ages! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged, and Young Men. Proven by the sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible & instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to invalids who are weak and nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics, and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science, Subjects. Also gives a description of Specific No. 8, The Great Health Renewer; Marvel of Healing and Koh-i-noor of Medicines. It largely explains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained. The book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand and follow our views, there would be world of Physical, intellectual and moral giants. This book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. The book of Luben, the Talisman of Health brings bloom to the cheeks, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the Wise and Otherwise. Luben's Specific No. 8 the Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowned with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men have felt the power and testified to the virtue of Luben's Specific No. 8. All Men Who are Broken Down from over work or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read this valuable treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage. Address all orders to M. V. Lemon, room 15, 50 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

Two small Berlin boys have been arrested while going on board a steamer at Hamburg, bound for America. They were well armed with knives and pistols, and besides had a thousand marks, which they had stolen from their parents. It was their intention to join Buffalo Bill.

The Dark Side of Nihilism.

It is very hard to get any information whatever about the inside operations of Russian nihilism from any of the conjectural Russian Nihilists in this city. It is very likely that several of them could give some news about the murder of Gen. Schvreskoff in Paris, and about the warning which the Czar found on a table in his bedroom, and about the various attempts to take his life that have been made within a short time, and about the arrest of sundry men and women in high life, and about the dread suspicion that fills all the palaces inhabited by the Czar. It is known that there is constant communication between the Nihilists here and their brethren in Paris, who, in their turn, through secret agents, are kept informed of Nihilist proceedings in St. Petersburg and Moscow. The Nihilists in France, who are constantly watched by emissaries of the Russian police are so stealthy in their movements, so cunning in their ways, and so taciturn in their speech, that it is almost impossible, even for a Russian detective to get the slightest hint of any of their operations in advance of its execution, or any of their plans of procedure. Moreover, it has been ascertained that some of the Czar's emissaries are Nihilists in disguise, working in the interest of the cause which they are hired to destroy. Nihilists, on the other hand, are faithful to each other, and cases of treachery among them are almost unknown. Some of them as recent arrests have shown, belong to the nobility, and enjoy the privilege of admission to court circles.

The Terrorist party, otherwise known in Russia as the party of Liberation, has been looking for the "removal" of the Czar and the stroke of revolution during the present year. They have leaders who are ready to grasp the reins of power at any time; they believe that they will get support from many men who are not identified with their cause; they hold that their principles have got into the army, so that it will not raise serious trouble; they feel assured of support from the powerful Jewish element, and they say that the party of liberation can administer public affairs without disturbing the general peace of the country.

The Terrorist Executive Committee, which, until a recent period, had exclusive direction of the operations of nihilism, is now aided by outside forces. These forces are organized into sections, which, according to Prince Lavroff, are twenty-five in number, and maintain their existence in many cities in Czardom. Each section is allowed to choose its own method of operation and to do such work as lies within its power. One section labors to enlighten a few moujiks; another sends warnings to obnoxious functionaries; another secretly circulates Nihilist literature; another takes means of reaching the troops in garrison, and others do other kinds of service.

If there is truth in the advices received from foreign parts by Russian Nihilist refugees in New York the extensive plan of campaign that has been got up must bear a formidable aspect to the Czar, who has repeatedly been made aware during the present year that his life is constantly endangered.

An Era of Peace.

During the present century no fewer than sixty seven international disputes have been settled by arbitration. Thirty-three of these have been between the United States and other countries, the most notable being the settlement of the "Alabama" dispute with England in 1872. The manner in which the award of the Geneva arbitrators was received in England furnishes a most impressive illustration, and one that cannot be gainsaid, of the strong aversion to war entertained by the present generation of Englishmen. For, when for the injury caused the United States by allowing the "Alabama" and other vessels to escape from her shores fitted as ships of war, England was condemned to pay the American government the sum of $15,500,000 in gold "for the satisfaction of all claims," though the feeling throughout England was general that the award was excessive in amount, all political parties agreed to accept it without protest. Who can imagine the England of three or four centuries ago quietly acquiescing in such a decision. Since that memorable settlement the peace sentiment has greatly strengthened. Two hundred and thirty-four members of the British House of Commons, about one-third of the whole number have put themselves on record as being in favor of treaties of peace between nations by which any disputes or differences arising between two governments, which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency, may be referred to arbitration and be peacefully adjusted by such means. In like manner the Congress of the United States and the parliaments of Italy, Spain and Norway have passed resolutions in favor of such treaties. Altogether the legislatures which have already declared in favor of arbitration represent 150,000,000 of people. No more significant gathering has taken place in recent years than the international Congress which sat last year in Paris under the presidency of Jules Simon, and this year in London, under that of Dr. Barth, a member of the German Reichstag. A banquet was given to seventy members of foreign legislatures by British members of Parliament. At the banquet Sir Lyon Playfair presided, and had on his right hand the venerable French deputy, Mr. Passy, and on his left the German President of the Congress. It was a happy omen for the cause of peace that for the first time since the Franco-German war the French and German members of Parliament co-operated in advancing the peace of the world. In the words of Sir Lyon Playfair, "They were engaged in realizing an idea which is as old as Homer, for Minerva called Mars a furious, man, and infernal god. The blood-red star, Mars, is now on the wane." The day of peace has not yet fully dawned, but already the east is aglow with the signs of the coming morn.

The German Emperor on Education.

Educational circles in Germany are said to be greatly excited over Emperor William's recent speech on education, in which he severely criticized the present system, both as to the matter taught and the manner of teaching. His Majesty held that as regards the basis of instruction in all gymnasial schools it ought to be German, and the principal aim should be to turn out young Germans, instead of youthful Greeks and Romans. Said he, "We must courageously break with the mediæval and monkish habit of mumbling away at much Latin and a little Greek, and take to the German language as the basis of all our scholastic studies. We must reduce the time burden under which the pupils are now crushed. It is this cruel, one-sided, and eternal cramming, which has already made the nation suffer from an overproduction of learned and so-called educated people, the number of whom is now more than the nation can bear, and who constitute a distinct danger to society." His Majesty also dwelt on certain evils which prevailed to an intolerable extent in high schools, and quoted figures to prove that certain physical ailments, especially short-sightedness, which was increasing to an alarming extent, were directly due to too long hours and bad ventilation in school rooms. He asked his hearers to reflect on the meaning of these figures in relation to the question of national defence. What they wanted was soldiers. The country also stood in need of intellectual leaders and efficient servants. But how was the stock of these to be replenished when the number of shortsighted youth in the upper forms of the high schools rose in some cases to as much as 74 per cent. When he studied at Cassell no fewer than eighteen of his fellow pupils out of a class of twenty-one wore spectacles, while some of those with their glasses on could not even see the length of the table. As Landesvater or Father of his country, he felt bound to declare that such a state of things must cease. Naturally such unsparing condemnation of the traditional system has created a feeling of consternation in the ranks of the old-fashioned schoolmen. The conservative newspapers too, are dumfounded and admit that the last vestiges of the ancient regime have been thrown overboard, while the organs of the Liberal Progressist and Frei singe parties laud the Kaiser as the most far-seeing of contemporary sovereigns.

Wonderful Discovery of a Horse's Sight.

The most wonderful recovery of a horse's sight that has ever come under our notice is told of the great stallion Onondaga, sire of many of the famous horses now on the American turf. It appears that a few years ago, upon the advice of prominent veterinary surgeons, Milton Young, of McGrathiana Stud, Ky., consented to an operation being performed upon his young stallion, the aforesaid Onondaga, which consisted in chloroforming the horse and puncturing the ball of each eye with a needle. The horse was afflicted with a peculiar disease, which rendered him not only unmanageable but a dangerous animal to groom, and no less than three men nearly lost their lives from the effect of his viciousness. The veterinarians called in by Mr. Young said the horse must be blinded by an operation or killed outright. Being highly prized in the stud at McGrathiana, he did not want to lose his services, and therefore, as above stated, consented to the operation prescribed by the surgeons. Once done, a number of papers set up a howl of cruelty to animals, and the superstitious predicted Mr. Young's as a breeder. The latter has been controverted by the brilliant success of his establishment, while Onondaga has become not only a great sire, but as gentle as a lamb. Now follows the startling announcement that his eyesight has returned and the great son of Leamington now sees the world as of yore. Since the operation was performed, now nearly seven years ago, the horse's eyes have always been kept constantly bandaged and the discovery that his sight was returning is in itself as remarkable as the result of the operation performed on his entree to the stud. It appears he has constantly rubbed at his bandages until he finally made an opening for his eyes, and then this accomplished, he ceased to try to rid himself of his head gear. Such instint is worth of a human, and is as wonderful as the restoration of his eyesight which is believed to be without a parallel in equine history.

1891. 1891

THE LADIES' JOURNAL BIBLE COMPETITION!

NO. 27.

We have much pleasure in announcing a new Bible Competition, beginning at once. This one is the twenty-seventh, and the fact, that we have been able to continue them so long, is the best evidence of their popularity. Here are the questions:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found:—1. MONEY. 2. COAL. 3. WOOD.

The list of rewards enumerated below is as large and attractive as in any of the former competitions, which have given so much satisfaction during the past nine years. To the sender of the first correct answer received at office of the LADIES' JOURNAL, will be given number one of these rewards, the SADDLE HORSE. The sender of the second correct answer number two, one of the Gold Watches, and so on till all these first rewards are given away.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

First one Lady's **Saddle-Horse**, nearly thoroughbred, well broken, sound, kind, good jumper, will follow a lady like a lap-dog; but a good traveller, not afraid of anything. Valued at $ 250
Next Five, Each a Lady's **Fine Gold-filled Hunting Case Watch.** Value $50 each $ 250
Next Six, Each a Fine Black **Cashmere** Dress Length. Value $16 $ 96
Next Fifteen, Each a Set of **Dinner Knives**,—one doz—in a neat case. Value $10 $ 150
Next Twenty-One Each a Lady's Fine **Silver Watch**, Excellent movement Value $15 Each $ 315
Next Fifteen, Each an Elegant **Breakfast Cruet**, extra quadruple plate, hand-painted bottles, very neat, $4 $ 60
Next Four, Each a Fine **China Dinner Service**, (100 pieces,) an extra choice design, $35 $ 110
Next Six, an Extra Quadruple Plate **Silver Tea Service** (4 pieces,) satin finish, a beautiful set, $40 $ 240
Next Five, Each a Gentleman's **Hunting Case Gold Filled Watch**, extra heavy cases, beautifully engraved, non-magnetic, Waltham Movement, full jewelled, pinion set, stem winder, $50. $ 250
Next Five, each a Fine Black Corded, **Silk Dress** length, $25 $ 125
Next Fifteen, each **One doz. Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons**, extra quality $5. $ 75
Next Ten, each a Beautifully Bound **Family Bible**, with concordance, maps, Engravings, dictionary and magnificently illustrated $15 $ 150

To the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last will be given number one of these middle rewards. Next number two, and so on.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

First one an **Elegant, Upright, Rosewood Piano** $500
Next One **Drawing Room Suite** Upholstered in Raw silk beautifully finished in every particular. $ 100
Next one **Lady's Bicycle**, latest improved Machine. $ 130
Next Five Each One Lady's Fine **Gold Filled Watch Hunting Case**, beautifully engraved good movement, full jewelled at $50 250
Next Ten, Each a **Lady's Companion**, beautifully lined in plush containing Bevelled Glass, Fine Hair Brush, Comb, etc, $3 30
Next Five, Each a **Fine China Tea service**, Extra Choice design, Especially Imported, $10. 50
Next fifteen, Each a Fine **Pair of Razor Steel Scissors.** Value $2 $ 30
Next Five, Each a Handsomely Bound in Morocco Cover, **Family Bible**, Beautifully Illustrated, containing the Revised Edition, Commentary Dictionary, etc., etc., $15 $ 75
Next Ten, Each a Lady's or Gentleman's **Coin Silver Watch**, with good movement—a correct time-piece, $15 $ 150
Next Five, Each a beautifully chased full Quadruple Plate, Satin Finish, **Waiters or Salvers**, $10 $ 50
Next Twenty-four, each a very fine solid nickle straight line lever **Gennes Watch.** This watch is well constructed and an extra time-piece, and no way to be compared with cheap nickle watches, $6 $ 144
Next Three. Each a well finished **Family Sewing Machine**, $70 $ 210

To the sender of the last correct answer of the whole competition, postmarked where mailed, not later than 25th March, 1891, will be given number one of these rewards. To the one preceding the last, number two, and so on, counting backwards till all these rewards are given. So even the residents of the most distant places have as good an opportunity as those living in Toronto.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

First Five each a fine Black Corded **Silk Dress** length, $25 $ 125
Next six, each a handsome hand-painted brass finish, **Drawing Room Lamp.** $ 36
Next Fifteen, each **one dozen full Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons**, $5 $ 75
Next Ten, each a beautifully bound **Family Bible**, with concordance, maps, engravings, dictionary, and magnificently illustrated, $15. $ 150
Next Six, each a full quadruple plate **Berry Dish**, with beautifully colored and white glass bowl, a very showy, choice article, $15 $ 90
Next six, each a **Gentleman's Filled Gold Open Face Watch.** Waltham movement, exact time-piece. $50 $ 300
Next six, each a **Lady's Gold Hunting Case Swiss Watch**, a reliable timer, $40 $240
Next fifty, each a **Lady's Fine Solid silver Thimble**, $1.50 $ 75
Next six, each a Fine Quadruple Silver Plated combined **Sugar Bowl and Spoon Holder**, with one dozen extra value Tea Spoons, $12 $ 72

All persons competing must send with their answers, one dollar, for which THE LADIES' JOURNAL will be mailed to any address for one year. THE JOURNAL has been enlarged to 28 pages and a handsome cover added, making it one of the most attractive publications on the continent for the money. There is something in each issue to interest every lady, young or old, and you will find, even if you do not get any of the above prizes, that you have received your dollar's worth in THE JOURNAL.

The names and full addresses of the winners of the first, middle and consolation rewards will be published in THE JOURNAL immediately at the close of the competition. The editor has in his possession thousands of highly complimentary letters of the winners of prizes in previous competitions. Doctors, lawyers, merchants clergymen, members of parliament, publishers, printers, railway men, in fact nearly every trade and profession is represented in our list of winners. Address, Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

Her Worst Fears Realized.

"Mary," exclaimed a Hawley street husband breathlessly the other evening as he dashed into the house while his eyes looked volumes of amazement, "I was just coming past Jones' house and I looked through the window and saw him kissing his wife, and they've been married seven years."

"Heavens!" ejaculated the wife, as she rose to her feet and gazed at her husband with horror; "my worst fears are realized. John, you've got 'em again."

And the poor man sat down to his tea with an appetite that appeared to have run against something and suffered blunting.

Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood, well known for her successful attempt to prepare sterilized milk on her New Hampshire farm for the use of New York babies, has been sifting statistics to ascertain whether college-bred women are indifferent mothers. She finds that nine-tenths of their children survive infancy, a record never before equalled in any class, age, or country. Mrs. Wood is herself a graduate of Vassar, a trustee of Barnard, a strong writer, a steady and brilliant speaker on social and reformatory topics, a power in society, the scientific secretary of her husband—a well-known physician—and a model mother.

IN THE BUSH.

Far away up a wild arm among the folding hills, with the green gray mantle of the eucalyptus bush spreading for miles and weary miles between them and civilization, there lived a couple. Not man and wife, not even brothers, except in love; and in that these two were more to each other than many a pair representing a human relationship. It was only a man and his dog; and the man was only a shepherd on an outlying station belonging to a wealthy squatter.

It was in the old days, before sheep farms were the comparatively easily managed affairs they are now, and when the unlucky shepherd seldom saw any human face but that of the manager; and his not more than once in a couple of months. It is true most shepherds had a house-mate, who took it in turns with him to stay in the hut, boil the "billy" and make the damper; but this man was an exception. He was still young, though it was difficult to say what age. He might have been anything from twenty-five to thirty-five; the gray eyes were bright and clear enough for the former age, while the expression of sorrowful patience was rather that of a man who had learned that the world-voices call to the human soul forever and forever, "Renounce, renounce!"

He certainly had not much to enliven him. The society of sheep assuredly plays a great part in the pastoral poetry of many celebrated verse makers, but mayhap they never tried it. Anyway, they have a fashion of introducing ribbons and flutes and little Bopeeps as compensating adjuncts to this style of life; whereas this man had none of these things, nothing at all, in fact, but a rough, yellowish cattle dog, which looked something like a collie that had gone wrong in early youth. He, the dog, rejoiced in the name of Snip. When I say "rejoiced" I speak advisedly. Snip looked upon life as one large joke. His mouth curled up in a kindly, if ironical, grin; his tail fairly wagged itself off when his master looked at him, and nothing but his deep sense of propriety prevented his joking with the sheep in a scoffing fashion when he ran the silly dingy creatures in for the night. As he sat by his master at this moment outside the hut door he occasionally interrupted his own hunt for the lively flea to thrust his nose into the man's hand with a coaxing movement that meant as plainly as could be, "Come, drop that pipe, do; we have had enough of smoking and moonlight for one night. I want to lie across your feet and go to my dreams. This is the third night you have made me lose my beauty. What you see in that moon I can't make out. Bow!"

"Can't you, old fellow?" answered the man. "Perhaps not; you are a quite unsentimental dog—that is your one fault. If moonlight is the only earthly light that brings me back an evening on a long terrace walk over a shining sea, can you not give up a snore or two, you lazy beggar, to please me? No? Well, come then," and rising he stretched himself with a half sigh. Why did the past come back to-night? He did not usually think of that old business, being too wise a man to worry over the irretrievable. But to-night—to-night there came to him a face he had loved a good deal better than Snip's; though it had held for him none of the tender devotion in the doggish brown eyes now turned up anxiously to his. A woman's face, connected somehow with the moonlight and the sea; a woman's voice in an agony of entreaty. "Save him, can you not? You, who can do everything; can you not save him, your own brother?" And he had done so. Not unthinkingly, not without a good many reflections if it were not possible to do so without giving up his own life. But it had not been possible. He wondered how would he have done it with no other incentive than bare duty, whether the sacrifice would have been so easy if another than the woman who loved his brother had asked it of him. His father, for instance? His father, who squandered as much misplaced affection on said brother as ever Isaac did on that scapegrace Jacob. Nonsense, of course he would. It would have killed his father if his eldest son had been disgraced. It was bad enough as it was. Why did he think of it to-night? Perhaps because of that strange unconscious faculty which recalls past events, because close in the future they are rising from their graves to give us one more scene of a play we had fancied well over.

Patting the dog's head, who gave a supercilious sniff, he turned to enter the hut when the sound of horses' feet broke the stillness of the night.

"The manager," he muttered, pausing on the threshold.

A few moments and that individual reined in his horse by the shepherd's side. Contrary to custom, he had a companion.

"Evening, Gervaise," he called to the shepherd, who lifted his hat slightly in answer to his superior's greeting. A typical Australian of the shepherd's class never touches his hat, or does so in a surly fashion that suggests compulsion. This man lifted it with the respect for himself, the respect for the person addressing him that one gentleman uses towards another. He did not speak, and the manager continued:

"This gentleman wishes to look over some of the run to-morrow. I suppose we may as well stretch ourselves here by the fire for a couple of hours. We must be moving by dawn, as we've to get back to Wallaby Creek to-morrow evening."

The shepherd helped to unsaddle the horses and then, throwing a couple of logs on the half-extinct fire, he soon kindled a blaze, boiled the billy and gave his guests their evening meal. He had not paid them much attention as he did so, coming and going in the doubtful lights of the setting moon and the flickering fire; but as the others moved to stretch themselves on their blue blankets the manager kicked the smouldering sticks together and the flame shot high and clear into the night. In this sudden light the shepherd's eyes fell carelessly on the stranger, who was arranging himself in an awkward and new-chummish fashion along the ground. The half-seen face and form were as familiar to him as the white English shores he would never see but in his dreams again. He could not help an involuntary start; but after that he sat quite still on his log, with Snip lying close against his legs.

He seemed to have been making up his mind to something during this pause; and now he rose and going to the stranger's side gently touched his shoulder.

"Father!" he said, quietly.

The half-sleeping man opened his eyes.

"Father!" said the shepherd again, in a tone even more carefully void of emotion than before.

"What do you mean? Who the devil are you?" he queried, sharply.

The shepherd silently removed his hat and the pair looked into each other's eyes for a few seconds.

"I wonder you dare speak to me," said the elder man, at last, in a scarcely audible tone, which yet quiver with uncontrollable rage. "What do you mean by it? Why are you here?"

The shepherd shrugged his shoulders.

"I must exist somewhere till I die or commit suicide. The Australian bush is surely an odder place for you than it is for me! A sentimental desire to hear of you all again induced me to speak to you."

He paused, but his companion said nothing.

The shepherd's hand, resting on Snip's rough head, clenched itself till the nails met in the palm.

"Have you not forgiven me after these long seven years?" he said, hoarsely.

"No; and again no!" cried the other, in a burst of passion.

"So young a man, father!" interrupted the sheperd, with a gentle intonation, as if calling attention to an exculpatory circumstance about another person.

"Don't dare call me 'father!' I am no father of yours. None of our blood ever disgraced themselves; while you, you, a common thief who forged my name to pay your low debts! No; you are certainly no son of mine!"

The shepherd laughed shortly.

"I don't see that you are bettering the situation," he remarked, grimly. "However, though you have no forgiveness for me, perhaps you will not mind giving me a little home news. I shall never trouble you again; you shall never again hear from me or of me; never see my face on this side of the grave; but tell me about the old home this once! You cannot call me troublesome—sir! Can you not even grant me mercy enough for this favor?"

There was no reply for a little, then the answer came:

"No; I have no mercy on thieves. Go!"

And his father threw himself down again, turning his back to his son.

In a few hours, at day break, the three men started up the run. If ever the bush looks beautiful it is in the soft solemnity of the dawn, when the mountain clefts and the hollows between the trees are filled with a strange blue dimness that is almost too glorified to be called a vapor; when the dew is drenching the long coarse grass, and the exquisite clearness of the songs of the magpies, the leatherheads, the butcher-birds and many another "feathered fowl" is like an early choral service.

As day wears on, the mountains may look like huge mounds of sun-baked red earth, on which the covering gums seem to shrivel and droop before your very eyes; dawn's solemn sweetness may be replaced by an awful glare that holds the terror of death, but the joy of the daybreak keeps you alive through all the very long length of an Australian Summer noon, and stays with you till the rapture of her star-bright night comes to comfort your soul.

The three men rode silently on, except for an occasional remark from the manager. The country was good, but it was rough riding for all that, and though they kept the midday halt to boil the inevitable "billy" within the shortest possible limits, it was six o'clock before they again got within sight of the shepherd's hut.

Snip, who had been trotting behind in a cheerfully tired sort of way, bounded forward with renewed vigor, but all at once stopped short, barking furiously.

"What is it Gervais?" called the manager to that individual, who rode forward to investigate.

"A snake, I think," was the answer as the shepherd dismounted. "Ah! a death adder, I fancy. Here, Snip, you fool, come back; you'll get bitten if you don't look out," and the shepherd, picking up a stout stick, aimed a blow at the creature, which was half-hidden in the grass. He hit it, but did not kill it, and the reptile darted upon his assailant, only to be met by another blow, which put an end to its career in this stage of existence.

"He didn't touch you, did he, Gervais?" called the manager.

"No," answered the shepherd in a strange tone.

"Oh, that's all right. Well, we must be going on, or we shall get bushed. No, we won't go to the hut. Good-night," and putting spurs to their tired horses they cantered out of sight.

The man watched the disappearing figures for a moment, and then, kneeling down, he took up the dead adder, examined it a little, and, taking out his knife, carefully extracted the poison-bags. He looked round once more; it was a beautifully calm evening, with a tender roseflush in the sky—the bleating of a sheep came softly through the still air. He sighed a little, and then in a mechanical fashion made a tiny little scratch on his wrist and rubbed the deadly virus gently on the place. He did not move for some few minutes; in fact he appeared to have forgotten where he was till Snip jumping on him impatiently recalled him to himself. He started. "Oh, my poor old dog!" he ejaculated, caressing the animal as it tried to lead him home to supper. He hesitated a little, and then going into the hut poured some milk into a tin bowl and set it on the ground for Snip. That person wagged his tail in a half-thankful way, as much as to say. "You might have thought of that before!" and forthwith began to lap greedily. Had he not been so well employed he would have noticed his master's unusual occupation; as it was he saw nothing. When the gun was loaded the man came and passed his hand over the rough yellow coat with the movement of a mother touching her dead child's face.

My poor old fellow; my dear old boy!" he murmured.

But something warned him not to wait, "Snip," he said suddenly, "look at me. Lie there; no, don't move, keep still—quiet, good dog!" The dog obediently did as he was told, and lay looking at his master, knocking his tail with little taps against the floor. The shepherd met the unutterable love of the brown eyes for an instant as he looked down the gleaming barrel, and then—then a quick report and it was all over. The man dropped the gun, and creeping to Snip he lay down by him, throwing his arm across the poor furry body and burying his face out of sight against the faithful dead side. The motionless quiet was only broken by the laughter of a jackass when the sun was down, and the darkness fell over the lonely hut, empty of all now save the silent presence of the dead.

A retail groceryman in a country town can get more peculiar orders for goods than all other businesses combined. In fact, if I ever aspired to be a humorist at second-hand, I should watch the retail groceryman's mail. The Winchester *Democrat*, a Kentucky paper, the editor of which swears by his tripod to forsake all bourbon liquors and to drink pale ale if his story be untrue, says that a groceryman in his town received an order that read this way: "Dere sir—Plez send me 4 pounds of cofe and some te. My wife had a boy last night, also ten pounds of cheese and a rat trap. He wayed 9 pounds and a hatchet and nails."

He—"I love you as I love my life." She—"Then you don't love me much, for you are continually risking your life by coming here where papa might find you."

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HAIR MAGIC
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OAK BALM
Is the only safe and reliable Cure for all Female Weakness and Troubles. Thousands have been permanently cured by this truly wonderful Remedy. Sent to any address on receipt of $1.00 sufficient for one months' treatment, or send stamp and address for 10 days' treatment. For sale, Wholesale and Retail, by J. TROTTER, 93 Howard Street, Toronto, Ont.
Lady agents wanted to whom I will give liberal inducements.

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In severe cases where other remedies have failed. My reason for sending a free bottle is: I want the medicine to be its own recommendation. It costs you nothing for a trial, and a radical cure is certain. Give Express and Post Office Address:
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Spinal Instruments half the weight of other makes and more effective.
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CHAS. CLUTHE, 118 King St. W., Toronto.

THE WINNERS.

IN

Ladies' Journal Competition

No. 26.

CLOSED DEC. 15TH, 1890.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the prizes specified. Applications must be made for the prizes in the same handwriting as the answers were originally sent in. Please note our charges for prizes following the list of winners. The questions were as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found:

1, HEM. 2, ROBE. 3, GARMENT.

The answers are, 1, Exodus, 28 chapter and 33 verse; 2, Exodus, 28 chapter and 4 verse; 3, Genesis, 9 chapter and 23 verse. The following are the prize winners:

MIDDLE REWARDS.

First, Fifty dollars in cash. Mrs Alex. Fairbairn, Portage Ave. Winnipeg Man. Next five, each $10 in cash. 1 C C Crawford, 413 Church St Toronto; 2 Maud Boyes, Box 163 Orillia; 3 J D Berry, Halifax N S; 4 Mrs S Crowford, Iron Bridge Algoma; 5 L M Castor, Moncton N B. Next three, each a fine Family Sewing Machine $50. 1 Mrs Hamilton, care I J Hamilton, Agent C P R Cobden; 2 Mrs Thos Souch, Kendall; 3 Julia M Howes, St Augustine Fla. Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch. 1 Mrs W J Canton, Box 58 Smith Falls; 2 Ethel Gerry, 42 E Notre Dame St, Winnipeg; 3 Martha Pearson, Winnipeg P O; 4 Alex Ayrton, Jameston N Y; 5 Mrs Flora M Thomas, Silver Creek Chautauqua Co N Y; Next ten each a Fine Triple Silver Plated Tea Set, (4 pieces). 1 Florence Jackson, Wellman's Corner; 2 Mrs D Saunder, Dutton; 3 Peter Grant, Teeswater; 4 John Shepherd Boyce, Markdale; 5 Julia Grant, Ogdensburgh N Y; 6 Ada Grig Ogdensburgh N Y; 7 Mary Thomas, Ogdensburgh N Y; 8 Jennie Abel, Edwardsburg N Y; 9 Caroline Parkes, Plainfeld N J; 10 Arthur Parkes. Plainfield N J. Next twenty-one, each a set of Dickens' Works, Beautifully bound in Cloth, 10 vols. 1 David James Ovans, Ormstown Que; 2 Geo Gordier, Dundela; 3 L A Pitt, 387 Belmoral St, Winnipeg Man; 4 Mrs E Heal, Box 466 St Thomas; 5 Mrs G L Cutler, Springfield Vermont; 6 Fannie Steverson, 368 Queen St E Toronto; 7 Barbara McKenzie, Glencoe; 8 Mrs M A McDonald, Barkerton; 9 Mrs R R Allan, Prince St, St Johns, N B; 10 Nellie Bidleman, 145 North Cleveland Ave Columbus Ohio; 11 Mrs T J White, 222 Calton St, Winnipeg Man; 12 Mrs F A McClure, Farmington Mich; 13 Miss K Carter, Farmersburgh Ohio; 14 C Finks, Black Rock N Y; 15 J F Finks, Black Rock N Y; 16 Mason J Bryers, Niagara Falls N Y; 17 A M Banks, Niagara Falls N Y; 18 Dora Pera Bamfield, Niagara Falls N Y; 19 Carrie Case, Little Falls N Y; 20 Fannie Hurshman, 4 St Lawrence St, Halifax; 21 Kate L Larter, Seneca Falls N Y. Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop and Stonier, Harnley, England. 1 Effie A Aitken, Millbrook; 2 Ella M Somers, Aylmer; 3 Mary Thowlis, Mount Forest; 4 A A Banks, St. John, N B; 5 Mrs. Banks, St John, N. B. Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service, of 68 pieces, specially imported. 1 Annie Clarke, 311 Assiniboin St Winnipeg; 2 Henrietta Evershed, Picton; 3 Mrs W J Pardy, Cataraqui; 4 M A Carters, Brantford; 5 J C Bull, Brantford. Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works bound in cloth, 6 vols $15. 1 Alice Tapper, Georgetown P E; 2 Mrs Wm Thomson, Longford Villa Orillia; 3 Sarah Welburn, Holt; 4 Carolina Sheppard, Queenston; 5 Lizzie Wallis, Putman; 6 Mrs Malcolm Bell, Corson's Siding; 7 Mrs H E Gove, Granite Falls Min; 8 Mrs E Roberts, Eagle's Nest Brantford; 9 John A Robertson, Little Grace Bay C B N S; 10 A M Castles, Buffalo P O N Y; 11 D G Fastner, Dansville N Y; 12 J D Logan, Dansville N Y; 13 Mary A Logan, Dansville N Y; 14 C E Mabley, Detroit; 15 B F Mabley, Detroit; 16 J K Kitson, Burleigh N Y; 17 Fannie Kitson, Burleigh N Y. Next eighteen, each a handsome Silver Plated Sugar Bowl. 1 Mrs Richard Smith, Petrolia; 2 Minnie McLeod, 99 Fountain St Winnipeg Man; 3 W H Bauld, 192 Pleasant St Halifax N S; 4 Mrs Stewart Scott, Ildeston; 5 Mrs Roland Porter, Yarmouth N S; 6 Vina Gallagher, Brinstons Cors; 7 Ada Fisher, Brunswick Truro N S; 8 E E Petrie, 185 Beverly St Toronto; 9 Mrs Peter Zoeger, Newton; 10 Lottie Hawkins, Streetsville; 11 D M I Milligan 192 Centre St, St Thomas; 12 Minnie Wilkinson, Box 123 Sarnia; 13 C Colston, Hamilton; 14 C Haw Box 304 Orillia; 15 A J Munger, Leamington; 16 Mamie Hunter, 95 Lizzie St Winnipeg Man; 17 Bertha Palmer, Hamilton P O; 18 J M Palmer, Hamilton P O Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch. 1 Mrs John Lindsay, Harvey; 2 Ida May Coburn, Easton's Corners; 3 Fanny Moles, care of Reeve Arnprior; 4 C M Caiger, Antigonish NS; 5, C D Caiger, Antigonish N S. Next fifty-five, each a handsome long Silver Plated Button Hook. 1 Ida J Moore, Smith's Falls; 2 Miss Farran, Clinton; 3 Mrs J Blight, Sintaluta N W T; 4 E M Radcliffe, 194 McCaul St, city; 5 Jas Mullen, 270 McDermott St, Winnipeg Man; 6 E L Blair Canmore, Alberta N W T; 7 Mrs Fred K Joys, Longlaketon N W T; 8 Louisa Watson, Rockingham; 9 Jennie Y McDermid, 550 Jarvis St, city; 10 Lena Senneth, Belhaven; 11 May Miller, Bracebridge; 12 Mrs M Leadbeater, Box 343 Westville N S; 13 Jas M Livingston, Minnedosa Man; 14 H E Fraser, Cumminsville; 15 Mabel Alkenbrack, Enterprise; 16 Katie J Murray, Box 286 Robinson P Que; 17 Mrs E Switzer, Dovercourt; 18 Hattie E Murray, East Village N S; 19 Hannah K Noble, "Mountain" Hamilton; 20 Grace H Joyner, Kingston; 21 Mrs A Polson, St Johns Ave, Winnipeg Man; 22 Maggie Ferguson, South Head of Cow Bay C B; 23 Mrs Robt Nelson, 378 King St E Hamilton; 24 Jas Boothroyd, Ridgetown; 25 Mrs Ed H Parker, Yarmouth N S; 26 Mrs L McBrine, Box 272 Berlin; 27 Jessie M Dunbar 464 Jemima St, Winnipeg; 28 Bertha Butler, Butler House Brantford; 29 Elizabeth A Price, Salisbury N B; 30 Annie Duncan, 122 Carlton St, Winnipeg Man; 31 Julia Lewis, 405 Cannon St E, Hamilton; 32 Mrs D R Campbell, 10 Compton Ave, Halifax; 33 Mrs Jacob Young, Murray; 34 Annie D Allen, Carleton Place; 35 Maggie Crichton, Glen Adelaide, N W T; 36 Maggie Scott, Birmingham; 37 Alice R Schneider, Carthage; 38 Maggie Gallagher, Brinston's Corners; 39 D M Matherson, Springfield, Man; 40 Mrs W D Wilson, Pilot Mound Man; 41 Minnie Kinnear, Glen Adelaide, N W T; 42 Edna Tegart, Cookstown; 43 Clara A Crowe, Pleasant Hills Colchester, Little Bass River, N S; 44 Francis Burnley, Brantford; 45 Louise J Smith, Yarmouth Centre; 46 Mrs W E Johnston, Aylmer; 47 Maggie Dean, 67 Garden St, St John, N B; 48 Mrs G H Young, Corinna, Maine; 49 Mrs E C Tufts, Leamington; 50 Mrs J Jameson, Midland; 51 Lillie Burton, Port Robinson; 52 Annie Logan, Beaverton; 53 Ellen Woods, Newtonville Mass; 54 Mrs H B Jolley 62 Emerald St S, Hamilton; 55 Mrs R Graham, Swift Current, Ass.

The African Pigmies.

Their villages, situated under the impervious foliage of the largest clump of trees to be found near the locality where they propose camping, struck us as being comfortable, snug, and neat. I have seen ninety-two huts in one of these villages, arranged in a circle of about fifty yards in diameter. The pigmy camps are generally found at the crossways, where two or more paths intersect, and are from two to three miles distant from agricultural settlements. Our anxieties always lessened on meeting them, for the more paths we found, the more we were assured of food, and the roads improved.

Sometimes these forest-villages were planted midway between parallel lines of settlements. A short walk from our camp through the woods, north or south, would take us to plantations large enough to supply a regiment with food. One time we came to a group of dwarf villages whence a broad path six feet wide communicated with another group three miles distant. This road was a revelation. It informed us that the tribe was more than usually powerful; that it was well established; that the chief possessed power, and was permitted to exercise it. Outside of the great kingdom of Uganda we had not seen in Africa a cut road longer than half a mile.

The huts in every pigmy camp were of a tortoise-back figure. The doorways were not more than three feet high, and were placed at the ends, one being for daily use, and the other, which fronted the bush, for escape. Those for constant convenience looked out on the circular common and pointed to the centre, where stood the tribal chief's hut, as though the duty of every household was to watch over the safety of him who ruled the community. We rarely found a hut higher than four feet six inches. In length they varied from seven to ten feet, while the width would be from four and a half feet to seven. In what appeared to be old-established camps we found rough cots constructed, which were raised a few inches above the ground, after the style of our own forest couches. Several layers of phrynium leaves make a luxurious bed.—From "The Pigmies of the Great African Forest," by Henry M. Stanley, in January *Scribner*.

Geordie's Grievance.

Little Geordie Neilson came home from school the other afternoon crying bitterly, and altogether manifesting great sorrow "What's the matter, Geordie?" sympathetically inquired his mother, "has anybody been bittin' ye?" "N-n-n-o," answered the boy, between his sobs. "Then what are you crying about?" she went on. "Boo! hoo! wee Sammy Sloan's faither an' mither hae flitted to Coatbrig!" "Tuts, laddie, dinna greet about that," she exclaimed reassuringly, "there's plenty mair laddies bidin' in the streets besides Sammy Sloan that ye can play wi'." "I ken that," said Geordie, with another sob, "but he was the only yin I could lick."

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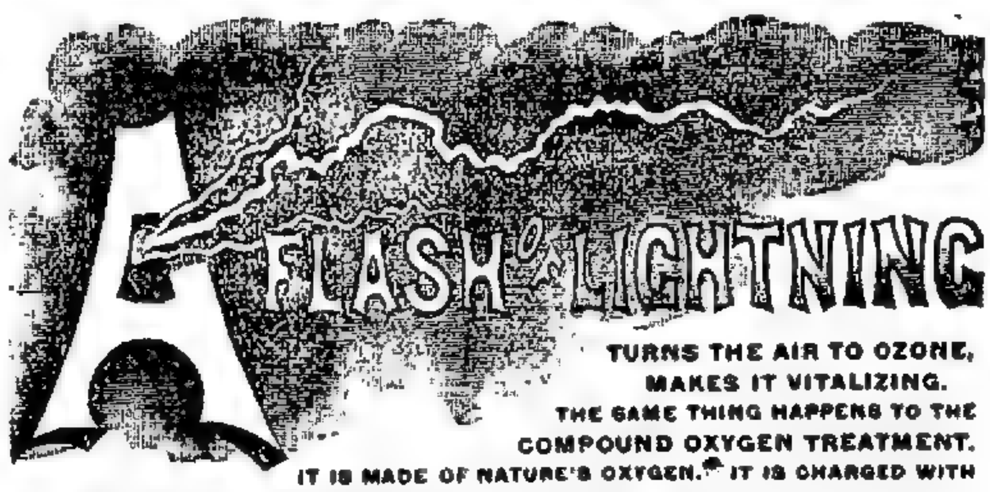
Gents,—I certify that MINARD'S LINIMENT cured my daughter of a severe and what appeared to be a fatal attack of diphtheria after all other remedies had failed, and recommend it to all who may be afflicted with that terrible disease.
JOHN D. BOUTILIER.
French Village, Jany., 1883.

Snopper—"Have you seen Staggers in full regalia?" Simeral—"Oh, yes, and I've often seen him full without his regalia."



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made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed

W) Dress Forms
For draping, etc.

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Affable Women.

If women could ever learn that it is quite possible to combine affability with dignity in commonplace daily intercourse with their fellow-creatures, this would be a far brighter and more agreeable world. Nine-tenths of the gentlewomen one knows would no more address an unintroduced female than bite off a bit of their own tongues. Not once in a blue moon do they dare converse with their servants, the chance companion of a railway journey, or even the lady who has dropped in to call on a mutual friend. Awkwardness and timidity, with a sense of alleged well-bred reserve, seal their lips to every form of communication. In their shyness and stupid fear of furnishing an opportunity for undue familiarity, they go through life like oysters, as far as those outside their narrow circle are concerned. But, thank Heaven! there is a woman, and her tribe is increasing, who realizes all of the beautiful opportunities and rights the gift of speech gives her. She can afford to talk to her domestics about any and everything, and cement their affectionate respect with every word uttered. Her kindly recognition of the shop girl and fragment of pleasant gossip across the yard stick is a wholesome break in the clerk's dull day. To sit beside a respectable female for an hour's train travel, and not exchange greeting as two human beings touching in their journey of life, would confound her kindly nature. She is sure of her dignity and, strong in its integrity, affords to do what possibly a less fine-grained nature shrinks to essay. Her friendly, well chosen words are as far removed from volubility as her cordial manners are from gush. Recognizing the power of speech as the most potent of spells for removing dull, unlovely discontent, embarrassment, and loneliness, she is free with worthy thoughts graciously expressed. It is noticeable that such women never leave drawing-room, kitchen, shop or coach that every other creature of her kind present does not acknowledge to herself the supreme excellence of courtesy above all other feminine charms.

A Prominent Doctor Accused of Murder!

A gentleman recently made a startling accusation in the hearing of the writer. Said he, "I firmly believe that Dr. ——, intentionally or unintentionally, killed my wife. He pronounced her complaint—Consumption—incurable. She accepted the verdict, and—died. Yet since then I have heard of at least a dozen cases, quite as far advanced as hers, that have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Her life might have been saved, for Consumption is *not* incurable." Of course it is not. The "Discovery" will remove every trace of it, if taken in time and used faithfully. Consumption is a disease of the blood—a scrofulous affection—and the "Discovery" strikes at the root of the evil. For all cases of weak lungs, spitting of blood, severe lingering coughs and kindred ailments, it is a sovereign remedy.

The coal mining companies of Belgium have decided on a general reduction of wages, and the miners threaten to strike.

Mr. T. C. Wells, Chemist and Druggist, Port Colborne, Ont., writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure sells well, and gives the best of satisfaction for all diseases of the blood." It never fails to root out all diseases from the system, cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, etc., purifies the blood, and will make you look the picture of health and happiness.

It now appears that over 200 lives were lost by the burning of the steamer Shanghai near Nanking.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled.—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

The Jews who have been driven from Russia by the severity of the laws are to be transported to the number of half a million to South America. Brazil expects to become their new home.

Then and Now.

In ancient days for many an ill,
We used to take a big blue pill,
It did so surely tear and gripe,
We felt for purgatory ripe.

To-day, when sick, we take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are gently aperient or strongly cathartic, according to size of dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Put up in vials, hermetically sealed, hence always fresh and reliable. Purely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. Sold by druggists, at 25 cents a vial.

Education is our only political safety.

For the restoration of faded and gray hair to its original color and freshness, Ayer's Hair Vigor remains unrivaled. This is the most popular and valuable toilet preparation in the world; all who use it are perfectly satisfied that it is the best.

The devil's school is open night and day, and never has a vacation.

The pangs endured by the early Christian martyrs were no doubt excruciating, but not so prolonged or scarcely more dreadful than those experienced by the sufferers from inflammatory rheumatism—a disease which is easily curable at the outset with *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*—a sovereign remedy for pain—a reliable curative of kidney, liver and other complaints, and a medicine of the purest as well as the most saluted kind.

Men serve women kneeling—when they get on their feet they go away.

The Key Stone.

Regular action of the bowels is the keystone of health. The use of B. B. B. insures it and cures constipation, dyspepsia, etc.

Miss F. Williams, 445 Bloor Street, Toronto, writes: "Have used your Burdock Blood Bitters for constipation and pain in the head with great success. I improved from the second dose."

Love never comes in crowds." No, it is just one after another.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

Cloaks of soft wadded silk have taken the place of dust cloaks.

Coming Events.

Coming consumption is forshaded by a hacking cough, night sweats, pain in the chest, etc. Arrest its progress at once by taking Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which never fails to cure coughs, colds bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., and even in confirmed consumption affords great relief.

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.

Thomas Robinson, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writes:—"I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried many remedies without any relief. I got a bottle of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, and found it gave me instant relief, and since then have had no attack. I would recommend it to all."

The experience which does not make us better makes us worse.

Recommended by one of the most eminent physicians on the American Continent as an aid to digestion, Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold everywhere. 5 cents.

"Cat-nipped," squeaked the mouse as Tabby got a grip on him.

For Lung Diseases only those Emulsions which are scientifically prepared can expect to succeed. SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL, compounded at their manufactory in Toronto Ont., has, from the start, won a place in public confidence which surpasses any success achieved by a like preparation. It is handled by all druggists.

Ill fortune never crushed the man whom good fortune deceived not.

The revolt which is caused in a dyspeptic stomach by a meal digestible by one which is in average health, can be permanently subdued and the tone of the organ restored by the systematic and persistent use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which imparts tone to the digestive viscera, and removes all impurities from the blood.

The survival of the fittest is the doctrine that always wins in a dog fight.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

The Merriest Girl that's Out.

"Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of Dundee," was, no doubt, the kind of a girl to ask, "What are the wild waves saying?" or to put "a little faded flower" in your button hole, she was so full of vivacity, and beaming with robust health. Every girl in the land can be just as full of life, just as well, and just as merry as she, since Dr. Pierce has placed his "Favorite Prescription" within the reach of all. Young girls in their teens, passing the age of puberty, find it a great aid. Delicate, pale and sickly girls will find this a wonderful invigorator, and a sure corrective for all derangements and weaknesses incident to females.

The price of knowledge is disenchantment.

Those of the gentle sex who have experienced the pain and annoyance caused by excoriated nipples and inflamed breasts, can well appreciate the value of a remedy which removes the trouble. This is precisely what *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* does, besides curing, when used internally, asthma, croup and other maladies.

Saints are not made in a day, but sinners can be made in a moment.

Keep off The Chaps.

Wet wintry weather causes chapped hands, sore throat, croup, colds, pain in the chest, swellings, etc., for which a certain cure exists in Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the best pain expeller for internal use. Keep it on hand in case of emergencies. Every bottle is a little giant in curative power.

More people laugh at us than with us, however it may appear at the moment.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a combination of several medicinal herbs which exert a most wonderful influence in curing pulmonary consumption and all other diseases of the lungs, chest and throat. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, and gives ease even to the greatest sufferer. Coughs, colds, shortness of breath, and effections of the chest, attended with weakness of the digestive organs, or with general debility, seem to vanish under its use. No other remedy acts so readily in allaying inflammation or breaking up a severe cold, even the most obstinate cough is overcome by its penetrating and healing properties. When children are affected with colds, coughs, inflammation of the lungs, croup, quinsey, and sore throat, this Syrup is of vast importance. The number of deaths among children from these diseases is truly alarming. It is so PALATABLE that a child will not refuse it, and is put at such a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

The more we know, the better we forgive; who'er feels deeply, feels for all who live.

Ames Hudgin, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for the past six years. All the remedies I tried proved useless, until Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was brought under my notice. I have used two bottles with the best results, and can with confidence recommend it to those afflicted in like manner."

"Yes, I once failed for a hundred thousand," remarked the red-headed man who hadn't treated yet. "You see the girl was worth that in her own right and refused me."

To the question, Which is your favorite poem? there may be a great variety of answers; but when asked, Which is your favorite blood-purifier? there can be only one reply—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because it is the purest, safest, and most economical.

Wooden—"Do you see that old swel over there? His face looks a hundred and his hair is as black as charcoal; he certainly must dye." Edgely—"Ah, well; so must we all."

A. M. Hamilton, Warkworth, writes:—"For weeks I was troubled with a swelled ankle, which caused me much pain and annoyance. Mr. Maybee, of this place, recommended *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* for it. I tried it, and before one bottle was used I was cured. It is an article of great value."

More tears are shed in play-houses than in churches.

Medical Hints.

The quickest, surest and best remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, soreness and lameness, is Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It quickly cures sprains, bruises, burns, frostbites, chilblains, etc. For croup, colds, quinsy, etc., take 10 to 30 drops on sugar, and apply the oil externally also, when immediate relief will result.

Oblivion is the rule and fame the exception of humanity.

Read These Lines.

1 to 2 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Headache.

1 to 2 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Biliousness.

1 to 4 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Constipation.

1 to 4 bottles of B.B.B. will cure Dyspepsia.

1 to 6 Bottles of B. B. B. will cure Bad Blood.

1 to 6 bottles of B.B.B. will cure Scrofula.

In any case relief will be had from the first few doses.

One disagreeable thing about postage stamps is that they are apt to get stuck up themselves.

A trinity of evils. Biliousness, Constipation and Dyspepsia usually exist together. By disciplining the liver and toning the stomach simultaneously, they can be eradicated. The promptitude and thoroughness with which Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great blood purifier removes this trinity of physical evils is a fact widely appreciated thoroughout Canada.

There is nothing more contemptible than a bald man who pretends to have hair.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

Every beginning is cheerful; the threshhold is the place of expectation.

S. Chadwick of Arcadia, Wayne Co., writes:—"I have had severe attacks of Asthma for several years. I commenced taking *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. The first dose relieved me in one hour. I continued taking it in teaspoonful doses for a few days, and have not had an attack since, now nearly one year."

Octave Feuillet, the well-known French novelist and dramatist, is dead.

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor.

The conference between O'Brien and Parnell is to take place at Boulogne, on Saturday.

"Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is entitled to especial praise and recognition," says the *American Analyst*. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

The Gaulois says that Emperor William will visit Paris shortly.

A Cash Prize.

The proprietors of Burdock Blood Bitters will give a prize of *Five Dollars* for the cleverest and best essay, (not to exceed 100 words), upon the merits of B. B. B. as a cure for disease. The competition will close Jan. 1st, '91, after which the successful essay will be published, (with the author's name if desired). They will also pay $1 each for any of the essays they may select and publish. No restrictions. Try your skill, and address,

T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Eleven thousand Austrians and Germans are to be expelled from Russia.

Among the warmest advocates of the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure are ladies formerly in delicate health, whose vigor and bodily regularity have been restored by it. Cases of debility of long standing, chronic biliousness weakness of the back and kidneys, feminine ailments, and obstinate types of nervous indigestion, are overcome by it.

The Christian forces lately defeated the Moslems in a fight on the frontier of Uganda, and now peace has been established.

A neglected cough brings on consumption—the most fatal and prevalent of all physical ills that flesh is heir to. To check the malady in its early stage, before the deadly tubercles develop themselves in the lung, use *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, which also annihilates bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, piles, kidney troubles, and soreness of the muscles and joints.

Self-respect governs morality; respect or others governs our behavior.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION

—OF—

PURE

Cod Liver Oil

FOR

CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA,
SCROFULA,

AND ALL

PULMONARY DISEASES.

DIRECTIONS.

SHAKE WELL.

Take one tablespoonful half an hour after each meal. If the patient's digestion will not allow tablespoonful use desert-spoonful.

PRICE $1.00.

PREPARED ONLY

BY

T. A. SLOCUM,

186 Adelaide St. West,

TORONTO, - ONTARIO.

Oxygenized Emulsion

—OF—

PURE COD LIVER OIL.

Among the merits which distinguish Slocum's Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil above all other preparations are ;

1st. The excellence of its method of preparation.
2nd. Its freedom from disagreeable taste and odor !
3rd. Its fitness for immediate absorption !
4th. The thoroughness in which it retains permanently its good qualities.
5th. And the fact that Slocum's Oxygenized Emulsion is the only Cod Liver Oil amalgamation in the market in which the oil is not mixed with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, or some other equally injurious foreign substance, and consequently rendered worse than worthless !

All Pulmonary Disorders find Speedy Relief.
If you have any Throat Trouble.....Use it.
If you have Tightness of the Chest.....Use it.
If you have Difficulty of Breathing.....Use it.
If you have a wasting awav of Flesh.....Use it.
If you have Weak Lungs.....Use it.
If you have Bronchitis.....Use it.
If you have Asthma.....Use it.
If you have Catarrh.....Use it.
If you have a Cold.....Use it.
If you have a Cough.....Use it.
If you are Feeble and Emaciated.....Use it.
If you have Consumption.....Use it.

THEY WHO USE IT---LIVE !

The approval my OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL has met with at the hands of the public is no doubt more or less due to the members of the medical profession, who have shown a preference in recommending its use in their daily practice.

☞ If your druggist has not got SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, and will not order it for you, do not take any preparation that contains Lime and Soda. In such case rather obtain of him the Pure Cod Liver Oil, which, though nauseous and repulsive to the taste, does not contain any foreign and injurious substance.

SINGLE BOTTLES, $1.00, SIX BOTTLES, $5.00.

Treatise and Circulars on Consumption mailed on application. Address—

T. A. SLOCUM, 186 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Sick Room Points.

Boston *Herald*: Fresh air, sunlight, and cleanliness are prime essentials in the way of prevention against the spreading of disease. And if these are met the air of the sick room will be as pure as it will be possible to make it while it holds the patient.

The idea seems to prevail that placing saucers filled with lime about a sick-room, or hanging up clothes wet with a solution of carbolic acid, or the burning of coffee, will free the air from the disease germs.

There is no truth in this. The amount of chloride of lime needed to effect the purpose would be far in excess of that which any one would think of putting into a room Carbolic acid, when used as stated, does no good whatsoever ; and, as for burning coffee upon the stove, also cascarilla bark, pastilles etc., that merely deodorize the air, without affecting in the slighest degree the poisons in it ; moreover they add to its impurities. Fresh air and sunlight are nature's disinfections ; let them be relied upon.

Towels, handkerchiefs, bed clothing, etc., holding a patient whose disease, may, possibly, be contagious, should be put into boiling water before they are carried out of the room and then boiled for at least an hour. The dishes, knives, forks, etc., should be also boiled.

As for all waste matter from a suspected patient, they should be received on chloride of lime, and afterward lime should be freely shaken over them. These are the simple measures in the way of prevention against the spreading of disease ; and they should be employed in every case where it is not positively known that the existing disease is noninfectious. There, are, of course, more potent means, but the attending physician will always direct their use if he thinks them needed.

Every person of intelligence must appreciate the fact that cleanliness of the skin is one of the first essentials to well being. In time of sickness it is even more urgently demanded than during health, for exhalations of disease which are allowed to accumulate upon the skin are poisonous, and they not only choke up the pores or outlets for waste, but to a certain extent they are again taken up by the body.

There are but few patients, no matter how ill, who can not be given at least a daily sponge bath without danger. And even this must be a positive aid to recovery. The common fear is of taking cold ; but that can easily be prevented ; nor, if properly given, will a sponge bath fatigue a patient.

It is always best to cover a rubber sheet with a cotton one and gently roll the patient over upon them. The room should be well warmed and the windows and doors closed to prevent draughts. With plenty of water, both hot and cold, soap, sponges, towels, etc., at hand, the nurse should wash one part after, exposing but little of the body at a time. She should not attempt to hurry, but do her work carefully, and dry the parts well as she proceeds. After the bath it is always well to give a little warm food, which will quickly overcome any fatigue which the patient may have felt.

Dust and the Complexion.

Dust is the great enemy of health and of women's good looks. It settles in the skin especially where there is a little steam to help it ; the wax and oily matter of the skin fix it till no ordinary washing will remove it. Wrinkles are accentuated by it, as they have a deeper bed to draw in the dust with the stylus of time. That is the reason so many women look about ten years younger when they find time to take their hot bath and the vapor has fifteen minutes or more to soften the tissues.

There is nothing like steam for plumping up the skin and washing out the grime which clouds every complexion not daily treated to soap and hot water. How many have the heating pipes of the furnace cleared of the year's accumulation of dust ? From the pipe coils it is ready to enter lungs and skin, and, being deadest of all dead matter, it is itself death to hair, to freshness of complexion and general vigor.—[Shirley Dare.

Siberia.

A sea route to Siberia is the latest item of interest regarding the northern regions. Only a few years ago such an idea would have been deemed preposterous. Within a few weeks, indeed, there was but dim hope that certain expectations which had been formed would be fulfilled, and certain efforts which were being made in the direction indicated were as yet pronounced vain and chimerical. What was so recently, however, only an idea has become a fact. A sea route to Siberia has been discovered, and the discovery has by those best qualified to judge been deemed an event of high importance—one of the most important in modern times.

Towards the end of July last two ships with a small tug for the river work were despatched from London, their instructions being that they should penetrate the Kara Sea, enter the estuary of the Yenissei and proceed as far up the river as possible. The two ships, with the little tug, made the voyage bravely, without any accident, from London to Karaoul, 160 miles up the Yenissei, in thirty-nine days. The voyage was accomplished in this space of time in spite of strong and continuous northeasterly winds and heavy ice floes which occasioned no little delay. They remained at Karaoul nineteen days and took twenty-six days to return to London. The entire trip, it will thus be seen, covered eighty-four days, or two months and twenty-three days.

Yenisseisk, the capital of the province of the same name, is about 1,500 miles up the Yenissei from its mouth, or about 1,350 from Karoul. The town has a population of from eight to ten thousand and is the centre of trade for a large part of the interior. At Karaoul the ships halted and the cargoes were transferred to the riverine boats, cargoes being also secured from the riverine boats in return. Making allowance for the distance between Karaoul and Yenisseisk, the calculation was that when the ships had reached London the rich cargoes which they had taken from the Thames in July would just be finding storage at the docks of the Siberian city.

The immediate practical result of this latest expedition, the first of a really commercial character, is the virtual establishment of a sea route to the very heart of Siberia, which means the establishment of a new trade outlet and probably a most prosperous trade centre. Of course, it is well known that the Kara Sea is not navigable at all seasons of the year; but as a result of this voyage the conclusion has been reached that if Siberia-bound vessels do not leave British ports later than the first week in August they will have sufficient time to reach Karaoul, exchange their cargoes and accomplish the home voyage the same season. It has been further determined that no great danger is to be apprehended for vessels of heavy draught, from the peculiar character of the estuary of the Yenissei. It is broad as well as long, studded with numerous islands, and swept continuously almost by northeasterly winds. The water, it was believed, was shallow, and from these various causes the conviction had been arrived at that the navigation of the estuary would be perilous to vessels of any draught. This delusion, which proved fatal to the expedition of last year, has also been dispelled. On this last occasion the two merchantmen, with the little tug, sailed up the estuary nearly two hundred miles, exchanged cargoes with a flotilla from the upper reaches of the river, and sailed home again. The conclusion is not unwarranted that there is no serious hindrance to navigation in the ordinary conditions of the estuary of the Yenissei.

How has this revolution been brought about Like most other results of a similar kind; it s the fruit of much labor and personal self-sacrifice. Originally engaging the time and attention and the means of one man, the scheme came to interest many persons of means and influence; but from first to last it has been distinctively a private enterprise. Capt. Wiggins is to be credited with the paternity of the idea; and since 1874 he has made fifteen voyages to give his idea practical shape. At first he worked on his own means, and when these were exhausted, assistance began to come to him from outside sources. Latterly a sort of syndicate was formed, and prominent among Wiggins's friends and helpers were Mr. Albert Gray and the Milburns, the great shipping firm of Newcastle and London. In April of last year an appeal was made in the shape of a confidential circular inviting subscriptions. Money came in from private individuals all over the country, and Wiggins was able to set out in his little ship Labrador, although a little too late, as experience proved, to make what some were pleased to think would be not only the final experimental trip but one which should settle the question of the feasibility of a sea route to Siberia. Wiggins reached the Kara Sea and sailed to the mouth of the Yenessei. In none of his former voyages had he encountered so much ice. He feared to penetrate the estuary. At the mouth of the estuary he waited for the riverine boats. At the head of the estuary the riverine boats waited for the Labrador. The result was that they never met. Total want of funds at the beginning of the year forced Wiggins and the Labrador to South America, but the voyage was so arranged that if a fresh expedition were arranged for the present year, the captain, his boat and well-trained men could be on hand. Unhappily, however, the boat met with an accident and had to be laid up in dock. When the expedition which had ended so fortunately was arranged, Wiggins was unable to come on and take charge.

The captain, it is understood, is greatly chagrined because he has failed to seize the prize which was so nearly within his grasp. There are many who sympathize with him. It ought, however, to be some consolation to the captain that the two ships which traversed the Kara Sea were in charge of old Labrador mates, and that his brother was in command of the tug. Besides the work is not all over. He has the possible glory of future years before him. The enterprise is and ever will be associated with his name, and if he has not made the final discovery he has the satisfaction of knowing, and of knowing that the world knows it, that but for him the discovery would not now be made.

What is the value of this discovery? Its value is mainly commercial. There are people who now are disposed to belittle the value of Siberia. Good enough, they say, as a place of exile for Nihilists, but that is all. Such was not the opinion of Capt. Wiggins during his voyages. Such is not his opinion now. Such has never been the opinion of his friends. And such is not the opinion of some of the men best acquainted with the regions which this new sea route promises to open up. To one of the promoters of the undertaking Baron Nordenskjold recently wrote: "Allow me to express my most cordial compliments and well wishes to the energetic and foresighted promoters of the undertaking. I am persuaded that its success will at once be regarded as an event rivalling in importance the return to Portugal of the first fleet loaded with merchandise from India. Siberia surpasses the North American continent as to the extent of cultivatible soil. The Siberian forests are the largest in the world. Its mineral resources are immense, its climate, excepting the Tundra and the northernmost forest region, healthy, and as favorable for culture of cereals as any part of Europe." This may be a somewhat rose-colored picture, which time and further discovery may dim. But it is the language of a man who knows more about the region of which he speaks than any other man in Europe or America. And it is undeniable that in those very regions through which the Yenissei runs there are gold fields which might be profitably worked, and corn lands which are only awaiting the facilities of transit to compete with India and Southern Russia, and possibly even North America. The future, of course, will be greatly dependent on the attitude which the Russian Government may assume. If no hindrances are offered from this quarter a new field of enterprise has been hrown open to the world.

The following from a document that is declared to be an abbreviation of the fundamental provisions of the Federal Constitution of the new republic of Brazil will give an idea of the general character of the laws under which the Brazilians will henceforth be held. The quotation refers to the rights of citizens, and says:

"First: They may do or cease to do what they think best so long as they respect the rights of others. Secondly: Protess freely their religion. Thirdly: Express their opinion freely. Fourthly: Teach and learn what they choose. Fifthly: Select the mode of living that suits them. Sixthly: Meet publicly without interference of the police. Seventhly: Come into, remain in, or quit, Brazil as suits their interest. Eighthly: Ask for any thing they require. Ninthly: The house of a citizen is an inviolable asylum. Tenthly: All are equal before the law. The republic will abolish special privileges, titles, and other class distinctions."

No man is very strong who is not strong enough to control himself.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is a luxury that will invigorate digestion and never fails to create an appetite. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

You can't live on amusement. It is the froth of water,—an inch deep and then th mud!

Many persons have been frozen to death in the vicinity of Trieste, and much damage has been done by the high winds.

Surely these are wise provisions, and manifest a remarkable insight into the foundation principles of thoroughly free governments. They provide at once for the liberty of the individual and the liberty of the public, and if faithfully carried out, will ensure for Brazil a high rank among the free governments of the world.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

The honest and law-abiding citizens of Mexico and of the West Indies are greatly troubled these days by gangs of bandits who have sprung up in various parts of the country. In Cuba the desperados display unusual energy and do not hesitate at times to defy the troops sent in their pursuit. Notwithstanding the vigorous attempts on the part of the authorities to prevent their lawlessnesses they still continue to kidnap unprotected citizens for whose release they demand heavy ransoms. The New York *Sun* suggests that as the present military force appears to be insufficient to cope with the robbers and as Spain is now at peace, it might be well for the Madrid Government to send the whole Spanish army to Cuba for a few years.

A natural means to relieve and prevent dyspepsia and indigestion, Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allay all pain, cures wind colic and the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

500 [illegible]

1 Snake Ring, 1 Band Ring, and agents samples of our latest and finest cards, all for a 2 cent stamp. [illegible] Card Co, Cadiz, Ohio.

Cards FREE [illegible]

5¢ For five cents (stamps or silver) to pay postage, etc., I will send you FREE a Royal Package, of great value, WHICH LEADS ON TO FORTUNE! Arthur Labelle, 185 St. James St. Montreal P.Q.

Dr. Davis' Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for females, quickly correct all irregularities. Sold by all chemists or the agent, W. NEILL, 2263 St. Catherine street, Montreal.

60c. Per Box.

TANSY PILLS! Safe and Sure. Send 4c. for "WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD." Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

CATARRH.—We can radically cure Chronic Catarrh in from 1 to 3 months. Our Medicated Air treatment can be used by a child. Send for list of testimonials and full particulars. Address, MEDICATED INHALATION CO., 286 Church St.

WEAK nervous sufferers from youthful folly, loss of manly vigor, weakness of body, mind, etc. I will mail you a simple and certain means of self cure free. Restored me to health and manhood after trying in vain all known cures. Address F. B. Clarke, East Haddam, Conn.

Lessons in Phrenology Examinations Oral or Written. Mrs. Mendon, 237 McCaul Street.

THE OWEN
ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE CO.

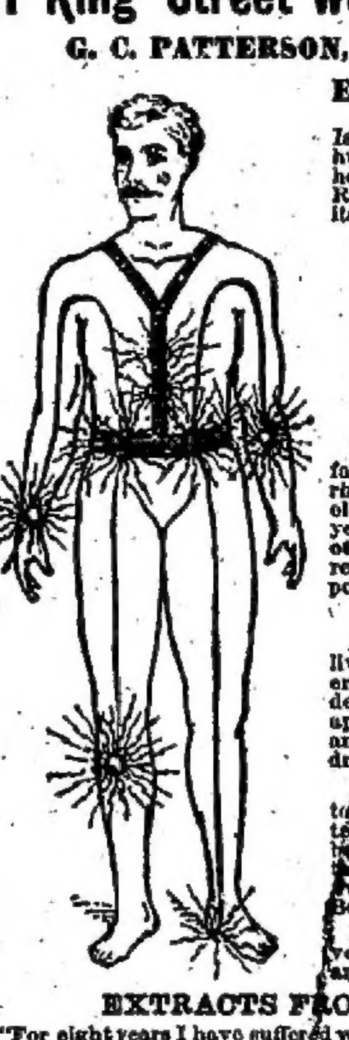
(Head Office, Chicago, Ill.)

Incorporated June 17, 1887, with Cash Capital of $50,000.

(Patented in Canada, December, 1877.)

71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Can.



Electricity as Applied by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliances

Is now recognized as the greatest boom offered to suffering humanity. It has, does and will effect cures in seemingly hopeless cases where every other known means has failed. Rheumatism cannot exist where it is properly applied. By its steady, soothing current, that is easily felt it will cure,

Rheumatism	Liver Complaint
Sciatica	Female Complaints
Spinal Diseases	Impotency
General Debility	Constipation
Neuralgia	Kidney Disease
Lumbago	Varicocele
Nervous Complaints	Sexual Complaints
Spermatorrhea	Epilepsy or Fits
Dyspepsia	Lame Back.

RHEUMATISM

It is not pleasant to be compelled to refer to the indisputable fact that medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture the assertion that although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, **it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.** Some of our leading physicians recognizing this fact, are availing themselves of this most potent of Nature's forces.

TO RESTORE MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

As man has not yet discovered all of Nature's laws for right living, it follows that every one has committed more or less errors which have left visible blemishes. To erase these evidences of past errors, there is nothing to equal Electricity as applied by the Owen Electric Body Battery. Rest assured, any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drugs is practising a most dangerous form of charlatanism.

We Challenge The World

to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. Other belts have been in the market for five or ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than any other makers combined.

ELECTRIC INSOLES. Dr. Owen's Electric Insoles will prevent Rheumatism and cure Chilblains and Cramps in the feet and legs. **PRICE, $1.00 SENT BY MAIL.**

EXTRACTS FROM CANADIAN TESTIMONIALS.

"For eight years I have suffered with rheumatism, and am now out of pain and growing better daily and in my 75th year. Can confidently recommend the Owen Belt when everything else fails." A Menzies, Niagara Falls.

"Having some knowledge of electricity and its power, and having used other belts prior to my use of yours, I can say that it is the best I have ever worn." Jas. Blair, Port Dalhousie.

"Am much pleased with belt; it has done me a great deal of good already." J. Sergerim, Galt, Ont.

"Saved my life when I had muscular rheumatism." Mrs. Caroll, West Market St.

"Your Electric Belt cured a violent attack of sciatic rheumatism of several months'standing, in eight days." Jas. Dixon, sen., Grand Valley, Ont.

"Have been a sufferer for year from nervous headaches and neuralgia. After trying one of your belts am more than satisfied with it. Can knock out a headache now in fifteen minutes that used to keep me in bed for days." Thomas Gales, Crawford Street, Toronto.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND CHEAP BELTS.

Our attention having been attracted to base imitations of "The Owen Electric Belt," we desire to warn the public against purchasing these worthless productions put upon the market by unprincipled men who, calling themselves electricians, prey upon the unsuspecting by offering worthless imitations of the Genuine Owen Electric Belt that has stood the test of years and has a continental reputation.

Our Trade Mark is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen, embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co. None genuine without it.

The cheap so-called Electric Belts advertised by some concerns are perfectly worthless as a curative power and dear at any price. A genuine Electric Belt cannot be manufactured and sold at cheap prices. Send six cents for illustrated catalogue of information, testimonials, &c.

The Owen Electric Belt Co., 71 King St. West

Mention this paper.

Toronto.

Special Notice.

For the next thirty days we will send post paid or per express paid, all purchases over one dollar to any part of Canada.

We have now on hand a large stock of Berlin Wools, all colors, single and double, at 8 cents per oz.; Shetland and Andalusian Wool, all colors, 10 cents per oz.; Baldwin's best Fingering Wool, 10 cents per skein; Berlin Fingering, all colors, extra quality, 10 cents per skein; Saxony Wools, all colors, best quality, 10 cents per skein; Ice Wool, large balls, all colors, 10 cents per ball; Embroidery Silks, all the new shades, 10 cents per dozen skeins; Heminways best Knitting Silk, all colors, 45 cents per spool; Wash Silks, very best quality, all shades, 4 cents skein, 45 cents dozen; Filoselle, best quality, imported, 4 and 8 cents skein, 45 and 85 cents dozen; Arraseno, all the new colors, 25 cents per dozen; Ribbosene, all colors, 3 cents per skein, 30 cents per dozen; Macrame Cord, ½-lb balls, all colors, 10 cents ball; Felt, 2 yards wide, all shades, 75 and 85 cents per yard; Surah Silk, best quality, 50 cents yard; Plush Pompons, large stock, all colors, from 25 cents per dozen; Silk Tassels, quite new, 20 cents per dozen; Stamped Toilet Sets, 5 pieces, new goods 35 cents per set; Stamped Comb and Brush Bags, new goods, 35 and 40 cents each; Stamped Night Dress Bags, new designs, 45 and 50 cents each; Stamped Splashers, 18x36, new designs, 40 cents each; Stamped Tray and Carving Cloths, new designs, 40 to 75 cents each; Woollen Java Canvas, all the newest colors, 45 cents per yard.

We have always on hand everything necessary for the making of the newest fancy work at very lowest prices. Our price list will be sent free to any address, and goods can be sent to any part of Canada. Letter orders receive prompt and careful attention. A trial solicited.

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DIRECT IMPORTER,

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GUARANTEE THAT THE

Crown Cooker

WILL NOT

Scorch or Burn the Most Delicate Food

Just think what this means if you are depending upon hired help. This utensil has a combination bottom of Copper, Asbestos and Tin, all of the finest qualities. There is but one dish to clean and no danger of breakage.

Soups, Puddings, Sauces, Milk or Cream Fillings Cooked Without the Slightest Danger of Being Scorched.

☞ Don't over furnish the parlor at the expense of the kitchen.

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IT'S FREE

To examine. Cut this ad out and send to us and we will send the Watch to you by express, C. O. D. (all charges prepaid), without paying one cent. You can examine the watch at the express office and if you do not find it all and even more than we claim for it, leave it, and you are only out your time in looking at it. But if perfectly satisfactory, pay the express agent our special Cut Price of $6.98 and take the watch. No watch like this was ever advertised in a paper before. No such Bargain ever offered. This is a Genuine GOLD PLATED WATCH, made of two heavy plates of 18 karat solid Gold over composition metal, and warranted in every respect. It has solid bow, cap, crown and thumb pieces, beautiful hunting style, elaborately engraved and decorated by hand. Joints, cap, crown, bezel and center are all accurately made, fitted and warranted. Beware of imitations. The movement is a fine WALTHAM style, richly jeweled, quick train (18,000 beats per hour), expansion balance, patent pinion, patent escapement, full plate, beautifully finished, accurately regulated and adjusted, and warranted an accurate time-keeper. A guarantee is sent with each Watch. These watches are sold ...s for $25.00.

...arantee that this is the greatest bargain ever ...ud the watch is worth FAR more than the price ...f nothing like this was ever offered before. We ... to any WHOLESALE HOUSE IN TORONTO. ..., it's YOUR ONLY CHANCE. Address, **...& CO., 112 YONGE ST., TORONTO, CANADA.**

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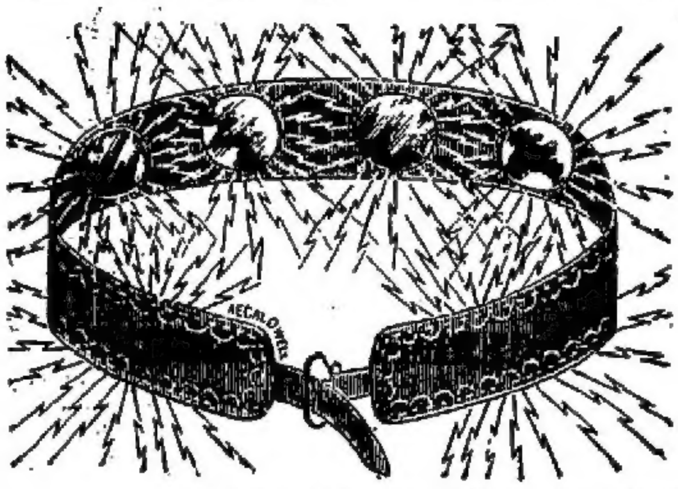

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Electrical Appliances

Having Absorbent Qualities.

REPUTATION ESTABLISHED **OVER 20,000 SOLD**

A CERTAIN CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE

ALL DISEASES ARE CURED BY OUR MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELTS AND APPLIANCES

Which are brought directly into contact with the diseased parts; they act as perfect absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all impurities from the body. Diseases are successfully treated by correspondence, as our goods can be applied at home.

ALL HOME REFERENCES. NO FOREIGN OR MANUFACTURED TESTIMONIALS.

Isaac Radford, 35 Adelaide street east—Butterfly Belt and Insoles, cured him of Inflammatory Rheumatism in four weeks.
Samuel W. Abbott, Millichamp's Building, cured in six weeks, Rheumatism in knees and feet—Knee Pads and Insoles.
A. E. Caldwell, Engraver, 71 King street, City, Rheumatism in the knee cured.
J. McQuaig, Grain Merchant, cured of Rheumatism in the shoulder after all other failed.
Jas. Weeks, Parkdale, Sciatica and Lame Back cured in fifteen days.
W. J. Gould, Gurney's Stove Works, City, not able to work for three weeks, cured in four days—Sciatica.
Mrs. J. Swift, 87 Agnes street, City, cured of Sciatica in six weeks.
C. C. Rockwood, 16 Bulwer street, City, cured of Lame Back in a few days.
Mrs. Geo. Planner, City, Liver and Kidneys, now free from all pain, strong and happy.
Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton avenue, City, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.
Josiah Fennell, 287 Queen street east, City, could not write a letter, went to work on the sixth day—Neuralgia.
Mrs. Wm. Bennett, 14 King street west, City, after years of sleeplessness now never loses a wink—Butterfly Belt.
Mrs. S. M. Whitehead, 578 Jarvis street, City, a sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our Belt.
Mrs. F. Stevens, 140 Lisgar St., City, Blind with Rheumatic Inflammation—cured in three weeks by Actina, Butterfly Belt and Insoles.
Geo. H. Lucas, Veterinary Dentist, 168 King street west, had dyspepsia for six years, entirely cured in eight weeks—Butterfly Belt and Insoles.
Richard Hood, 40 Stewart street, City, used Actina three months for a permanent cure—Catarrh.
Alex. Rogers, Tobacconist, City, declared Actina worth $100. Headache.
E. Riggs, 220 Adelaide street west, City, Catarrh cured by Actina.
John Thompson, Toronto Junction, cured of Tumor in the Eye in two weeks by Actina.
Miss E. M. Forsyth, 18 Brant street, City, reports a lump drawn from her hand, twelve years' standing.
Senator A. E. Botsford advises everybody to use Actina for Failing Eye-sight.
Miss Laura Grose, 106 King street west, City, Granulated Eyelids, cured in four weeks—used Actina and Belt.
Mrs. J. Stevens, 82 Tecumseth street, City, Rheumatism in the Eyelids, spent three weeks in the hospital, eyes opened in two days.
Mrs. M'Laughlin, 84 Centre street, City, a cripple from Rupture, now able to attend to her household duties.
Giles Williams, Ontario Coal Co., says Actina is invaluable for Bronchitis and Asthma.
J. H. McCarthy, Ag't N. P. & M. Ry., Altomont, Man., Chronic Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness for seven years, entirely cured by Actina.
THOMAS JOHNSON, New Sarum, suffered with Weak Lungs and Asthma—Lungs strengthened and Asthma cured.
Mrs. Beard, Barrie, Ont., cured of Catarrh of three years' standing—Actina and Insoles.
Rev. R. W. Mills, Brinston Corners, Ont., entirely well, had Catarrh very bad—used Actina and Insoles.
H. S. Fleetwood, a wreck mentally and physically. Cause, nightly emissions. Perfectly cured.
Thomas Guthrie, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in twelve years.
Thos. Bryan, 541 Dundas street, City, Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.
Chas. Cozens, P. M., Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks, feels like his former self.
J. A. T., Ivy, cured of emissions in three weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes J. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for $50, writes J. McG. For General Debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. N. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S., of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. E. E. G. had no faith, but was entirely cured of Impotency.
W. T. Brown, 73 Richmond street west, City, Varicocele, tried several doctors; all advised the knife. Cured in six weeks with Butterfly Belt and Suspensory.
John Bromagem, Varicoceles, cured in five weeks—Butterfly Belt, Suspensory and Insoles.
Reuben Silverthorn, Teeterville, was almost a wreck. Entirely cured by the Belt and Suspensory.

Many Such Letters on File.

ANY BELT Requiring Vinegar or Acid will Burn the Skin

All Electric Belt Companies in Canada use Vinegar or Acids in their Appliances excepting this Company.

Send for Illustrated "Health Journal" and List of Home Testimonials Free and Mention This Paper.

W. T. BAER & Co

171 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF **ACTINA**

$3. Given on 15 days trial

Insoles, per pair, $1.00

No Vinegar or Acid USED.

Lung Shield, $4.00

BUTTERFLY BELT AND SUSPENSORY ONLY $7.00

IRISH SOX, hand-knit by Donegal peasants pure Wool very warm, durable and comfortable. 12 pairs sent post free for five Dollars Men's long knickerbocker Hose, 6 pairs sent post free for 5, 6, or 7 Dollars, according to quality. Post Office Orders payable—B. & E. M'HUGH Limited), Belfast, Ireland.

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Dorenwend's New Discovery.

Curls, crimps and frizzes the hair. Holds its influence for days and often weeks.

Pleasant, effective and perfectly harmless, gives lustre and beauty to the hair. Sold at 50c., ... extra by mail. Sent anywhere on receipt of price. Will shortly be on sale by all druggists.

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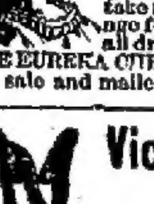

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THE BLIND CAN USE THEM.

Invaluable for failing Sight. Best Needle made, in all sizes. Millward's Gold Eyes do not cut the thread. Sample package 10c. Agents wanted. Send for sample and circulars. **CASS GREEN MFG CO., 459 Parliament St., Toronto.**

HEALTH PAMPHLET — Sickness cured, health preserved and life prolonged by Dr. A. Wilford Hall's Great Hygienic Discovery, "Extra," containing author's statement concerning it, free. C. C. Pomeroy, General Agt., 49½ King St. W., Toronto.

CARMEL SOAP is made by a Mission Society in Palestine, and is the purest form of

CASTILE SOAP.

If your grocer or druggist does not keep it send 15c. for sample cake to A. KLIPSTEIN, 52 Cedar St., N. Y.

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